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THE PSALMS OF DAVID,

IMITATED IN THE LANGUAGE OF THE

NEW TESTAMENT;

AND APPLIED TO THE

Christian State and Worship.

BY ISAAC WATTS, *D. D.*

Luke xxiv. 44. *All things must be fulfilled which were written—in the* Psalms *concerning me.*

Heb. xi. 32.—David, Samuel, *and the Prophets,* Ver. 40—*That they, without us should not be made perfect.*

BOSTON:

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THE

PSALMS OF *DAVID*,

IMITATED IN THE LANGUAGE

OF THE

NEW TESTAMENT.

PSALM I. Common Metre.

The way and end of the righteous and the wicked.

1 BLEST is the man who ſhuns the place
Where ſinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the ſcoffer's ſeat.

2 Who in the ſtatutes of the Lord
Has plac'd his chief delight;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

3 [He, like a plant of gen'rous kind,
By living waters ſet,
Safe from the ſtorms and blaſting wind,
Enjoys a peaceful ſtate.]

4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair
Shall his profeſſion ſhine;
While fruits of holineſs appear
Like cluſters on the vine.

5 Not so the impious and unjust;
What vain designs they form!
Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff before the storm.
6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Among the sons of grace,
When *Christ* the Judge at his right hand
Appoints his saints a place.
7 His eye beholds the path they tread,
His heart approves it well;
But crooked ways of sinners lead
Down to the gates of hell.

PSALM I. Short Metre.

The saint happy; the sinner miserable.

1 THE man is ever blest
Who shuns the sinners' ways,
Among their councils never stands,
Nor takes the scorner's place.
2 Who makes the law of God
His study and delight,
Amidst the labours of the day,
And watches of the night.
3 He, like a tree shall thrive,
With waters near the root:
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live;
His works are heav'nly fruit.
4 But the ungodly race,
Can no such blessings find:
Their hopes will flee like empty chaff
Before the driving wind.
5 How will they bear to stand
Before that judgment-seat,
Where all the saints at *Christ*'s right hand
In full assembly meet?

6 He knows and he approves
The way the righteous go;
But ſinners and their works will meet
A dreadful overthrow.

PSALM I. Long Metre.

The difference between the righteous and the wicked.

1 HAPPY the man whoſe cautious feet
Shuns the broad way which ſinners go,
Who hates the place where Atheiſts meet,
And fears to talk as ſcoffers do.
2 He loves to paſs his morning light
Among the ſtatutes of the Lord;
And ſpends the wakeful hours of night
With pleaſure, pond'ring o'er the word.
3 He, like a plant by gentle ſtreams,
Shall flouriſh in immortal green:
And heav'n will ſhine with kindeſt beams
On ev'ry work his hands begin.
4 But ſinners find their councils croſt;
As chaff before the tempeſt flies,
So ſhall their hopes be blown and loſt,
When the laſt trumpet ſhakes the ſkies.
5 In vain the rebels ſeek to ſtand
In judgment, with the pious race;
The dreadful Judge with ſtern command
Divides them to a diff'rent place.
6 "Strait is the way my ſaints have trod,
"I bleſs the path and drew it plain;
"But you would chooſe the crooked road,
"And down it leads to endleſs pain."

PSALM II. Short Metre.

Tranſlated according to the divine pattern.
Acts iv. 24, &c.
Chriſt *dying, riſing, interceding, and reigning.*

1 [MAKER and sov'reign Lord
Of heav'n, and earth and seas;
Thy providence confirms thy word,
And answers thy decrees.
2 The things so long foretold
By *David*, are fulfill'd,
When *Jews* and *Gentiles* join to slay
Jesus thine holy child.]
3 Why did the *Gentiles* rage,
And *Jews* with one accord,
Bend all their councils to destroy
Th' Anointed of the Lord?
4 Rulers and kings agree
To form a vain design;
Against the Lord their pow'rs unite,
Against his *Christ* they join.
5 The Lord derides their rage,
And will support his throne,
He who hath rais'd him from the dead
Hath own'd him for his Son.

PAUSE.

6 Now he's ascended high,
And asks to rule the earth;
The merit of his blood he pleads,
And pleads his heav'nly birth.
7 He asks, and God bestows
A large inheritance;
Far as the world's remotest ends
His kingdom shall advance.
8 The nations that rebel,
Must feel his iron rod;
He'll vindicate those honors well,
Which he receiv'd from God.
9 [Be wise, ye rulers, now,
And worship at his throne;

With trembling joy, ye people, bow
To God's exalted Son.
10 If once his wrath ariſe,
Ye periſh on the place;
Then bleſſed is the ſoul that flies
For refuge, to his grace.]

PSALM II. Common Metre.

1 WHY did the nations join to ſlay
The Lord's anointed Son?
Why did they caſt his laws away,
And tread his goſpel down?
2 The Lord who ſits above the ſkies,
Derides their rage below;
He ſpeaks with vengeance in his eyes,
And ſtrikes their ſpirits through.
3 "I call him my eternal Son,
"And raiſe him from the dead;
"I make my holy hill his throne,
"And wide his kingdom ſpread.
4 "Aſk me, my Son, and then enjoy
"The utmoſt *Heathen* lands:
"Thy rod of iron ſhall deſtroy
"The rebels that withſtand."
5 Be wiſe, ye rulers of the earth,
Obey th' anointed Lord,
Adore the King of heav'nly birth,
And tremble at his word.
6 With humble love addreſs his throne;
For, if he frown, ye die:
Thoſe are ſecure, and thoſe alone,
Who on his grace rely.

PSALM II. Long Metre.

Chriſt's death, reſurrection and aſcenſion.

1 WHY did the *Jews* proclaim their rage
The *Romans* why their ſwords employ
Againſt the Lord their pow'rs engage,
His dear Anointed to deſtroy.
2 "Come, let us break his bands, they ſay,
"This man ſhall never give us laws;"
And thus they caſt his yoke away,
And nail'd the Monarch to the croſs.
3 But God, who high in glory reigns,
Laughs at their pride, their rage controuls
He'll vex their hearts with inward pains
And ſpeak in thunder to their ſouls.
4 "I will maintain the King I made
"On *Zion*'s everlaſting hill;
"My hand ſhall bring him from the dead
"And he ſhall ſtand your Sov'reign ſtill."
5 [His wond'rous riſing from the earth,
Makes his eternal Godhead known;
The Lord declares his heav'nly birth,
"This day have I begot my Son.
6 "Aſcend, my Son, to my right hand,
"There thou ſhalt aſk, and I beſtow
"The utmoſt bounds of *Heathen* lands;
"To thee the *Northern* iſles ſhall bow."
7 But nations that reſiſt his grace,
Shall fall beneath his iron ſtroke:
His rod ſhall cruſh his foes with eaſe,
As potters' earthern ware is broke.

PAUSE.

8 Now ye who ſit on earthly thrones,
Be wiſe, and ſerve the Lord the Lamb;
Now to his feet ſubmit your crowns,

Rejoice and tremble at his name.
9 With humble love addreſs the Son,
Leſt he grow angry, and ye die;
His wrath will burn to worlds unknown,
If ye provoke his jealouſy.
10 His ſtorms ſhall drive you quick to hell,
He is a God, and ye but duſt;
Happy the ſouls that know him well:
And make his grace their only truſt.

PSALM III. Common Metre.

Doubts and fears ſuppreſſed: or, God our defence from ſin and Satan.

1 MY God, how many are my fears!
How faſt my foes increaſe!
Conſpiring my eternal death,
They break my preſent peace.
2 The lying tempter would perſuade
There's no relief in heav'n;
And all my ſwelling ſins appear
Too big to be forgiv'n.
3 But thou, my glory and my ſtrength,
Shalt on the tempter tread,
Shalt ſilence all my threat'nig guilt,
And raiſe my drooping head.
4 [I cry'd, and from his holy hill
He bow'd a liſt'ning ear;
I call'd my Father and my God,
And he ſubdu'd my fear.
5 He ſhed ſoft ſlumbers on mine eyes,
In ſpite of all my foes;
I 'woke, and wonder'd at the grace
Which guarded my repoſe.]

6 What though the hoſts of death and hell
All arm'd againſt me ſtood,
Terrors no more ſhall ſhake my ſoul;
My refuge is my God.
7 Ariſe, O Lord, fulfil thy grace,
While I thy glory ſing:
My God has broke the ſerpent's teeth,
And death has loſt his ſting.
8 Salvation to the Lord belongs,
His arm alone can ſave:
Bleſſings attend thy people here,
And reach beyond the grave.

PSALM III. Long Metre.

A Morning Pſalm.

1 O LORD, how many are my foes
In this weak ſtate of fleſh and blood!
My peace they daily diſcompoſe,
But my defence and hope, is God.
2 Tir'd with the burdens of the day,
To thee I rais'd an ev'ning cry:
Thou heardſt when I began to pray,
And thine almighty help was nigh.
3 Supported by thine heav'nly aid,
I laid me down and ſlept ſecure:
Not death ſhould make my heart afraid,
Though I ſhould wake and riſe no more.
4 But God ſuſtain'd me all the night;
Salvation doth to God belong:
He rais'd my head to ſee the light,
And makes his praiſe my morning ſong.

PSALM IV. Long Metre.

Hearing of prayer: or, God our portion, and Chriſt *our hope.*

1 O GOD of grace and rigteouſneſs,
Hear and attend when I complain;
Thou haſt enlarg'd me in diſtreſs,
Bow down a gracious ear again.
2 Ye ſons of men, in vain you try
To turn my glory into ſhame:
How long will ſcoffers love to lie,
And dare reproach my Saviour's name?
3 Know that the Lord divides his ſaints
From all the tribes of men beſide:
He hears the cry of penitents
For the dear ſake of *Chriſt* who dy'd.
4 When our obedient hands have done
A thouſand works of righteouſneſs,
We put our truſt in God alone,
And glory in his pard'ning grace.
5 Let the unthinking many ſay
Who will beſtow ſome earthly good?
But, Lord, thy light and love we pray;
Our ſouls deſire this heav'nly food.
6 Then ſhall my cheerful pow'rs rejoice
At grace and favour ſo divine:
Nor will I change my happy choice
For all their corn and all their wine.

PSALM IV. Common Metre.

An Evening Pſalm.

1 LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray,
I am for ever thine;
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to ſin.
2 And while I reſt my weary head
From cares and buſineſs free,

'Tis ſweet converſing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.
3 I pay this ev'ning ſacrifice;
And when my work is done,
Great God! my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.
4 Thus with my thoughts compos'd to peace
I'll give mine eyes to ſleep;
Thy hand in ſafety keeps my days,
And will my ſlumbers keep.

PSALM V. Common Metre.

For the Lord's day morning.

1 LORD, in the morning thou ſhalt hear
My voice aſcending high:
To thee will I direct my pray'r,
To thee lift up mine eye.
2 Up to the hills where *Chriſt* is gone
To plead for all his ſaints,
Preſenting at his Father's throne
Our ſongs and our complaints.
3 Thou art a God before whoſe ſight
The wicked ſhall not ſtand;
Sinners ſhall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.
4 But to thy houſe will I reſort,
To taſte thy mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worſhip in thy fear.
5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteouſneſs!
Make ev'ry path of duty ſtraight
And plain before my face.

PAUSE.

6 My watchful enemies combine
To tempt my feet to ſtray;
They flatter with a baſe deſign,
To make my ſoul their prey.

7 Lord, cruſh the ſerpent into duſt,
And all his plots deſtroy;
While thoſe who in thy mercy truſt,
For ever ſhout for joy.

8 The men who love and fear thy name,
Shall ſee their hopes fulfil'd;
The mighty GOD will compaſs them
With favour, as a ſhield.

PSALM VI. Common Metre.

Complaint in ſickneſs: or, diſeaſes healed.

1 IN anger, Lord, rebuke me not,
Withdraw the dreadful ſtorm;
Nor let thy fury grow ſo hot
Againſt a feeble worm.

2 My ſoul bows down with heavy cares,
My fleſh with pain oppreſt;
My couch is witneſs to my tears,
My tears forbid my reſt.

3 Sorrow and pain wear out my days
I waſte the night with cries,
Counting the minutes as they paſs,
Till the ſlow morning riſe.

4 Shall I be ſtill tormented more?
My eyes conſum'd with grief?
How long, my God, how long before
Thine hand affords relief?

5 He hears when duſt and aſhes ſpeak,
He pities all our groans;

He saves us for his mercy's sake,
And heals our broken bones.
6 The virtues of his sov'reign word
Restores our fainting breath;
But silent graves praise not the Lord,
Nor is he known in death.

PSALM VI Long Metre.

Temptations in sickness overcome.

1 LORD, I can suffer thy rebukes,
When thou with kindness dost chastise;
But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear,
O let it not against me rise!
2 Pity my languishing estate,
And ease the sorrows which I feel;
The wounds thy heavy hand hath made,
O let thy gentler touches heal!
3 See how I pass my weary days
In sighs and groans: and when 'tis night,
My bed is water'd with my tears,
My grief consumes and dims my sight.
4 Look how the powers of nature mourn!
How long, Almighty GOD, how long?
When shall thine hour of grace return?
When shall I make thy grace my song?
5 I feel my flesh so near the grave,
My thoughts are tempted to despair;
But graves can never praise the Lord,
For all is dust and silence there.
6 Depart, ye tempters from my soul;
And all despairing thoughts, depart:
My God, who hears my humble moan,
Will ease my pain, and cheer my heart.

Psalm VII. Common Metre.

God's care of his people, and punishment of persecutors.

1 MY trust is in my heav'nly Friend,
My hope in thee, my God;
Rise, and my helpless life defend
From those who seek my blood.

2 With insolence and fury, they
My soul in pieces tear,
As hungry lions rend the prey
When no deliv'rer's near.

3 If I have e'er provok'd them first,
Or once abus'd my foe,
Then let him tread my life to dust,
And lay my honor low.

4 If there be malice found in me,
I know thy piercing eyes;
I should not dare appeal to thee,
Nor ask my God to rise.

5 Arise, my God, lift up thy hand,
Their pride and pow'r controul;
Awake to judgment, and command
Deliv'rance for my soul.

PAUSE.

6 Let sinners and their wicked rage
Be humbled to the dust;
Shall not the God of truth engage
To vindicate the just?

7 He knows the heart, he tries the reins,
He will defend th' upright:
His sharpest arrows he ordains
Against the sons of spite.

8 For me their malice digg'd a pit,

But there themſelves are caſt ;
My God makes all their miſchief light
On their own heads at laſt.
9 That cruel perſecuting race,
Muſt feel his dreadful ſword ;
Awake my ſoul, and praiſe the grace
And juſtice of the Lord.

Psalm VIII. Short Metre.

God's ſovereignty and goodneſs ; and man's dominion over the creatures.

1 O LORD, our heav'nly King,
Thy name is all divine ;
Thy glories round the earth are ſpread,
And o'er the heav'ns they ſhine.
2 When to thy works on high,
I raiſe my wond'ring eyes,
And ſee the moon, complete in light,
Adorn the darkſome ſkies :

3 When I ſurvey the ſtars,
And all their ſhining forms,
Lord, what is man, that worthleſs thing,
Akin to duſt and worms ?

4 Lord, what is worthleſs man,
That thou ſhouldſt love him ſo ?
Next to thine angels is he plac'd,
And lord of all below.
5 Thine honors crown his head,
While beaſts like ſlaves obey,
And birds that cut the air with wings,
And fiſh that cleave the ſea.
6 How rich thy bounties are !
And wond'rous are thy ways :
Of duſt and worms thy pow'r can frame

A monument of praiſe.

7 [Out of the mouth of babes
And ſucklings, thou canſt draw
Surpriſing honors to thy name,
And ſtrike the world with awe.

8 O Lord, our heav'nly King,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are ſpread,
And o'er the heav'ns they ſhine.]

PSALM VIII. Common Metre.

Chriſt's condeſcenſion and glorification: or, God made man.

1 O LORD, our Lord, how wond'rous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heav'nly ſtate
Let men and babes proclaim.

2 When I behold thy works on high,
The moon which rules the night,
And ſtars that well adorn the ſky,
Theſe moving worlds of light:

3 Lord, what is man, or all his race,
Who dwells ſo far below,
That thou ſhouldſt viſit him with grace,
And love his nature ſo!

4 That thine eternal Son ſhould bear
To take a mortal form,
Made lower than his angels are,
To ſave a dying worm!

5 [Yet, while he liv'd on earth unknown,
And men would not adore,
Th' obedient ſeas and fiſhes own
His Godhead, and his pow'r.

6 The waves lay ſpread beneath his feet;

And fiſh, at his command
Bring their large ſhoals to Peter's net,
Bring tribute to his hand.

7 Thoſe leſſer glories of thy Son
Shone through the fleſhly cloud;
Now we behold him on his throne,
And men confeſs him GOD.]

8 Let him be crown'd with majeſty
Who bow'd his head to death;
And be his honors founded high,
By all things that have breath.

9 *Jeſus*, our Lord, how wond'rous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heav'nly ſtate
Let the whole earth proclaim.

PSALM VIII. *1ſt Part.* Long Metre.

The Hoſanna of the children: or, infants praiſing GOD.

ALMIGHTY Ruler of the ſkies,
Thro' the wide earth thy name is ſprea
And thine eternal glories riſe
O'er all the heav'ns thy hands have made.

2 To thee the voices of the young
A monument of honor raiſe;
And babes with uninſtructed tongue
Declare the wonders of thy praiſe.

3 Thy pow'r aſſiſts their tender age
To bring proud rebels to the ground,
To ſtill the bold blaſphemer's rage,
And all their policies confound.

4 Children amidſt thy temple throng
To ſee their great Redeemer's face:
The ſon of *David* is their ſong.

And young *Hoſannas* fill the place.
5 The frowning ſcribes and angry prieſts
In vain their impious cavils bring;
Revenge ſits ſilent in their breaſts,
While *Jewiſh* babes proclaim their King.

PSALM VIII. *2d Part.* Long Metre.

Paraphraſed.

Adam *and* Chriſt, *Lords of the old and the new creation.*

1 LORD, what was man when made at firſt,
Adam, the offspring of the duſt,
That thou ſhouldſt ſet him and his race
But juſt below an angel's place?
2 That thou ſhouldſt raiſe his nature ſo,
And make him lord of all below:
Make ev'ry beaſt and bird ſubmit,
And lay the fiſhes at his feet!
3 But O! what brighter glories wait
To crown the ſecond *Adam*'s ſtate!
What honors ſhall thy Son adorn,
Who condeſcended to be born!
4 See him below his angels made!
See him in duſt among the dead,
To ſave a ruin'd world from ſin;
But he ſhall reign with pow'r divine.
5 The world to come, redeem'd from all
The mis'ries which attend the fall,
New made, and glorious ſhall ſubmit
At our exalted Saviour's feet.

PSALM IX. *1ſt Part.* Common Metre.

Wrath and mercy from the judgment-ſeat.

1 WITH my whole heart I'll raiſe my ſong,
1 Thy wonders I'll proclaim,

Thou sov'reign Judge of right and wrong,
Wilt put my foes to shame.

2 I'll sing thy majesty and grace;
My God prepares his throne
To judge the world in righteousness,
And make his vengeance known.

3 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove
For all who are oppress;
To save the people of his love,
And give the weary rest.

4 The men who know thy name will trust
In thy abundant grace;
For thou hast ne'er forsook the just,
Who humbly seek thy face.

5 Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
Who dwells on Zion's hill,
Who executes his threat'ning word,
And doth his grace fulfil.

PSALM IX. *2d Part.* Common Metre.

The wisdom and equity of Providence.

1 WHEN the great Judge, supreme and just,
Shall once inquire for blood;
The humble souls who mourn in dust,
Shall find a faithful God.

2 He from the dreadful gates of death
Does his own children raise:
In Zion's gates, with cheerful breath
They sing their Father's praise.

3 His foes shall fall with heedless feet
Into the pit they made;
And sinners perish in the net
Which their own hands had spread.
Thus by thy judgments, mighty God,

Are thy deep counſels known:
When men of miſchief are deſtroy'd,
The ſnare muſt be their own.

PAUSE.

5 The wicked ſhall ſink down to hell;
Thy wrath devour the lands
Which dare forget thee, or rebel
Againſt thy known commands.
6 Though ſaints to ſore diſtreſs are brought,
And wait, and long complain,
Their cries ſhall never be forgot,
Nor ſhall their hopes be vain.
7 [Riſe, great Redeemer, from thy ſeat,
To judge and ſave the poor;
Let nations tremble at thy feet,
And man prevail no more.
8 Thy thunder ſhall affright the proud,
And put their hearts to pain,
Make them confeſs that thou art God,
And they but feeble men.]

PSALM X. Common Metre.

Prayer heard, and ſaints ſaved: or, pride, Atheiſm, and oppreſſion puniſhed.

For a humiliation day.

1 WHY doth the Lord ſtand off ſo far?
And why conceal his face,
When great calamities appear,
And times of deep diſtreſs?
2 Lord, ſhall the wicked ſtill deride
Thy juſtice and thy pow'r?
Shall they advance their heads in pride,
And ſtill thy ſaints devour?
3 They put thy judgments from their ſight,

And then insult the poor ;
They boast in their exalted height,
That they shall fall no more.
4 Arise, O Lord, lift up thine hand,
Attend our humble cry ;
No enemy shall dare to stand
When God ascends on high.

PAUSE.

5 Why do the men of malice rage,
And say with foolish pride,
The God of Heav'n will ne'er engage
To fight on Zion's side.
6 But thou for ever art our Lord ;
And pow'rful is thy hand,
As when the Heathens felt thy sword,
And perish'd from thy land.
7 Thou wilt prepare our hearts to pray,
And cause thine ear to hear,
Hearken to what thy children say,
And put the world in fear.
8 Proud tyrants shall no more oppress,
No more despise the just ;
And mighty sinners shall confess
They are but feeble dust.

PSALM XI. Long Metre.

God loves the righteous, and hates the wicked.

1 MY refuge is the God of love ;
Why do my foes insult and cry,
Fly like a tim'rous trembling dove,
To distant woods or mountains fly.
2 If government be once destroy'd,
(That firm foundation of our peace)
And violence makes justice void,

Where ſhall the righteous ſeek redreſs?
3 The Lord in heav'n has fix'd his throne,
His eye ſurveys the world below;
To him all mortal things are known;
His eye-lids ſearch our ſpirits through.
4 If he afflicts his ſaints ſo far,
To prove their love and try their grace,
What may the bold tranſgreſſors fear!
His very ſoul abhors their ways.
5 On impious wretches he ſhall rain
Tempeſts of brimſtone, fire and death,
Such as he kindled on the plain
Of Sodom, with his angry breath.
6 The righteous Lord loves righteous ſouls,
Whoſe thoughts and actions are ſincere,
And with a gracious eye beholds
The men who his own image bear.

PSALM XII. Long Metre.

The ſaint's ſafety and hope in evil times: or, ſins of the tongue complained of, viz. blaſphemy, falſehood, &c.

1 LORD, if thou doſt not ſoon appear,
Virtue and truth will fly away;
A faithful man among us here
Will ſcarce be found, if thou delay.

2 The whole diſcourſe when neighbors meet,
Is fill'd with trifles looſe and vain;
Their lips are flatt'ry and deceit,
And their proud language is profane.

3 But lips that with deceit abound,
Shall not maintain their triumph long:
The God of vengeance will confound
The flatt'ring and blaſpheming tongue.

4 *Yet shall our words be free*, they cry;
Our tongues shall be controul'd by none:
Where is the Lord will ask us why?
Or say our lips are not our own?

5 The Lord who sees the poor oppress,
And hears th' oppressor's haughty strain,
Will rise to give his children rest,
Nor shall they trust his word in vain.

6 Thy word, O Lord, though often try'd,
Void of deceit shall still appear;
Not silver sev'n times purify'd
From dross and mixture, shines so clear.

7 Thy grace shall in the darkest hour
Defend the holy soul from harm:
Though when the vilest men have pow'r,
On ev'ry side will sinners swarm.

PSALM XII. Common Metre.

Complaint of a general corruption of manners; or, the promise and signs of Christ's *coming to judgment.*

1 HELP, Lord, for men of virtue fail,
Religion loses ground!
The sons of violence prevail,
And treacheries abound.

2 Their oaths and promises they break,
Yet act the flatt'rer's part;
With fair deceitful lips they speak,
And with a double heart.

3 If we reprove some hateful lie,
How is their fury stirr'd!
Are not our lips our own, they cry,
And who shall be our Lord?

4 Scoffers appear on ev'ry side,

Where a vile race of men
Are rais'd to ſeats of pow'r and pride,
And bear the ſword in vain.

PAUSE.

5 Lord, when iniquities abound,
And blaſphemy grows bold,
When faith is hardly to be found,
And love is waxing cold:
6 Is not thy chariot haſt'ning on?
Haſt thou not giv'n the ſign?
May we not truſt and live upon
A promiſe ſo divine?
7 "Yes, ſaith the Lord, now will I riſe,
"And make oppreſſors flee;
"I ſhall appear to their ſurpriſe,
"And ſet my ſervants free."
8 Thy word, like ſilver ſev'n times try'd,
Thro' ages ſhall endure:
The men who in thy truth confide,
Shall find thy promiſe ſure.

PSALM XIII. Long Metre.

Pleading with God under deſertion: or, hope in darkneſs.

1 HOW long, O Lord, ſhall I complain
Like one who ſeeks his God in vain?
Canſt thou thy face for ever hide,
And I ſtill pray and be deny'd?
2 Shall I for ever be forgot,
As one whom thou regardeſt not?
Still ſhall my ſoul thy abſence mourn?
And ſtill deſpair of thy return?
3 How long ſhall my poor troubled breaſt
Be with theſe anxious thoughts oppreſt?
And Satan, my malicious foe,

Rejoice to see me sunk so low.
4 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,
Before my death conclude my grief;
If thou withdraw thy heav'nly light,
I sleep in everlasting night.
5 How will the pow'rs of darkness boast,
If but one praying soul be lost!
But I have trusted in thy grace,
And shall again behold thy face.

6 Whate'er my fears or foes suggest,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
My heart shall feel thy love, and raise
My cheerful voice to songs of praise.

PSALM XIII. Common Metre.

Complaint under temptations of the devil.

1 HOW long wilt thou conceal thy face?
My God, how long delay?
When shall I feel those heav'nly rays
Which chase my fears away?

2 How long shall my poor lab'ring soul
Wrestle and toil in vain?
Thy word can all my foes controul,
And ease my raging pain.

3 See how the prince of darkness tries
All his malicious arts;
He spreads a mist around my eyes,
And throws his fiery darts.

4 Be thou my sun and thou my shield,
My soul in safety keep;
Make haste before mine eyes are seal'd
In death's eternal sleep.
5 How would the tempter boast aloud,

If I become his prey!
Beho'd the sons of hell grow proud
At thy so long delay!
6 But they shall fly at thy rebuke,
And *Satan* hide his head:
He knows the terrors of thy look,
And hears thy voice with dread.
7 Thou wilt display that sov'reign grace
Where all my hopes have hung;
I shall employ my lips in praise,
And vict'ry shall be sung.

PSALM XIV. *1st Part.* Common Metre.

By nature all men are sinners.

1 FOOLS in their hearts believe and say
"That all religion's vain;
"There is no God who reigns on high,
"Or minds th' affairs of men."
2 From thoughts so dreadful and profane,
Corrupt discourse proceeds;
And in their impious hands are found
Abominable deeds.
3 The Lord, from his celestial throne,
Look'd down on things below,
To find the man who sought his grace,
Or did his justice know.
4 By nature all are gone astray;
Their practice all the same:
There's none who fears his Maker's hand,
There's none who loves his name.
5 Their tongues are us'd to speak deceit;
Their slanders never cease;
How swift to mischief are their feet!
Nor know the paths of peace.

6 Such seeds of sin (that bitter root)
In all our hearts are found;
Nor can they bear diviner fruit,
'Till grace refine the ground.

PSALM XIV. 2d *Part.* Common Metre.

The folly of persecuters.

1 ARE sinners now so senseless grown,
That they thy saints devour;
And never worship at thy throne,
Nor fear thine awful pow'r?

2 Great God! appear to their surprise,
Reveal thy dreadful name!
Let them no more thy wrath despise,
Nor turn our hope to shame.

3 Dost thou not dwell among the just?
And yet our foes deride,
That we should make thy name our trust:
Great God! confound their pride.

4 O that the joyful day were come,
To finish our distress!
When God shall bring his children home,
Our songs shall never cease.

PSALM XV. Common Metre.

Character of a saint: or, a citizen of Zion: *or the qualifications of a Christian.*

1 WHO shall inhabit in thy hill,
O God of holiness?
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
So near his throne of grace?

2 The man who walks in pious ways,
And works with righteous hands,
Who trusts his Maker's promises,
And follows his commands:
Who speaks the meaning of his heart,

Nor ſlanders with his tongue ;
Will not promote an ill report,
Nor do his neighbour wrong :
4 Who wealthy ſinners ſtill contemns,
Loves all who fear the Lord ;
And though to his own hurt he ſwears,
Still he performs his word :
5 Whoſe hands diſdain a golden bribe,
And never gripe the poor :
This man ſhall dwell with God on earth,
And find his heav'n ſecure.

PSALM XV. Long Metre.

Religion and juſtice, goodneſs and truth : or, duties to God and man : or, the qualifications of a Chriſtian.

1 WHO ſhall aſcend thy heav'nly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy face?
The man who minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below :
2 Whoſe hands are pure, whoſe heart is clean ;
Whoſe lips ſtill ſpeak the thing they mean ;
No ſlanders dwell upon his tongue ;
He hates to do his neighbour wrong :
3 [Who will not truſt an ill report,
Nor vent it to his neighbour's hurt :
Sinners of ſtate he can deſpiſe,
But ſaints are honor'd in his eyes :
Firm to his word he ever ſtood,
And always makes his promiſe good ;
Nor dares to change the thing he ſwears,
Whatever pain or loſs he bears :
He never deals in bribing gold,
And mourns that juſtice ſhould be ſold :
While others gripe and grind the poor,

Sweet charity attends his door :]
6 He loves his enemies, and prays
For those who curse him to his face :
And doth to all men still the same
Which he would hope or wish from them :
7 Yet, when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone :
This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell for ever, Lord, with thee.

PSALM XVI. *1st Part.* Long Metre.

Confession of our poverty, and saints the best company; or, good works profit men, not God.

1 PRESERVE me, Lord, in time of need,
For succour to thy throne I flee,
But have no merits there to plead;
My goodness cannot reach to thee.
2 Oft have my heart and tongue confest
How empty and how poor I am :
My praise can never make thee blest,
Nor add new glories to thy name.
3 Yet, Lord, thy saints on earth may reap
Some profit by the good we do ;
These are the company I keep,
These are the choicest friends I know.
4 Let others chuse the sons of mirth,
To give a relish to their wine,
I love the men of heav'nly birth,
Whose hearts and actions are divine.

PSALM XVI. *2d Part.* Long Metre.

Christ's all-sufficiency.

5 HOW fast their sins and sorrows rise,
Who haste to seek some idol goal!
I will not taste their sacrifice,

2 Their offring of forbidden blood.
My God provides a richer cup,
And nobler food to live upon;
He for my life has offer'd up
Jesus, his best beloved Son.
3 His love is my perpetual feast;
By day his counsels guide me right:
And be his name for ever blest,
He gives me sweet advice by night.
4 I set him still before mine eyes;
At my right hand he stands prepar'd
To keep my soul from all surprise,
And be my everlasting guard.

PSALM XVI. 3*d Part.* Long Metre.

Courage in death, and hope of the resurrection.

1 WHEN God is nigh, my faith is strong,
His arm is my almighty prop;
Be glad my heart, rejoice my tongue,
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.
2 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My soul for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.
3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust and rise on high;
Then shalt thou lead the wond'rous way
Up to thy throne above the sky.
4 There streams of endless pleasure flow,
And full discov'ries of thy grace,
Which we but tasted here below,
Spread heav'nly joys through all the place.

PSALM XVI. 1*st Part.* Common Metre.

Support and counsel from God without merit.

1 SAVE me, O Lord, from ev'ry foe,
In thee my truſt I place,
Though all the good which I can do,
Can ne'er deſerve thy grace.

2 Yet if my God prolong my breath,
The ſaints may profit by't;
The ſaints, the glory of the earth,
The men of my delight.

3 Let *Heathens* to their idols haſte,
And worſhip wood or ſtone;
But my delightful lot is caſt
Where the true God is known.

4 His hand provides my conſtant food,
He fills my daily cup:
Much am I pleas'd with preſent good,
But more rejoice in hope.

5 God is my portion and my joy;
His counſels are my light;
He gives me ſweet advice by day,
And gentle hints by night.

6 My ſoul would all her thoughts approve,
To his all-ſeeing eye;
Nor death, nor hell, my hope ſhall move
While ſuch a Friend is nigh.

PSALM XVI. *2d Part.* Common Metre.
The death and reſurrection of Chriſt.

1 "I SET the Lord before my face,
"He bears my courage up;
"My heart and tongue their joys expreſs,
"My fleſh ſhall reſt in hope.

2 "My ſpirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave
"Where ſouls departed are;
"Nor quit my body in the grave,

To see corruption there.
3 "Thou wilt reveal the path of life,
"And raise me to thy throne;
"Thy courts immortal pleasures give,
"Thy presence, joys unknown."
4 [Thus in the name of *Christ*, the Lord,
The holy *David* sung,
And providence fulfils the word
Of his prophetic tongue.
5 *Jesus*, whom ev'ry saint adores,
Was crucify'd and slain:
Behold the tomb its prey restores!
Behold he lives again!
6 When shall my feet arise and stand
On heav'n's eternal hills?
There sits the Son at God's right hand,
And there the Father smiles.]

PSALM XVII. Short Metre.

Portion of saints and sinners: or, hope and despair in death.

1 ARISE, my gracious God,
And make the wicked flee;
They are but thy chastising rod,
To drive thy saints to thee.
2 Behold the sinner dies,
His haughty words are vain;
Here, in this life, his pleasure lies,
And all beyond is pain.
3 Then let his pride advance,
And boast of all his store;
The Lord is my inheritance,
My soul can wish no more.
4 I shall behold the face

Of my forgiving God;
And ſtand complete in righteouſneſs;
Waſh'd in my Saviour's blood.
There's a new heav'n begun
When I awake from death,
Dreſt in the likeneſs of thy Son,
And draw immortal breath.

PSALM XVII. Long Metre.

The ſinner's portion, and ſaint's hope: or, the heaven of ſeparate ſouls, and the reſurrection.

1 LORD, I am thine: but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love!
When men of ſpite againſt me join,
They are the ſword, the hand is thine.

2 Their hope and portion lie below:
'Tis all the happineſs they know:
Tis all they ſeek; they take their ſhares,
And leave the reſt among their heirs.

4 What ſinners value, I reſign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine:
I ſhall behold thy bliſsful face,
And ſtand complete in righteouſneſs.

5 This life's a dream, an empty ſhow,
But the bright world to which I go,
Hath joys ſubſtantial and ſincere;
When ſhall I 'wake and find me there?

6 O glorious hour! O bleſt abode!
I ſhall be near and like my God!
And fleſh and ſin no more controul
The ſacred pleaſures of my ſoul.

7 My fleſh ſhall ſlumber in the ground,
'Till the laſt trumpet's joyful ſound;
Then burſt the chains with ſweet ſurpriſe,

And in my Saviour's image rise.

PSALM XVIII. *1st Part.* Long Metre.

Deliverance from despair: or, temptations overcome.

1 THEE will I love, O Lord, my strength,
My rock, my tow'r, my high defence;
Thy mighty arm shall be my trust,
For I have found salvation thence.

2 Death, and the terrors of the grave,
Stood round me with their dismal shade;
While floods of high temptations rose,
And made my sinking soul afraid.

3 I saw the op'ning gates of hell,
With endless pains and sorrows there,
Which none but those who feel, can tell,
While I was hurry'd to despair.

4 In my distress, I call'd my God,
When I could scarce believe him mine:
He bow'd his ear to my complaint:
Then did his grace appear divine.

5 [With speed he flew to my relief,
As on a cherub's wing he rode:
Awful and bright (as lightning) seems
The face of my Deliv'rer, GOD.

6 Temptations fled at his rebuke,
(The blast of his almighty breath.)
He sent salvation from on high,
And drew me from the deeps of death.]

7 Great were my fears, my foes were great,
Much was their strength and more their rage;
But *Christ*, my Lord, is Conqu'ror still,
In all the wars which devils wage.

8 My song for ever shall record
That terrible, that joyful hour;

And give the glory to the Lord,
Due to his mercy and his pow'r.

PSALM XVIII. *2d Part.* Long Metre.

Sincerity proved and rewarded.

1 LORD, thou hast seen my soul sincere,
Hast made thy truth and love appear;
Before my eyes I set thy laws,
And thou hast own'd my righteous cause.

2 Since I have learn'd thy holy ways,
I've walk'd upright before thy face;
Or if my feet did e'er depart,
'Twas ever with a broken heart.

3 What sore temptations broke my rest!
What wars and strugglings in my breast!
But through thy grace which reigns within,
I guard against my darling sin.

4 That sin which close befets me still,
Which works and strives against my will;
When shall thy Spirit's sov'reign pow'r
Destroy it, that it rise no more?

5 [With an impartial hand, the Lord
Deals out to mortals their reward:
The kind and faithful soul shall find
A God as faithful, and as kind.]

6 The just and pure shall ever say,
Thou art more pure, more just than they:
And men who love revenge, shall know
God hath an arm of vengeance too.

PSALM XVIII. *3d Part.* Long Metre.

Rejoicing in God: or, salvation and triumph.

JUST are thy ways, and true thy word,
Great Rock of my secure abode;
Who his a God beside the Lord?

Or where's a refuge like our God?
2 'Tis he who girds me with his might,
Gives me his holy sword to wield;
And while with sin and hell I fight,
Spreads his salvation for my shield.
3 He lives (and blessed be my Rock)
The God of my salvation lives;
The dark designs of hell are broke;
Sweet is the peace my Father gives.
4 Before the scoffers of the age
I will exalt my Father's name,
Nor tremble at their mighty rage,
But meet reproach and bear the shame.
5 To *David* and his royal seed,
Thy grace for ever shall extend;
Thy love to saints in *Christ* their Head,
Knows not a limit, nor an end.

PSALM XVIII. *1st Part.* Common Metre.

Victory and triumph over temporal enemies.

1 WE love thee, Lord, and we adore,
Now is thine arm reveal'd;
Thou art our strength, our heav'nly tow'r,
Our bulwark and our shield.
2 We fly to our eternal Rock,
And find a sure defence;
His holy name our lips invoke,
And draw salvation thence.
3 When God, our Leader, shines in arms,
What mortal heart can bear
The thunder of his loud alarms?
The lightning of his spear?
4 He rides upon the winged wind,
And angels in array,

In millions wait to know his mind,
And swift as flames obey.
5 He speaks, and at his fierce rebuke
Whole armies are dismay'd;
His voice, his frown, his angry look,
Strikes all their courage dead.
6 He forms our gen'rals for the field,
With all their dreadful skill;
Gives them his awful sword to wield,
And makes their hearts of steel.
7 [He arms our captains for the fight,
Though there his name's forgot;
(He girded *Cyrus* with his might,
But *Cyrus* knew him not.)
8 Oft has the Lord whole nations blest
For his own churches' sake;
The pow'rs which give his people rest,
Shall of his care partake.]

PSALM XVIII. *2d Part.* Common Metre.

The conqueror's song.

1 TO thine almighty arm we owe
The triumphs of the day;
Thy terrors, Lord, confound the foe
And melt their strength away.
2 'Tis by thine aid our troops prevail,
And break united pow'rs;
Or burn their boasted fleets, or scale
The proudest of their tow'rs.
3 How have we chas'd them through the field,
And trod them to the ground,
While thy salvation was our shield,
But they no shelter found!
4 In vain to idol saints they cry;

They perish in their blood;
Where is a Rock so great, so high,
So pow'rful as our God?

5 The Rock of *Isr'el* ever lives,
His name be ever blest;
'Tis his own arm the vict'ry gives,
And gives his people rest.

6 On kings who reign as *David* did,
He pours his blessings down;
Secures their honors to their seed,
And well supports their crown.

PSALM XIX. *1st Part.* Short Metre.
The book of nature, and of scripture.

For a Lord's day morning.

1 BEHOLD the lofty sky
Declares its Maker, God,
And all the starry works on high
Proclaim his pow'r abroad.

2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same;
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.

3 In ev'ry diff'rent land
Their gen'ral voice is known:
They shew the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

4 Ye christian lands rejoice,
Here he reveals his word;
We are not left to nature's voice,
To bid us know the Lord.

5 His statutes and commands,
Are set before our eyes,
He puts his gospel in our hands,

Where our ſalvation lies.

6 His laws are juſt and pure,
His truth without deceit;
His promiſes for ever ſure,
And his rewards are great.
7 [Not honey to the taſte,
Affords ſo much delight,
Nor gold which has the furnace paſs'd,
So much allures the ſight.
8 While of thy works I ſing,
Thy glory to proclaim,
Accept the praiſe, my God, my King,
In my Redeemer's name.]

PSALM XIX. *2d Part.* Short Metre.

God's word moſt excellent: or, ſincerity and watchfulneſs.

For a Lord's day morning.

1 BEHOLD the morning ſun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.
2 But where the goſpel comes,
Its ſpreads diviner light,
It calls dead ſinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their ſight.
3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments juſt;
For ever ſure thy promiſe, Lord,
And men ſecurely truſt.
4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions giv'n!
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heav'n.

PAUSE.

5 I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
To guide me, leſt I ſtray.
6 O, who can ever find
The errors of his ways?
Yet with a bold preſumptuous mind
I would not dare tranſgreſs.
7 Warn me of ev'ry ſin,
Forgive my ſecret faults,
And cleanſe this guilty ſoul of mine,
Whoſe crimes exceed my thoughts.
8 While with my heart and tongue
I ſpread thy praiſe abroad;
Accept the worſhip and the ſong,
My Saviour and my God.

PSALM XIX. Long Metre.

The books of nature and ſcripture compared: or, the glory and ſucceſs of the goſpel.

1 THE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,
In ev'ry ſtar thy wiſdom ſhines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.
2 The rolling ſun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy pow'r confeſs;
But the bleſt volume thou haſt writ,
Reveals thy juſtice and thy grace.
3 Sun, moon, and ſtars convey thy praiſe
Round the whole earth, and never ſtand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on ev'ry land.
4 Nor ſhall thy ſpreading goſpel reſt,

Till through the world thy truth has run ;
Till *Chriſt* has all the nations bleſt,
Which ſee the light, or feel the ſun.
5 Great Sun of righteouſneſs ariſe,
Bleſs the dark world with heav'nly light ;
Thy goſpel makes the ſimple wiſe,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
6 Thy nobleſt wonders here we view,
In ſouls renew'd, and ſins forgiv'n :
Lord, cleanſe my ſins, my ſoul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heav'n.

PSALM XIX. Particular Metre.

The book of nature and ſcripture.

GReat God, the heav'n's well order'd frame
Declares the glories of thy name :
There thy rich works of wonder ſhine ;
A thouſand ſtarry beauties there,
A thouſand radiant marks appear
Of boundleſs pow'r, and ſkill divine.
2 From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light,
Lectures of heav'nly wiſdom read ;
With ſilent eloquence they raiſe
Our thoughts to our Creator's praiſe,
And neither ſound nor language need.
3 Yet their divine inſtructs run
Far as the journies of the ſun,
And ev'ry nation knows their voice ;
The ſun, like ſome young bridegroom dreſt
Breaks from the chambers of the eaſt,
Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice
4 Wher'er he ſpreads his beams abroad,
He ſmiles and ſpeaks his Maker God ;
All nature joins to ſhew thy praiſe ;

Thus God in ev'ry creature ſhines;
Fair is the book of nature's lines;
But fairer is thy book of grace.

PAUSE.

I love the volumes of thy word;
What light and joy thoſe leaves afford
To ſouls benighted and diſtreſs'd!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to ſtray,
Thy promiſe leads my ſoul to reſt.
From the diſcov'ries of thy law
The perfect rules of life I draw;
Theſe are my ſtudy and delight:
Not honey ſo invites the taſte,
Nor gold which has the furnace paſs'd,
Appears ſo pleaſing to the ſight.
Thy threat'nings 'wake my ſlumb'ring eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies;
But 'tis thy bleſſed goſpel, Lord,
Which makes my guilty conſcience clean,
Converts my ſoul, ſubdues my ſin,
And gives a free, but large reward.
Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my ſecret faults,
And from preſumptuous ſins reſtrain:
Accept my poor attempts of praiſe,
That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature not in vain.

PSALM XX. Long Metre.

Prayer and hope of victory.

For a day of prayer in time of war.

NOW may the God of pow'r and grace
Attend his people's humble cry;

Jehovah hears when *Isr'el* prays,
And brings deliv'rance from on high.
2 The name of *Jacob*'s God defends
Better than shields or brazen walls;
He from his sanctuary sends
Succour and strength when Zion calls.
3 Well he remembers all our sighs,
His love exceeds our best deserts:
His love accepts the sacrafice
Of humble groans and broken hearts.
4 In his salvation is our hope,
And in the name of *Isr'el*'s God,
Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our navies spread their flags abroad.
5 Some trust in horses train'd for war,
And some of chariots make their boasts:
Our surest expectations are
From thee, the Lord of heav'nly hosts.

6 [O may the mem'ry of thy name
Inspire our armies for the fight!
Our foes shall fall, and die with shame,
Or quit the field with shameful flight.]

7 Now save us, Lord, from slavish fear,
Now let our hopes be firm and strong,
Till thy salvation shall appear,
And joy and triumph raise the song.

PSALM XXI. Long Metre.

Christ exalted to the kingdom.

1 DAVID rejoic'd in God his strength,
Rais'd to the throne by special grace
But *Christ* the Son, appears at length,
Fulfils the triumph and the praise.
2 How great is the *Messiah*'s joy

In the ſalvation of thy hand!
Lord, thou haſt rais'd his kingdom high,
And giv'n the world to his command.

3 Thy goodneſs grants whate'er he will,
Nor doth the leaſt requeſt withhold;
Bleſſings of love prevent him ſtill,
And crowns of glory, not of gold.

4 Honor and majeſty divine
Around his ſacred temples ſhine,
Bleſt with the favour of thy face,
And length of everlaſting days.

3 Thine hand ſhall find out all his foes,
And, as the fiery oven glows
With raging heat and living coals,
So ſhall thy wrath devour their ſouls.

PSALM XXII. *1ſt Part.* Common Metre.

The ſufferings and death of Chriſt.

1 WHY has my God my ſoul forſook,
Nor will a ſmile afford?
(Thus David once in anguiſh ſpoke,
And thus our dying Lord.)
2 Though 'tis thy chief delight to dwell
Among thy praiſing ſaints,
Yet, thou canſt hear a groan as well,
And pity our complaints.
3 Our fathers truſted in thy name,
And great deliv'rance found;
But I'm a worm deſpis'd of men,
And trodden to the ground.
4 Shaking the head, they paſs me by,
And laugh my ſoul to ſcorn;
"In vain he truſts in God (they cry)
"Neglected and forlorn."

5 But thou art he who form'd my flesh,
By thine almighty word,
And since I hung upon the breast,
My hope is in the Lord.

6 Why will my Father hide his face,
When foes stand threat'ning round,
In the dark hour of deep distress,
And not an helper found?

PAUSE.

7 Behold thy Darling left among
The cruel and the proud,
As bulls of *Bashan*, fierce and strong,
As lions roaring loud.

8 From earth and hell, my sorrows meet,
To multiply the smart;
They nail my hands, they pierce my feet,
And try to vex my heart.

9 Yet, if thy sov'reign hand let loose
The rage of earth and hell,
Why will my heav'nly Father bruise
The Son he loves so well?

10 My God, if possible it be,
Withhold this bitter cup:
But I resign my will to thee,
And drink the sorrows up.

11 My heart dissolves with pangs unknown,
In groans I waste my breath:
Thy heavy hand hath brought me down
Low as the dust of death.

12 Father, I give my spirit up,
And trust it in thy hand;
My dying flesh shall rest in hope,
And rise at thy command.

PSALM XXII. 2d Part. Common Metre.

Christ's sufferings and kingdom.

1 "NOW from the roaring lion's rage,
"O Lord, protect thy Son,
"Nor leave thy Darling to engage
"The pow'rs of hell alone."

2 Thus did our suff'ring Saviour pray
With mighty cries and tears:
God heard him in that dreadful day,
And chas'd away his fears.

3 Great was the vict'ry of his death,
His throne's exalted high:
And all the kindreds of the earth
Shall worship or shall die.

4 A num'rous offspring must arise
From his expiring groans;
They shall be reckon'd in his eyes
For daughters and for sons.

5 The meek and humble souls shall see
His table richly spread;
And all who seek the Lord, shall be
With joys immortal fed.

6 The isles shall know the righteousness
Of our incarnate God,
And nations yet unborn, possess
Salvation in his blood.

PSALM XXII. Long Metre.

Christ's sufferings and exaltation.

NOW let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord;
When he complain'd in tears and blood,
As one forsaken of his God.

2 The *Jews* beheld him thus forlorn,

And ſhake their heads, and laugh in ſcorn;
" He reſcu'd others from the grave,
" Now let him try himſelf to ſave.

3 " This is the man did once pretend
" God was his Father and his Friend;
" If God the bleſſed lov'd him ſo,
" Why doth he fail to help him now?"

4 Barbarous people! cruel prieſts!
How they ſtood round like ſavage beaſts!
Like lions gaping to devour,
When God had left him in their pow'r.

5 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
Till ſtreams of blood each other meet;
By lot his garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which he dy'd.

6 But God, his Father heard his cry;
Rais'd from the dead, he reigns on high;
The nations learn his righteouſneſs,
And humble ſinners taſte his grace.

PSALM XXIII. Long Metre.

God our Shepherd.

1 MY Shepherd is the living Lord:
Now ſhall my wants be well ſupply'd
His providence and holy word
Become my ſafety and my guide.

2 In paſtures where ſalvation grows,
He makes me feed, he makes me reſt;
There living water gently flows,
And all the food divinely bleſt.

3 My wand'ring feet his ways miſtake;
But he reſtores my ſoul to peace,
And leads me for his mercy's ſake,
In the fair paths of righteouſneſs.

Though I walk through the gloomy vale,
Where death and all its terrors are,
My heart and hope ſhall never fail,
For God my Shepherd's with me there.

Amidſt the darkneſs and the deeps,
Thou art my comfort, thou my ſtay;
Thy ſtaff ſupports my feeble ſteps,
Thy rod directs my doubtful way.

The ſons of earth, and ſons of hell,
Gize at thy goodneſs, and repine
To ſee my table ſpread ſo well,
With living bread, and cheerful wine.

[How I rejoice, when on my head
Thy Spirit condeſcends to reſt!
'Tis a divine anointing ſhed,
Like oil of gladneſs at a feaſt.

Surely the mercies of the Lord
Attend his houſhold all their days:
There will I dwell to hear his word,
To ſeek his face, and ſing his praiſe.]

PSALM XXIII. Common Metre.

MY Shepherd will ſupply my need,
Jehovah is his name;
In paſtures freſh he makes me feed,
Beſide the living ſtream.
He brings my wand'ring ſpirit back,
When I forſake his ways,
And leads me for his mercy's ſake,
In paths of truth and grace.
When I walk through the ſhades of death,
Thy preſence is my ſtay:
A word of thy ſupporting breath,
Drives all my fears away.

4 Thy hand, in ſpite of all my foes,
Doth ſtill my table ſpread;
My cup with bleſſings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

5 The ſure proviſions of my God
Attend me all my days;
O may thy houſe be mine abode,
And all my work be praiſe.

6 There would I find a ſettled reſt,
(While others go and come)
No more a ſtranger, or a gueſt,
But like a child at home.

PSALM XXIII. Short Metre.

1 THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I ſhall be well ſupply'd:
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beſide?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heav'nly paſture grows,
Where living waters gently paſs,
And full ſalvation flows.

3 If e'er I go aſtray,
He doth my ſoul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his moſt holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I ſhould walk thro' death's dark ſhade
My ſhepherd's with me there.

5 In ſpite of all my foes,
Thou doſt my table ſpread;
My cup with bleſſings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love,
Shall crown my foll'wing days;
Nor from thy houſe will I remove,
Nor ceaſe to ſpeak thy praiſe.

PSALM XXIV. Common Metre.

Dwelling with God.

THE earth for ever is the Lord's,
With *Adam*'s num'rous race;
He rais'd its arches o'er the floods,
And built it on the ſeas.
But who among the ſons of men
May viſit thine abode?
He who has hands from miſchief clean,
Whoſe heart is right with God.
This is the man may riſe and take
The bleſſings of his grace:
This is the lot of thoſe who ſeek
The God of *Jacob*'s face.
Now let our ſouls' immortal pow'rs,
To meet the Lord prepare,
Lift up their everlaſting doors,
The King of glory's near.
The King of glory, who can tell
The wonders of his might?
He rules the nations; but to dwell
With ſaints is his delight.

PSALM XXIV. Long Metre.

Saints dwell in heaven: or, Chriſt's aſcenſion.

THIS ſpacious earth is all the Lord's,
And men, and worms, and beaſts, and birds;
He rais'd the building on the ſeas,
And gave it for their dwelling-place.
But there's a brighter world on high,

Thy palace, Lord, above the ſky:
Who ſhall aſcend that bleſt abode,
And dwell ſo near his Maker, God?
3 He who abhors, and fears to ſin,
Whoſe heart is pure, whoſe hands are clea
Him ſhall the Lord, the Saviour, bleſs,
And clothe his ſoul with righteouſneſs.
4 Theſe are the men, the pious race,
Who ſeek the God of *Jacob*'s face;
Theſe ſhall enjoy the bliſsful ſight,
And dwell in everlaſting light.

PAUSE.

5 Rejoice, ye ſhining worlds on high,
Behold the King of glory nigh;
Who can this King of glory be?
The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he.
6 Ye heav'nly gates, your leaves diſplay,
To make the Lord, the Saviour way;
Laden with ſpoils from earth and hell,
The Conqu'ror comes with God to dwell.
7 Rais'd from the dead, he goes before,
He opens heav'n's eternal door,
To give his ſaints a bleſt abode,
Near their Redeemer, and their God.

PSALM XXV. *1ſt Part.* Short Metre.

Waiting for pardon and direction.

1 I LIFT my ſoul to God,
My truſt is in his name;
Let not my foes who ſeek my blood,
Still triumph in my ſhame.
2 Sin, and the pow'rs of hell,
Perſuade me to deſpair;
Lord, make me know thy cov'nant well,

That I may 'ſcape the ſnare.
3 From the firſt dawning light,
Till the dark ev'ning riſe,
For thy ſalvation, Lord, I wait
With ever-longing eyes.
4 Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth:
Forgive the ſins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.
5 The Lord is juſt and kind,
The meek ſhall learn his ways,
And ev'ry humble ſinner find
The methods of his grace.
6 For his own goodneſs' ſake
He ſaves my ſoul from ſhame;
He pardons (though my guilt be great)
Through my Redeemer's name.

PSALM XXV. *2d Part.* Short Metre.

Divine Inſtruction.

1 WHERE ſhall the man be found
Who fears t' offend his God,
Who loves the goſpel's joyful ſound,
And trembles at the rod?

2 The Lord ſhall make him know
The ſecrets of his heart,
The wonders of his cov'nant ſhow,
And all his love impart.

3 The dealings of his hand
Are truth and mercy ſtill,
With ſuch as to his cov'nant ſtand,
And love to do his will.

4 Their ſouls ſhall dwell at eaſe,
Before their Maker's face;

Their ſeed ſhall taſte the promiſes
In their extenſive grace.

PSALM XXV. *3d Part.* Short Metre.

Diſtreſs of ſoul: or, backſliding and deſertion.

1 MINE eyes and my deſire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead his promiſes,
And reſt upon his word.
2 Turn, turn thee to my ſoul,
Bring thy ſalvation near;
When will thy hand releaſe my feet
Out of the deadly ſnare?
3 When ſhall the ſov'reign grace
Of my forgiving God
Reſtore me from theſe dang'rous ways
My wand'ring feet have trod?
4 The tumult of my thoughts
Doth but enlarge my woe;
My ſpirit languiſhes, my heart
Is deſolate and low.
5 With ev'ry morning light
My ſorrow new begins;
Look on my anguiſh and my pain,
And pardon all my ſins.

PAUSE.

6 Behold the hoſts of hell,
How cruel is their hate!
Againſt my life they riſe, and join
Their fury with deceit.
7 O keep my ſoul from death,
Nor put my hope to ſhame,
For I have plac'd my only truſt
In my Redeemer's name.

8 With humble faith I wait
To see thy face again;
Of *Isr'el* it shall ne'er be said,
He sought the Lord in vain.

PSALM XXVI. Long Metre.

Self-examination: or, evidences of grace.

1 JUDGE me, O Lord, and prove my ways,
And try my reins, and try my heart;
My faith upon thy promise stays,
Nor from thy law my feet depart.
2 I hate to walk, I hate to sit
With men of vanity and lies;
The scoffer and the hypocrite
Are the abhorrence of my eyes.
3 Among thy saints will I appear
With hands well-wash'd in innocence:
But when I stand before thy bar,
The blood of *Christ* is my defence.
4 I love thy habitation, Lord,
The temple where thine honours dwell;
There shall I hear thy holy word,
And there thy works of wonder tell.
5 Let not my soul be join'd at last
With men of treachery and blood,
Since I my days on earth have past
Among the saints, and near my God.

PSALM XXVII. *1st Part.* Common Metre.

The Church is our delight and safety.

1 THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength; nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.
2 One privilege my heart desires;

O grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy ſaints,
The temples of my God.

3 There ſhall I offer my requeſts,
And ſee thy beauties ſtill;
Shall hear thy meſſages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

4 When troubles riſe, and ſtorms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a ſtrong pavilion, where
He makes my ſoul abide.

5 Now ſhall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And ſongs of joy and victory
Within thy temple ſound.

PSALM XXVII. *2d Part.* Common Me

Prayer and hope.

1 SOON as I heard my Father ſay
"Ye children, ſeek my grace,"
My heart reply'd without delay,
"I'll ſeek my Father's face."

2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my ſoul away;
God of my life, I fly to thee
In a diſtreſſing day.

3 Should friends and kindred, near and de
Leave me to want or die,
My God would make my life his care,
And all my need ſupply.

4 My fainting fleſh had dy'd with grief,
Had not my ſoul believ'd
To ſee thy grace provide relief,
Nor was my hope deceiv'd.

5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling ſaints,
And keep your courage up;
He'll raiſe your ſpirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

PSALM XXIX. Long Metre.

Storm and thunder.

1 GIVE to the Lord, ye ſons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and pow'r,
Aſcribe due honors to his name,
And his eternal might adore.
2 The Lord proclaims his pow'r aloud,
Over the ocean and the land;
His voice divides the wat'ry cloud,
And lightnings blaze at his command.
3 He ſpeaks, and tempeſt, hail and wind,
Lay the wide foreſt bare around;
The fearful hart, and frighted hind
Leap at the terror of the ſound.
4 To *Lebanon* he turns his voice,
And lo, the ſtately cedars break;
The mountains tremble at the noiſe,
The vallies roar, the deſarts quake.
5 The Lord ſits Sov'reign on the flood,
The Thund'rer reigns for ever King:
But makes the Church his bleſt abode,
Where we his awful glories ſing.
6 In gentler language there the Lord
The counſels of his grace imparts:
Amid the raging ſtorm, his word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

PSALM XXX. *1ſt Part.* Long Metre.

Sickneſs healed, and ſorrow removed.

1 I WILL extol thee, Lord, on high,
At thy command diſeaſes fly;
Who but a God can ſpeak, and ſave
From the dark borders of the grave?

2 Sing to the Lord, ye ſaints of his,
And tell how large his goodneſs is;
Let all your pow'rs rejoice, and bleſs,
While you record his holineſs.

3 His anger but a moment ſtays;
His love is life and length of days;
Tho' grief and tears the night employ,
The Morning-Star reſtores the joy.

PSALM XXX. *2d Part.* Long Metre.

Health, ſickneſs, and recovery.

1 FIRM was my health, my day was bright,
And I preſum'd 'twould ne'er be night:
Fondly I ſaid within my heart,
"Pleaſure and peace ſhall ne'er depart."

2 But I forgot thine arm was ſtrong,
Which made my mountain ſtand ſo long;
Soon as thy face began to hide,
My health was gone, my comforts dy'd.

3 I cry'd aloud to thee, my God,
"What canſt thou profit by my blood?
"Deep in the duſt can I declare
"Thy truth, or ſing thy goodneſs there?

4 "Hear me, O God of grace (I ſaid)
"And bring me from among the dead."
Thy words rebuk'd the pains I felt,
Thy pard'ning love remov'd my guilt.

5 My groans, and tears, and forms of woe,
Are tun'd to joy and praiſes now;
I throw my ſackcloth on the ground,

And eaſe and gladneſs gird me round.
6 My tongue (the glory of my frame)
Shall ne'er be ſilent of thy name;
Thy praiſe ſhall ſound thro' earth and heav'n,
For ſickneſs heal'd, and ſins forgiv'n.

PSALM XXXI. *1ſt Part.* Common Metre.

Deliverance from death.

1 INTO thine hand, O God of truth,
My ſpirit I commit;
Thou haſt redeem'd my ſoul from death,
And ſav'd me from the pit.
2 The paſſions of my hope and fear
Maintain'd a double ſtrife,
While ſorrow, pain, and ſin conſpir'd
To take away my life.
3 "My time is in thy hand (I cry'd)
"Though I draw near the duſt:"
Thou art the refuge where I hide,
The God in whom I truſt.
4 O may thy reconciled face
Upon thy ſervant ſhine,
And ſave me for thy mercy's ſake,
For I'm intirely thine.

PAUSE.

5 ['Twas in my haſte my ſpirit ſaid,
"I muſt deſpair and die,
"I am cut off before thine eyes;"
But thou haſt heard my cry.]
6 Thy goodneſs, how divinely free!
How wond'rous is thy grace,
To thoſe who fear thy majeſty,
And truſt thy promiſes!
7 O love the Lord, all ye his ſaints,

And sing his praises loud ;
He'll lend his ear to your complaints,
And recompence the proud.

PSALM XXXI. *2d Part.* Common Metre.

Deliverance from slander and reproach.

1 MY heart rejoices in thy name,
My God, my help, my trust ;
Thou hast preserv'd my face from shame,
Mine honor from the dust.

2 "My life is spent with grief (I cry'd)
"My years consum'd in groans,
"My strength decays, mine eyes are dry'd,
"And sorrow wastes my bones."

3 Among mine enemies, my name
Was a mere proverb grown,
While to my neighbours I became
Forgotten and unknown.

4 Slander and fear on ev'ry side
Seiz'd and beset me round :
I to the throne of grace apply'd,
And speedy refcue found.

PAUSE.

5 How great deliv'rance hast thou wrought
Before the sons of men !
The lying lips to silence brought,
And made their boasting vain !

6 Thy children from the strife of tongues,
Shall thy pavillion hide,
Guard them from infamy and wrongs,
And crush the sons of pride.

7 Within thy secret presence, Lord,
Let me for ever dwell ;
No fenced city, wall'd and barr'd,
Secures a saint so well.

PSALM *XXXII.* Short Metre.

Forgiveneſs of ſins upon confeſſion.

1 O BLESSED ſouls are they
Whoſe ſins are cover'd o'er;
Divinely bleſt, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

2 They mourn their follies paſt,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives without deceit
Shall prove their faith ſincere.

3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
I felt the feſt'ring wound,
Till I confeſs'd my ſins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let ſinners learn to pray,
Let ſaints keep near thy throne;
Our help in times of deep diſtreſs,
Is found in God alone.

PSALM *XXXII.* Common Metre.

Free pardon and ſincere obedience: or, confeſſion and forgiveneſs.

1 HAPPY the man to whom his God
No more imputes his ſin,
But, waſh'd in the Redeemer's blood,
Hath made his garments clean.

2 Happy, beyond expreſſion, he
Whoſe debts are thus diſcharg'd;
And from the guilty bondage free,
He feels his ſoul enlarg'd.

3 His ſpirit hates deceit and lies,
His words are all ſincere;
He guards his heart, he guards his eyes,

To keep his conscience clear.
4 While I my inward guilt suppress't,
No quiet could I find;
Thy wrath lay burning in my breast,
And wrack'd my tortur'd mind.
5 Then I confess'd my troubled thoughts,
My secret sins reveal'd;
Thy pard'ning grace forgave my faults,
Thy love my pardon seal'd.
6 This shall invite thy saints to pray,
When, like a raging flood,
Temptations rise, our strength and stay
Is a forgiving God.

PSALM *XXXII. 1st Part.* Long Metre.

Repentance and free pardon: or, justification and sanctification.

1 BLEST is the man, for ever blest
Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God,
Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd,
And cover'd with a Saviour's blood.
2 Blest is the man to whom the Lord
Imputes not his iniquities;
He pleads no merit of reward,
And not on works, but grace relies.
3 From guile his heart and lips are free;
His humble joy, his holy fear,
With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith sincere.
4 How glorious is that righteousness
Which hides and cancels all his sins!
While a bright evidence of grace
Thro' his whole life appears and shines.

PSALM *XXXII. 2d Part.* Long Metre.

A guilty conscience eased by confession and pardon.

WHILE I keep silence and conceal
My heavy guilt within my heart,
What torment doth my conscience feel!
What agonies of inward smart!
I spread my sins before the Lord,
And all my secret faults confess;
Thy gospel speaks a pard'ning word,
Thy holy Spirit seals the grace.
For this shall ev'ry humble soul
Make swift addresses to thy seat:
When floods of huge temptations roll,
There shall they find a blest retreat.
How safe beneath thy wings I lie,
When days grow dark, and storms appear;
And when I walk, thy watchful eye
Shall guide me safe from ev'ry snare.

PSALM XXXIII. *1st Part.* Common Metre.

Works of creation and providence.

REJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord,
This work belongs to you:
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, just, and true!
His mercy and his righteousness
Let heav'n and earth proclaim;
His works of nature and of grace
Reveal his wond'rous name,
His wisdom and almighty word
The heav'nly arches spread;
And by the Spirit of the Lord
Their shining hosts were made.
He bade the liquid waters flow
To their appointed deep;

The flowing ſeas their limits know,
And their own ſtation keep.
5 Ye tenants of the ſpacious earth,
With fear before him ſtand:
He ſpake, and nature took its birth,
And reſts on his command.
6 He ſcorns the angry nation's rage,
And breaks their vain deſigns;
His counſel ſtands through ev'ry age,
And in full glory ſhines.

PSALM XXXIII. *2d Part.* Common Metre.

Creatures vain, and God all-ſufficient.

1 BLEST is the nation where the Lord
Hath fix'd his gracious throne;
Where he reveals his heav'nly word,
And calls their tribes his own.
2 His eye, with infinite ſurvey
Does the whole world behold;
He form'd us all of equal clay,
And knows our feeble mould.
3 Kings are not reſcu'd by the force
Of armies, from the grave;
Nor ſpeed nor courage of an horſe
Can the bold rider ſave.
4 Vain is the ſtrength of beaſts or men,
To hope for ſafety thence;
But holy ſouls from God obtain
A ſtrong and ſure defence.
5 God is their fear, and God their truſt,
When plagues or famine ſpread;
His watchful eye ſecures the juſt,
Among ten thouſand dead.
6 Lord, let our hearts in thee rejoice,

And bleſs us from thy throne;
For we have made thy word our choice,
And truſt thy grace alone.

PSALM XXXIII. 1ſt *Part.* Particular Metre.

Works of creation and providence.

1 YE holy ſouls, in God rejoice,
Your Maker's praiſe becomes your voice;
Great is your theme, your ſongs be new:
Sing of his name, his word, his ways,
His works of nature and of grace,
How wiſe and holy, juſt and true!

2 Juſtice and truth he ever loves,
And the whole earth his goodneſs proves;
His word the heav'nly arches ſpread;
How wide they ſhine from north to ſouth;
And by the ſpirit of his mouth
Were all the ſtarry armies made.

4 He gathers the wide flowing ſeas,
Thoſe wat'ry treaſures know their place
In the vaſt ſtorehouſe of the deep:
He ſpake, and gave all nature birth,
And fires, and ſeas, and heav'n, and earth,
His everlaſting orders keep.

4 Let mortals tremble, and adore
A God of ſuch reſiſtleſs pow'r,
Nor dare indulge their feeble rage;
Vain are your tho'ts, and weak your hands,
But his eternal counſel ſtands,
And rules the world from age to age.

PSALM XXXIII. 2d *Part.* Particular Metre.

Creatures vain, and God all-ſufficient.

1 O HAPPY nation, where the Lord
Reveals the treaſure of his word,

And builds his church, his earthly throne!
His eye the Heathen world surveys,
He form'd their hearts, he knows their ways,
But God, their Maker is unknown.

2 Let kings rely upon their host,
And of his strength the champion boast;
In vain they boast, in vain rely;
In vain we trust the brutal force,
Or speed, or courage of an horse,
To guard his rider, or to fly.

3 The eye of thy compassion, Lord,
Doth more secure defence afford,
When death, or dangers threat'ning stand:
Thy watchful eye preserves the just,
Who make thy name their fear and trust,
When wars, or famine waste the land.

4 In sickness, or the bloody field,
Thou our physician, thou our shield,
Send us salvation from thy throne;
We wait to see thy goodness shine;
Let us rejoice in help divine,
For all our hope is God alone.

PSALM XXXIV. *1st Part.* Long Metre.

God's care of the saints: or, deliverance by prayer.

1 LORD, I will bless thee all my days,
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue;
My soul shall glory in thy grace,
While saints rejoice to hear the song.

2 Come, magnify the Lord with me,
Come, let us all exalt his name;
I sought th' eternal GOD, and he
Has not expos'd my hope to shame.

3 I told him all my secret grief,

My secret groaning reach'd his ears;
He gave my inward pains relief,
And calm'd the tumult of my fears.
4 To him the poor lift up their eyes,
Their faces feel the heav'nly shine;
A beam of mercy from the skies
Fills them with light and joy divine.
5 His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men who serve the Lord:
O fear and love him, all ye saints,
Taste of his grace, and trust his word.
6 The wild young lions pinch'd with pain,
And hunger, roar through all the wood;
But none shall seek the Lord in vain,
Nor want supplies of real good.

PSALM XXXIV. *2d Part.* Long Metre.

Religious education: or, instruction of piety.

1 CHildren in years and knowledge young,
Your parents' hope, your parents' joy,
Attend the counsels of my tongue,
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.
2 If you desire a length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal state,
Restrain your feet from sinful ways,
Your lips from slander and deceit.
3 The eyes of God regard his saints,
His ears are open to their cries;
He sets his frowning face against
The sons of violence and lies.
4 To humble souls, and broken hearts,
God with his grace is ever nigh:
Pardon and hope his love imparts,
When men in deep contrition lie.

5 He tells their tears, he counts their groans,
His Son redeems their souls from death;
His Spirit heals their broken bones,
They in his praise employ their breath.

PSALM XXXIV. *1st Part.* Common Metre

Prayer and praise for eminent deliverance.

1 I'LL bless the Lord from day to day:
How good are all his ways!
Ye humble souls who use to pray,
Come help my lips to praise.

2 Sing to the honor of his name,
How a poor sinner cry'd,
Nor was his hope expos'd to shame,
Nor was his suit deny'd.

3 When threat'ning sorrows round me stood,
And endless fears arose,
Like the loud billows of a flood,
Redoubling all my woes.

4 I told the Lord my sore distress,
With heavy groans and tears;
He gave my sharpest torments ease,
And silenc'd all my fears.

PAUSE.

5 [O sinners, come and taste his love,
Come, learn his pleasant ways,
And let your own experience prove
The sweetness of his grace.

6 He bids his angels pitch their tents
Round where his children dwell:
What ills their heav'nly care prevents,
No earthly tongue can tell.]

7 [O love the Lord, ye saints of his;
His eye regards the just;

How richly bleſt their portion is
Who make the Lord their truſt!

8 Young lions pinch'd with hunger, roar,
And famiſh in the wood;
But God ſupplies his holy poor,
With ev'ry needful good.]

PSALM XXXIV. *2d Part.* Common Metre.

Exhortations to peace and holineſs.

1 COME, children, learn to fear the Lord,
And that your days be long,
Let not a falſe or ſpiteful word
Be found upon your tongue.

2 Depart from miſchief, practiſe love,
Purſue the works of peace:
So ſhall the Lord your ways approve,
And ſet your ſouls at eaſe.

3 His eyes awake to guard the juſt,
His ears attend their cry:
When broken ſpirits dwell in duſt,
The God of grace is nigh.

4 What though the ſorrows here they taſte
Are ſharp and tedious too?
The Lord who ſaves them all at laſt,
Is their ſupporter now.

5 Evil ſhall ſmite the wicked dead;
But God ſecures his own:
Prevents the miſchief when they ſlide,
Or heals the broken bone.

6 When deſolation, like a flood
O'er the proud ſinner rolls,
Saints find a refuge in their God,
For he redeem'd their ſouls.

PSALM *XXXV. 1st Part.* Common Metre.

Prayer and faith of persecuted saints: or, imprecations mixed with charity.

1 NOW plead my cause, almighty God,
With all the sons of strife;
And fight against the men of blood,
Who fight against my life.

2 Draw out thy spear, and stop their way,
Lift thine avenging rod;
But to my soul in mercy say,
"I am thy Saviour God."

3 They plant their snares to catch my feet,
And nets of mischief spread:
Plunge the destroyers in the pit
Which their own hands have made.

4 Let fogs and darkness hide their way,
And slipp'ry be their ground;
Thy wrath shall make their lives a prey,
And all their rage confound.

5 They fly like chaff before the wind,
Before thine angry breath;
The angel of the Lord behind,
Pursues them down to death.

6 They love the road which leads to hell,
Then let the rebels die.
Whose malice is implacable
Against the Lord most high.

But, if thou hast a chosen few
Among that impious race,
Divide them from the bloody crew,
By thy surprising grace.

8 Then will I raise my tuneful voice
To make thy wonders known;
In their salvation I'll rejoice,
And bless thee for my own.

PSALM *XXXV. 2d Part.* Common Metre.

Love to enemies; or, the love of Christ to sinners, typified in David.

1 BEHOLD the love, the gen'rous love
Which holy *David* shows;
Hark, how his sounding bowels move
To his afflicted foes!

2 When they are sick, his soul complains,
And seems to feel the smart;
The spirit of the gospel reigns,
And melts his pious heart.

3 How did his flowing tears condole,
As for a brother dead!
And fasting mortify'd his soul,
While for their life he pray'd.

4 They groan'd and curs'd him on their bed,
Yet still he pleads and mourns;
And double blessings on his head
The righteous God returns.

5 O glorious type of heav'nly grace!
Thus *Christ* the Lord appears;
While sinners curse, the Saviour prays,
And pities them with tears.

6 He, the true *David*, *Isr'el*'s King,
Blest and belov'd of God,
To save us rebels dead in sin,
Paid his own dearest blood.

PSALM *XXXVI.* Long Metre.

The perfection and providence of God; or, general providence, and special grace.

1 HIGH in the heav'ns, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;

Thy truth shall break through ev'ry cloud
Which veils and darkens thy designs.
2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.
4 My God, how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs:
The sons of *Adam* in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.
5 From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.
6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promis'd in thy word.

PSALM XXXVI. Common Metre.

Practical atheism exposed: or, the being and attributes of God asserted.

1 WHILE men grow bold in wicked ways,
And yet a God they own,
My heart within me often says,
"Their thoughts believe there's none."
2 Their thoughts and ways at once declare
(Whate'er their lips profess)
God hath no wrath for them to fear,
Nor will they seek his grace.

3 What ſtrange ſelf-flatt'ry blinds their eyes!
But there's an haſt'ning hour,
When they ſhall ſee with ſore ſurpriſe,
The terrors of thy pow'r.

4 Thy juſtice ſhall maintain its throne,
Though mountains melt away;
Thy judgments are a world unknown,
A deep unfathom'd ſea.

5 Above theſe heav'ns' created rounds,
Thy mercies, Lord, extend;
Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds
Where time and nature end.

6 Safety to man thy goodneſs brings,
Nor overlooks the beaſt;
Beneath the ſhadow of thy wings
Thy children chooſe to reſt.

7 [From thee when creature ſtreams run low,
And mortal comforts die,
Perpetual ſprings of life ſhall flow,
And raiſe our pleaſures high.

8 Though all created light decay,
And death cloſe up our eyes,
Thy preſence makes eternal day,
Where clouds can never riſe.]

PSALM XXXVI. Short Metre.

The wickedneſs of man, and the majeſty of God; or, practical atheiſm expoſed.

1 WHEN man grows bold in ſin,
My heart within me cries,
"He hath no faith of God within,
Nor fear before his eyes."

2 [He walks awhile conceal'd
In a ſelf-flatt'ring dream,

'Till his dark crimes at once reveal'd,
Expose his hateful name.]

3 His heart is false and foul,
His words are smooth and fair:
Wisdom is banish'd from his soul,
And leaves no goodness there.

4 He plots upon his bed
New mischiefs to fulfil:
He fits his heart, his hands, his head
To practise all that's ill.

5 But there's a dreadful God,
Though men renounce his fear;
His justice hid behind a cloud,
Shall one great day appear.

6 His truth transcends the sky,
In heav'n his mercies dwell;
Deep as the sea his judgments lie,
His anger burns to hell.

7 How excellent his love,
Whence all our safety springs!
O never let my soul remove
From underneath his wings.

PSALM *XXXVII. 1st Part.* Common Metre.

The cure of envy, fretfulness, and unbelief; or, the rewards of the righteous and the wicked; or, the world's hatred, and the saint's patience.

1 WHY should I vex my soul, and fret
To see the wicked rise;
Or envy sinners waxing great
By violence and lies?

2 As flow'ry grass cut down at noon,
Before the ev'ning fades,
So shall their glories vanish soon,

And everlasting shades.

3 Then let me make the Lord my trust,
And practise all that's good;
So shall I dwell among the just,
And he'll provide me food.

4 I to my God my ways commit,
And cheerful wait his will;
Thy hand which guides my doubtful feet,
Shall my desires fulfil.

5 Mine innocence shalt thou display,
And make thy judgments known,
Fair as the light of dawning day,
And glorious as the noon.

6 The meek at last the earth possess,
And are the heirs of heav'n;
True riches, with abundant peace,
To humble souls are giv'n.

PAUSE.

7 Rest in the Lord, and keep his way,
Nor let your anger rise,
Though providence should long delay
To punish haughty vice.

8 Let sinners join to break your peace,
And plot, and rage, and foam;
The Lord derides them, for he sees
Their day of vengeance come.

9 They have drawn out the threat'ning sword,
Have bent the murd'rous bow
To slay the men who fear the Lord,
And bring the righteous low.

10 My God shall break their bows, and burn
Their persecuting darts,
Shall their own swords against them turn,
And pain surprise their hearts.

PSALM XXXVII. 2*a Part.* Common Metre

Charity to the poor: or, religion in words and deed.

1 WHY do the wealthy wicked boast,
And grow profanely bold?
The meaneſt portion of the juſt,
Excels the ſinner's gold.

2 The wicked borrows of his friends,
But ne'er deſigns to pay:
The ſaint is merciful, and lends,
Nor turns the poor away.

3 His alms with liberal heart he gives
Among the ſons of need;
His mem'ry to long ages lives,
And bleſſed is his ſeed.

4 His lips abhor to talk profane,
To ſlander or defraud;
His ready tongue declares to men
What he has learn'd of God.

5 The law and goſpel of the Lord,
Deep in his heart abide;
Led by the Spirit and the word,
His feet ſhall never ſlide.

6 When ſinners fall, the righteous ſtand
Preſerv'd from ev'ry ſnare;
They ſhall poſſeſs the promis'd land,
And dwell for ever there.

PSALM XXXVII. 3*d Part.* Common Metre

The way and end of the righteous and the wicked.

1 MY God, the ſteps of pious men
Are order'd by thy will;
Though they ſhould fall, they riſe again,
Thy hand ſupports them ſtill.

2 The Lord delights to see their ways,
Their virtue he approves;
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
Nor leave the men he loves.

3 The heav'nly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home:
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
Of blessings long to come.

4 Wait on the Lord, ye sons of men,
Nor fear when tyrants frown;
Ye shall confess their pride was vain,
When justice casts them down.

PAUSE.

5 The haughty sinner I have seen,
Not fearing man nor God,
Like a tall bay tree, fair and green,
Spreading his arms abroad.

6 And lo, he vanish'd from the ground,
Destroy'd by hands unseen:
Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf was found,
Where all that pride had been.

7 But, mark the man of righteousness,
His sev'ral steps attend:
True pleasure runs thro' all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

PSALM XXXVIII. Common Metre.

Guilt of conscience, and relief: or, repentance and prayer for pardon and health.

1 AMIDST thy wrath remember love,
Restore thy servant, Lord;
Nor let a Father's chast'ning prove
Like an avenger's sword.

2 Thine arrows stick within my heart,

My flesh is sorely prest;
Between the sorrow and the smart,
My spirit finds no rest.

3 My sins an heavy load appear;
And o'er my head are gone;
Too heavy they for me to bear,
Too hard for me t' atone.

4 My thoughts are like a troubled sea,
My head still bending down:
And I go mourning all the day
Beneath my Father's frown.

5 Lord, I am weak and broken sore,
None of my pow'rs are whole;
The inward anguish makes me roar,
The anguish of my soul.

6 All my desire to thee is known,
Thine eye counts ev'ry tear;
And ev'ry sigh, and ev'ry groan
Is notic'd by thine ear.

7 Thou art my God, my only hope,
My God will hear my cry,
My God will bear my spirit up
When Satan bids me die.

8 My foot is ever apt to slide,
My foes rejoice to see't,
They raise their pleasure and their pride,
When they supplant my feet.

9 But I'll confess my guilt to thee,
And grieve for all my sin;
I'll mourn how weak my graces be,
And beg support divine.

10 My God, forgive my follies past,
And be for ever nigh;

O Lord of my ſalvation haſte,
Before thy ſervant die.

PSALM *XXXIX. 1ſt Part.* Common Metre.

Watchfulneſs over the tongue: or, prudence and zeal.

1 THUS I reſolv'd before the Lord,
"Now will I watch my tongue,
"Leſt I let ſlip one ſinful word,
"Or do my neighbour wrong."
2 And if I'm e'er conſtrain'd to ſtay
With men of lives profane,
I'll ſet a double guard that day,
Nor let my talk be vain.
3 I'll ſcarce allow my lips to ſpeak
The pious thoughts I feel,
Leſt ſcoffers ſhould th' occaſion take
To mock my holy zeal.
4 Yet if ſome proper hour appear,
I'll not be over aw'd,
But let the ſcoffing ſinner hear
That I can ſpeak for God.

PSALM *XXXIX. 2d Part.* Common Metre.

The vanity of man.

1 TEACH me the meaſure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame:
I would ſurvey life's narrow ſpace,
And learn how frail I am.
2 A ſpan is all that we can boaſt,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and duſt
In all his flow'r and prime.
3 See the vain race of mortals move
Like ſhadows o'er the plain,
They rage and ſtrive, deſire and love,

But all their noiſe is vain.

4 Some walk in honor's gaudy ſhow,
Some dig for golden ore;
They toil for heirs they know not who,
And ſtrait are ſeen no more.

5 What could I wiſh or wait for then,
From creatures, earth and duſt?
They make our expectations vain,
And diſappoint our truſt.

6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond deſires recal;
I give my mortal int'reſt up,
And make my God my all.

PSALM *XXXIX.* *3a Part.* Common Metre.

Sick-bed devotion: or, pleading without repining.

1 GOD of my life, look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel;
But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare diſpute thy will.

2 Diſeaſes are thy ſervants, Lord,
They come at thy command;
I'll not attempt a murm'ring word,
Againſt thy chaſt'ning hand.

3 Yet may I plead with humble cries,
Remove thy ſharp rebukes:
My ſtrength conſumes, my ſpirit dies,
Through thy repeated ſtrokes.

4 Cruſh'd as the moth beneath thy hand,
We moulder to the duſt;
Our feeble pow'rs can ne'er withſtand,
And all our beauty's loſt.

5 [This mortal life decays apace,
How ſoon the bubble's broke!

Adam and all his num'rous race
Are vanity and ſmoke.]

6 I'm but a ſojourner below,
As all my fathers were;
May I be well prepar'd to go,
When I the ſummons hear.

7 But if my life be ſpar'd a while,
Before my laſt remove,
Thy praiſe ſhall be my buſineſs ſtill,
And I'll declare thy love.

PSALM XL. *1ſt Part.* Common Metre.

A ſong of deliverance from great diſtreſs.

1 I WAITED patient for the Lord,
He bow'd to hear my cry:
He ſaw me reſting on his word,
And brought ſalvation nigh.

2 He rais'd me from a horrid pit,
Where mourning long I lay,
And from my bonds releas'd my feet,
Deep bonds of miry clay.

3 Firm on a rock he made me ſtand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praiſe the wonders of his hand
In a new thankful ſong.

4 I'll ſpread his works of grace abroad;
The ſaints with joy ſhall hear,
And ſinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.

5 How many are thy thoughts of love!
Thy mercies, Lord, how great!
We have not words nor hours enough
Their numbers to repeat.

6 When I'm afflicted, poor and low,

And light and peace depart,
My God beholds my heavy woe,
And bears me on his heart.

PSALM XL. *2d Part.* Common Metre.

The incarnation and sacrifice of Christ.

THUS saith the Lord, "Your work is vain,
"Give your burnt off'rings o'er;
"In dying goats and bullocks slain,
"My soul delights no more."

2 Then spake the Saviour, "Lo, I'm here,
"My God to do thy will;
"Whate'er thy sacred books declare,
"Thy Servant shall fulfil.

3 "Thy law is ever in my sight,
"I keep it near my heart;
"Mine ears are open'd with delight
"To what thy lips impart."

4 And see, the blest Redeemer comes!
Th' eternal Son appears!
And at th' appointed time, assumes
The body God prepares.

5 Much he reveal'd his Father's grace,
And much his truth he shew'd,
And preach'd the way of righteousness,
Where great assemblies stood.

6 His Father's honor touch'd his heart,
He pity'd sinners' cries,
And to fulfil a Saviour's part,
Was made a sacrifice.

PAUSE.

7 No blood of beasts on altars shed,
Could wash the conscience clean;
But the rich sacrifice he paid,

Atones for all our sin.
8 Then was the great salvation spread,
And Satan's kingdom shook;
Thus by the woman's promis'd seed,
The serpent's head was broke.

Psalm XL. Long Metre.

Christ our sacrifice.

THE wonders, Lord, thy love has wrought,
Exceed our praise, surmount our thought;
Should I attempt the long detail,
My speech would faint, my numbers fail.
2 No blood of beasts on altars spilt,
Can cleanse the souls of men from guilt;
But thou hast set before our eyes
An all-sufficient sacrifice.
3 Lo! thine eternal Son appears,
To thy demands he bows his ears;
Assumes a body well prepar'd,
And well performs the work so hard.
4 "Behold I come (the Saviour cries
With love and duty in his eyes)
"I come to bear the heavy load
"Of sins, and do thy will my God.
5 "'Tis written in thy great decree,
"'Tis in thy book foretold of me,
"I must fulfil the Saviour's part;
"And lo! thy law is in my heart.
6 "I'll magnify thy holy law,
"And rebels to obedience draw,
"When on my cross I'm lifted high,
"Or on my throne above the sky.
7 "The Spirit shall descend and show
"What thou hast done, and what I do;

"The wond'ring world shall learn thy grace,
"Thy wisdom and thy righteousness."

Psalm XLI. Long Metre.

Charity to the poor: or, pity to the afflicted.

1 BLEST is the man whose bowels move,
And melt with pity to the poor,
Whose soul by sympathising love
Feels what his fellow-saints endure.

2 His heart contrives for their relief
More good than his own hands can do:
He in a time of gen'ral grief
Shall find the Lord has mercy too.

3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head,
When drought, and pestilence, and dearth,
Around him multiply their dead.

4 Or, if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiv'n,
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heav'n.

Psalm XLII. Common Metre.

Desertion and hope: or, complaint of absence from public worship.

1 WITH earnest longings of the mind,
My God, to thee I look;
So pants the hunted hart to find
And taste the cooling brook.

2 When shall I see thy courts of grace,
And meet my God again?
So long an absence from thy face,
My heart endures with pain.

3 Temptations vex my weary soul,
And tears are my repast;

The foe insults without controul,
And where's your God at last?
4 'Tis with a mournful pleasure now
I think on ancient days;
Then to thy house did numbers go,
And all our work was praise.
5 But why, my soul, sunk down so far
Beneath this heavy load?
Why do my thoughts indulge despair,
And sin against my God?
6 Hope in the Lord (whose mighty hand
Can all my woes remove;)
For I shall yet before him stand,
And sing restoring love.

PSALM XLII. Long Metre.

Melancholy thoughts reproved: or, hope in affliction.

1 MY spirit sinks within me, Lord,
But I will call thy name to mind,
And times of past distress record,
When I have found my God was kind.
2 Huge troubles with tumultuous noise
Swell like a sea, and round me spread;
Thy water-spouts drown all my joys,
And rising waves roll o'er my head.
3 Yet will the Lord command his love,
When I address his throne by day;
Nor in the night his grace remove,
The night shall hear me when I pray.
4 I'll cast myself before his feet,
And say, "My God, my heav'nly Rock,
"Why doth thy love so long forget
"The soul which groans beneath thy stroke?"
5 I'll hide my heart which sinks so low,

Why ſhould my ſoul indulge her grief?
Hope in the Lord, and praiſe him too;
He is my reſt, my ſure relief.

6 Thy light and truth ſhall guide me ſtill,
Thy word ſhall my beſt thoughts employ,
And lead me to thy holy hill,
My God, my moſt exceeding joy.

PSALM XLIV. Common Metre.

The Church's complaint in perſecution.

1 LORD, we have heard thy works of old,
Thy works of pow'r and grace,
When to our ears our father's told
The wonders of their days.

2 How thou didſt build thy Churches here,
And make thy goſpel known;
Among them did thine arm appear,
Thy light and glory ſhone.

3 In God they truſted all the day,
And in a cheerful throng
Did thouſands meet to praiſe and pray,
And grace was all their ſong.

4 But now our ſouls are ſeiz'd with ſhame,
Confuſion fills our face,
To hear the enemy blaſpheme,
And fools reproach thy grace.

5 Yet have we not forgot our God,
Nor falſely dealt with heav'n;
Nor have our ſteps declin'd the road
Of duty thou haſt giv'n.

6 Though dragons all around us roar,
With their deſtructive breath,
And thine own hand has bruis'd us ſore
Hard by the gates of death.

PAUSE.

7 We are expos'd all day to die,
As martyrs for thy cauſe,
As ſheep for ſlaughter bound, we lie,
By ſharp and bloody laws.

8 Awake, ariſe, almighty Lord,
Why ſleeps thy wonted grace?
Why ſhould we look like men abhor'd,
Or baniſh'd from thy face?

9 Wilt thou for ever caſt us off?
And ſtill neglect our cries?
For ever hide thine heav'nly love
From our afflicted eyes?

10 Down to the duſt our ſoul is bow'd,
And dies upon the ground;
Riſe for our help, rebuke the proud,
And all their pow'r confound.

11 Redeem us from perpetual ſhame,
Our Saviour and our God;
We plead the honors of thy name,
The merits of thy blood.

PSALM XLV. Short Metre.

The glory of Chriſt; the ſucceſs of the goſpel; and the Gentile Church.

1 MY Saviour and my King,
Thy beauties are divine;
Thy lips with bleſſings overflow,
And ev'ry grace is thine.

2 Now make thy glory known,
Gird on thy dreadful ſword,
And ride in majeſty, to ſpread
The conqueſts of thy word.

3 Strike through thy ſtubborn foes,

Or melt their hearts t' obey ;
While juſtice, meekneſs, grace and truth,
Attend thy glorious way.

4 Thy laws, O God, are right ;
Thy throne ſhall ever ſtand ;
And thy victorious goſpel proves
A ſceptre in thine hand.

5 [Thy Father and thy God,
Hath without meaſure ſhed
His Spirit like a joyful oil
T' anoint thy ſacred head.

6 Behold, at thy right hand
The Gentile Church is ſeen
Like a fair bride in rich attire,
And princes guard the queen.

7 Fair bride, receive his love,
Forget thy father's houſe ;
Forſake thy gods, thy idol gods,
And pay the Lord thy vows.]

8 O let thy God and King
Thy ſweeteſt thoughts employ ;
Thy children ſhall his honors ſing
In palaces of joy.

PSALM XLV. Common Metre.

The perſonal glories and government of Chriſt.

1 I'LL ſpeak the honors of my King ;
His form divinely fair ;
None of the ſons of mortal race
May with the Lord compare.

2 Sweet is thy ſpeech and heav'nly grace
Upon thy lips is ſhed ;
Thy God with bleſſings infinite
Hath crown'd thy ſacred head.

3 Gird on thy ſword, victorious Prince,
Ride with majeſtic ſway;
Thy terror ſhall ſtrike through thy foes,
And make the world obey.

4 Thy throne, O God, for ever ſtands;
Thy word of grace ſhall prove
A peaceful ſceptre in thy hands,
To rule thy ſaints by love.

5 Juſtice and truth attend thee ſtill,
But mercy is thy choice;
And God, thy God, thy ſoul ſhall fill
With moſt peculiar joys.

PSALM XLV. *1ſt Part.* Long Metre.

The glory of Chriſt, and power of the goſpel.

1 NOW be my heart inſpir'd to ſing
The glories of my Saviour King,
Jeſus the Lord, how heav'nly fair
His form! how bright his beauties are!

2 O'er all the ſons of human race
He ſhines with a ſuperior grace;
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And bleſſings all his ſtate compoſe.

3 Dreſs thee in arms, moſt mighty Lord,
Gird on the terror of thy ſword,
In majeſty and glory ride
With truth and meekneſs at thy ſide.

4 Thine anger, like a pointed dart
Shall pierce the foes of ſtubborn heart;
Or words of mercy kind and ſweet,
Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.

5 Thy throne, O God, for ever ſtands,
Grace is the ſceptre in thy hands;
Thy laws and works are juſt and right,

Juſtice and grace are thy delight.
6 God, thine own God, has richly ſhed
His oil of gladneſs on thy head,
And with his ſacred Spirit bleſt
His firſt born Son above the reſt.

PSALM XLV. *2d Part.* Long Metre.

Chriſt and his Church: or, the myſtical marriage.

1 THE King of ſaints, how fair his face,
Adorn'd with majeſty and grace;
He comes with bleſſings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

2 At his right hand our eyes behold
The queen array'd in pureſt gold:
The world admires her heav'nly dreſs;
Her robe of joy and righteouſneſs.

3 He forms her beauties like his own,
He calls and ſeats her near his throne;
Fair ſtranger, let thine heart forget
The idols of thy native ſtate.

4 So ſhall the King the more rejoice
In thee, the fav'rite of his choice;
Let him be lov'd, and yet ador'd,
For he's thy Maker and thy Lord.

5 O happy hour, when thou ſhalt riſe
To his fair palace in the ſkies,
And all thy ſons (a num'rous train)
Each like a prince in glory reign.
6 Let endleſs honors crown his head;
Let ev'ry age his praiſes ſpread;
While we with cheerful ſongs approve
The condeſcenſion of his love.

PSALM XLVI. *1ſt Part.* Long Metre.

The Church's safety and triumph among national desolations.

1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
Down to the deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While ev'ry nation, ev'ry shore
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love and joy still gliding through,
And wat'ring our divine abode.

5 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
Which all our raging fear controuls:
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threat'ning hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and arm'd with pow'r.

PSALM XLVI. 2*d Part.* Long Metre.

God fights for his Church.

1 LET Zion in her King rejoice,
Tho' tyrants rage, and kingdoms rise;
He utters his almighty voice,
The nations melt, the tumult dies.

2 The Lord, of old for Jacob fought,

And Jacob's God is ſtill our aid:
Behold the works his hands have wrought,
What deſolations he has made.

3 From ſea, to ſea, through all the ſhores,
He makes the noiſe of battle ceaſe;
When from on high his thunder roars,
He awes the trembling world to peace.

4 He breaks the bow, he cuts the ſpear,
Chariots he burns with heav'nly flame;
Keep ſilence all the earth, and hear
The ſound and glory of his name.

5 "Be ſtill, and learn that I am God,
"I'll be exalted o'er the lands,
"I will be known and fear'd abroad,
"But ſtill my throne in Zion ſtands."

6 O Lord of hoſts, almighty King,
While we ſo near thy preſence dwell,
Our faith ſhall ſit ſecure, and ſing
Defiance to the gates of hell.

PSALM XLVII. Common Metre.

Chriſt aſcending and reigning.

1 O FOR a ſhout of ſacred joy
To God the ſov'reign King!
Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph ſing.

2 *Jeſus* our God, aſcends on high,
His heav'nly guards around,
Attend him riſing through the ſky,
With trumpets' joyful ſound.

3 While angels ſhout and praiſe their King,
Let mortals learn their ſtrains:
Let all the earth his honors ſing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

4 Rehearſe his deeds with awe profound;
Let knowledge lead the ſong;
Nor mock him with a ſolemn ſound
Upon a thoughtleſs tongue.

5 In *Iſr'el* ſtood his ancient throne,
He lov'd that choſen race:
But now he calls the world his own,
And Heathens taſte his grace.

6 The Gentile nations are the Lord's,
There *Abrah'm*'s God is known;
While pow'rs and princes, ſhields and ſwords,
Submit before his throne.

PSALM XLVIII. *1ſt Part.* Short Metre.

The Church is the honor and ſafety of a nation.

1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praiſe be great;
He makes his Churches his abode,
His moſt delightful ſeat.

2 Theſe temples of his grace,
How beautiful they ſtand!
The honors of our native place,
The bulwarks of our land.

3 In Zion God is known
A refuge in diſtreſs;
How bright has his ſalvation ſhone
Through all her palaces.

4 When kings againſt her join'd,
And ſaw the Lord was there,
In wild confuſion of the mind,
They fled with haſty fear.

5 When navies tall and proud,
Attempt to ſpoil our peace,
He ſends his tempeſts roaring loud,

And sinks them in the seas.
6 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.

7 In ev'ry new distress
We'll to his house repair,
We'll think upon his wond'rous grace,
And seek deliv'rance there.

PSALM XLVIII. *2d Part.* Short Metre.

The beauty of the Church: or, gospel worship and order.

1 FAR as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne,
Their songs of honor raise.

2 With joy let *Judah* stand
On *Zion*'s chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.
3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thine holy ground,
And mark the building well.
4 The orders of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.
5 How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp which charms the eyes,
And rites adorn'd with gold.
6 The God we worship now,

Will guide us till we die,
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

PSALM XLIX. *1st Part.* Common Metre.

Pride and death: or, the vanity of life and riches.

1 WHY doth the man of riches grow
To insolence and pride,
To see his wealth and honors flow
With ev'ry rising tide?

2 [Why doth he treat the poor with scorn,
Made of the self-same clay,
And boast as though his flesh were born
Of better dust than they?]

3 Not all his treasures can procure
His soul a short reprieve,
Redeem from death one guilty hour,
Or make his brother live.

4 [Life is a blessing can't be sold,
The ransom is too high;
Justice will ne'er be brib'd with gold,
That man may never die.]

5 He sees the brutish and the wise,
The tim'rous and the brave,
Quit their possessions, close their eyes,
And hasten to the grave.

6 Yet, 'tis his inward thought and pride,
"My house shall ever stand:
"And that my name may long abide,
"I'll give it to my land."

7 Vain are his thoughts, his hopes are lost,
How soon his mem'ry dies!
His name is written in the dust,
Where his own carcase lies.

PAUSE.

8 This is the folly of their way;
And yet their ſons as vain,
Approve the words their fathers ſay,
And act their works again.

9 Men void of wiſdom and of grace,
If honor raiſe them high,
Live like the beaſt, a thoughtleſs race,
And like a beaſt they die.

10 [Laid in the grave like filthy ſheep,
Death feeds upon them there,
Till the laſt trumpet breaks their ſleep,
In terror and deſpair.]

PSALM XLIX. *2d Part.* Common Metre.

Death and the reſurrection.

1 YE ſons of pride who hate the juſt,
And trample on the poor,
When death has brought you down to duſt,
Your pomp ſhall riſe no more.

2 The laſt great day ſhall change the ſcene;
When will that day appear?
When ſhall the juſt revive and reign
O'er all who ſcorn'd them here?

3 God will my naked ſoul revive,
When ſep'rate from the fleſh;
And break the priſon of the grave,
To raiſe my bones afreſh.

4 Heav'n is my everlaſting home,
Th' inheritance is ſure;
Let men of pride their rage reſume,
But I'll repine no more.

PSALM XLIX. Long Metre.

The rich ſinner's death, and the ſaint's reſurrection.

1 WHY do the proud insult the poor,
And boast the large estates they have?
How vain are riches to secure
Their haughty owners from the grave!

2 They can't redeem one hour from death,
With all the wealth in which they trust!
Nor give a dying brother breath,
When God commands him down to dust.

3 There the dark earth and dismal shade
Shall clasp their naked bodies round:
That flesh so delicately fed,
Lies cold, and moulders in the ground.
4 Like thoughtless sheep the sinner dies,
Laid in the grave for worms to eat;
The saints shall in the morning rise,
And find th' oppressor at their feet.
5 His honors perish in the dust,
And pomp and beauty, birth and blood:
That glorious day exalts the just
To full dominion o'er the proud.
6 My Saviour shall my life restore,
And raise me from my dark abode;
My flesh and soul shall part no more:
But dwell for ever near my God.

PSALM L. *1st Part.* Common Metre.

The last judgment: or, the saints rewarded.

1 THE Lord, the Judge, before his throne
Bids the whole earth draw nigh,
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.
2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,
Judgment will ne'er begin;
No more abuse his long delay,

To impudence and ſin.

3 Thron'd on a cloud our God ſhall come,
Bright flames prepare his way,
Thunder and darkneſs, fire and ſtorm,
Lead on the dreadful day.

4 Heav'n from on high his call ſhall hear,
Attending angels come:
And earth and hell ſhall know and fear
His juſtice, and their doom.

5 "But gather all my ſaints (he cries)
"Who made their peace with God
"By the Redeemer's ſacrifice;
"Who ſeal'd it with his blood.

6 "Their faith and works brought forth to light,
"Shall make the world confeſs
"My ſentence of reward is right,
"And heav'n adore my grace."

PSALM L. *2d Part.* Common Metre.

Obedience better than ſacrifice.

THUS ſaith the Lord, "The ſpacious fields,
"And flocks and herds are mine,
"O'er all the cattle of the hills,
"I claim a right divine.

2 "I aſk no ſheep for ſacrafice,
"Nor bullocks burnt with fire;
"To hope and love, to pray and praiſe,
"Is all that I require.

3 "Call upon me when trouble's near,
"My hands ſhall ſet thee free;
"Then ſhall thy thankful lips declare
"The honor due to me.

4 "The man who offers humble praiſe,
"He glorifies me beſt;

" And those who tread my holy ways,
" Shall my salvation taste."

PSALM L. 3d *Part.* Common Metre.

The judgment of hypocrites.

1 WHen *Christ* to judgment shall descend,
And saints surround their Lord,
He calls the nations to attend,
And hear his awful word.

2 " Not for the want of bullocks slain,
" Will I the world reprove ;
" Altars and rites, and forms are vain,
" Without the fire of love.

3 " And what have hypocrites to do,
" To bring their sacrifice ?
" They call my statutes just and true,
" But deal in theft and lies.

4 " Could you expect to 'scape my sight,
" And sin without controul ?
" But I shall bring your crimes to light,
" With anguish in your soul."

5 Consider, ye who slight the Lord,
Before his wrath appear ;
If once you fall beneath his sword,
There's no deliv'rer there.

PSALM L. Long Metre.

Hypocrisy exposed.

1 THE Lord, the Judge, his churches warns;
Let hypocrites attend and fear,
Who place their hopes in rites and forms,
But make not faith nor love their care.

2 Vile wretches dare rehearse his name
With lips of falsehood and deceit ;
A friend or brother they defame,

And ſooth and flatter thoſe they hate.
3 They watch to do their neighbour wrong,
Yet dare to ſeek their Maker's face;
They take his cov'nant on their tongue,
But break his laws, abuſe his grace.
4 To heav'n they lift their hands unclean,
Defil'd with luſt, defil'd with blood;
By night they practiſe ev'ry ſin,
By day their mouths draw near to God.
5 And while his judgments long delay,
They grow ſecure and ſin the more;
They think he ſleeps as well as they,
And put far off the dreadful hour.
6 O dreadful hour when God draws near,
And ſets their crimes before their eyes;
His wrath their guilty ſouls ſhall tear,
And no deliv'rer dare to riſe.

PSALM L. *1ſt Part.* Particular Metre.

The laſt judgment.

1 THE Lord, the Sov'reign ſends his ſummons forth,
Calls the ſouth nations, and awakes the north;
From eaſt to weſt the ſounding orders ſpread
Thro' diſtant worlds, and regions of the dead:
No more ſhall Atheiſts mock his long delay;
His vengeance ſleeps no more; behold the day!
2 Behold, the Judge deſcends! his guards are nigh,
Tempeſt and fire attend him down the ſky;
Heav'n, earth, and hell draw near! let all things come
To hear his juſtice, and the ſinner's doom;

But gather first my saints (the Judge commands)
Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands.

3 Behold my cov'nant stands for ever good,
Seal'd by th' eternal sacrifice in blood,
And sign'd with all their names; the *Greek*, the *Jew*,
Who paid the ancient worship, or the new;
There's no distinction here; come, spread their thrones,
And near me seat my fav'rites and my sons.

4 I their almighty Saviour, and their God,
I am their Judge: ye heav'ns proclaim abroad
My just, eternal sentence, and declare
Those awful truths which sinners dread to hear;
Sinners in *Zion*, tremble and retire;
I doom the painted hypocrite to fire.

5 Not for the want of goats and bullocks slain
Do I condemn thee; bulls and goats are vain
Without the flames of love: in vain the store
Of brutal off'rings which were mine before;
Mine are the tamer beasts and savage breed,
Flocks, herds, and fields, and forests where they feed.

6 If I were hungry, would I ask thee food?
When did I thirst, or drink thy bullock's blood?
Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,
Thy solemn chatt'rings, and fantastic vows?
Are my eyes charm'd thy vestments to behold
Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold?

7 Unthinking wretch! how could'ſt thou hope to pleaſe
A GOD, a Spirit with ſuch toys as theſe?
While with my grace and ſtatutes on thy tongue,
Thou lov'ſt deceit, and do'ſt thy brother wrong?
In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends,
Thieves and adult'rers are thy choſen friends.
8 Silent I waited with long-ſuff'ring love,
But didſt thou hope that I ſhould ne'er reprove?
And cheriſh ſuch an impious thought within,
That God the righteous, would indulge thy ſin?
Behold my terrors now; my thunders roll,
And thy own crimes affright thy guilty ſoul.
9 Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools be wiſe;
Awake, before this dreadful morning riſe;
Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works amend;
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your Friend;
Leſt like a lion his laſt vengeance tear
Your trembling ſouls, and no deliv'rer near.

PSALM L. *2d Part.* Particular Metre.

The laſt judgment.

1 THE God of glory ſends his ſummons forth,
Calls the ſouth nations and awakes the north;
From eaſt to weſt, the ſov'reign orders ſpread
Thro' diſtant worlds, and regions of the dead.

The trumpet ſounds; hell trembles; heav'n rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye ſaints, with cheerful voices.

2 No more ſhall Atheiſts mock his long delay,
His vengeance ſleeps no more: behold the day;
Behold the Judge deſcends; his guards are nigh;
Tempeſt and fire attend him down the ſky.
When God appears, all nature ſhall adore him,
When ſinners tremble, ſaints rejoice before him.

3 "Heav'n, earth, and hell, draw near; let all
"things come
"To hear my juſtice, and the ſinner's doom:
"But gather firſt my ſaints (the Judge com-
"mands)
"Bring them, ye angels, from their diſtant
"lands."
When Chriſt returns, 'wake ev'ry cheerful paſſion:
And ſhout ye ſaints, he comes for your ſalvation.

4 "Behold my cov'nant ſtands for ever good,
"Seal'd by th' eternal ſacrifice in blood—
"And ſign'd with all their names: the *Greek*,
"the *Jew*,
"Who paid the ancient worſhip, or the new;
There's no diſtinction here, join all your voices,
And raiſe your heads, ye ſaints, for heav'n rejoices.

5 "Here (ſaith the Lord) ye angels ſpread
"their thrones,
"And near me ſeat my fav'rites and my ſons."

" And cherish such an impious thought within,
" That the All-Holy would indulge thy sin?"
See God appears: all nature join t' adore him:
Judgment proceeds, and sinners fall before him.
14 " Behold my terrors now; my thunders roll,
" And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul;
" Now, like a lion, shall my vengeance tear
" Thy bleeding heart, and no deliv'rer near."
Judgment concludes; hell trembles; heav'n rejoices:
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

EPIPHONEMA.

15 Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools, be wise,
Awake before this dreadful morning rise:
Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works amend;
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend:
Then join, ye saints; 'wake ev'ry cheerful passion;
When Christ returns, he comes for your salvation.

PSALM LI. *1st Part.* Long Metre.

A penitent pleading for pardon.

1 SHEW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?
2 My crimes are great, but ca'nt surpass
The pow'er and glory of thy grace:
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.
O wash my soul from ev'ry sin,

And make my guilty conscience clean:
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.
4 My lips with shame my sins confess
Against thy law, against thy grace:
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.
5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death:
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.
6 Yet, save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

PSALM LI. *2d Part.* Long Metre.

Original and actual sin confessed.

1 LORD, I am vile conceiv'd in sin;
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.
2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart;
But we're defil'd in ev'ry part.
3 [Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true;
O make me wise, betimes, to spy
My danger and my remedy.]
4 Behold, I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make me clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.

5 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

6 *Jesus*, my God, thy blood alone
Hath pow'r sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow,
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

7 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh, nor soul, hath rest or ease;
Lord, let me hear thy pard'ning voice,
And make my broken bones rejoice.

PSALM LI. *3d Part.* Long Metre.

The backslider restored: or, repentance and faith in the blood of Christ.

1 O THOU who near'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out, and banish'd from thy sight;
Thine holy joys, my God, restore;
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford:
And let a wretch come near thy throne
To plead the merits of thy Son.

5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;

The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save a soul condemn'd to die.

7 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

8 O may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my pow'rs shall join to bless
The Lord my strength and righteousness.

PSALM LI. *1st Part.* Common Metre.

Original and actual sin confessed and pardoned.

1 LORD! I would spread my sore distress
And guilt before thine eyes;
Against thy laws, against thy grace,
How high my crimes arise!

2 Shouldst thou condemn my soul to hell,
And crush my flesh to dust,
Heav'n would approve thy vengeance well,
And earth must own it just.

3 I from the stock of *Adam* came,
Unholy and unclean;
All my original is shame,
And all my nature sin.

4 Born in a world of guilt, I drew
Contagion with my breath;
And as my days advanc'd, I grew
A juster prey for death.

5 Cleanse me, O Lord, and cheer my soul

With thy forgiving love;
O make my broken spirit whole,
And bid my pains remove.

6 Let not thy Spirit quite depart,
Nor drive me from thy face;
Create anew my vicious heart,
And fill it with thy grace.

7 Then will I make thy mercy known
Before the sons of men;
Backsliders shall address thy throne,
And turn to God again.

PSALM LI. *2d Part.* Common Metre.

Repentance and faith in the blood of Christ.

1 O GOD of mercy, hear my call,
My load of guilt remove;
Break down this separating wall,
Which bars me from thy love.

2 Give me the presence of thy grace,
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.

3 No blood of goats, nor heifers slain,
For sin could e'er atone:
The death of *Christ* shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

4 A soul oppress't with sin's desert,
My God will ne'er despise:
An humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our best sacrifice.

PSALM LIII. Common Metre.

Victory and deliverance from persecution.

1 ARE all the foes of *Zion* fools,
Who thus devour her saints?

Do they not know her Saviour rules,
And pities her complaints?
2 They shall be seiz'd with sad surprise;
For God's revenging arm
Scatters the bones of those who rise
To do his children harm.
3 In vain the sons of satan boast
Of armies in array;
When God has once despis'd their host,
They fall an easy prey.
4 O for a word from *Zion's* King,
Her captives to restore!
Jacob with all his tribes shall sing,
And *Judah* weep no more.

PSALM LV. Common Metre.

Support for the afflicted and tempted soul.

1 O GOD, my refuge, hear my cries,
Behold my flowing tears,
For earth and hell my hurt devise,
And triumph in my fears.
2 Their rage is level'd at my life,
My soul with guilt they load,
And fill my thoughts with inward strife,
To shake my hope in God.
3 With inward pain my heart-strings sound,
I groan with ev'ry breath:
Horror and fear beset me round
Among the shades of death.
4 O were I like a feather'd dove,
And innocence had wings;
I'd fly and make a long remove
From all these restless things.
5 Let me to some wild desart go,

And find a peaceful home:
Where ſtorms of malice never blow,
Temptations never come.

6 Vain hopes, and vain inventions all,
To 'ſcape the rage of hell;
The mighty God on whom I call,
Can ſave me here as well.

PAUSE.

7 By morning-light I'll ſeek his face,
At noon repeat my cry:
The night ſhall hear me aſk his grace,
Nor will he long deny.

8 God ſhall preſerve my ſoul from fear,
Or ſhield me when afraid:
Ten thouſand angels muſt appear,
If he command their aid.

9 I caſt my burdens on the Lord,
The Lord ſuſtains them all;
My courage reſts upon his word,
That ſaints ſhall never fall.

10 My higheſt hopes ſhall not be vain,
My lips ſhall ſpread his praiſe;
While cruel and deceitful men
Scarce live out half their days.

PSALM LV. Short Metre.

Dangerous proſperity; or, daily devotion encouraged.

1 LET ſinners take their courſe,
And chooſe the road to death;
But in the worſhip of my God
I'll ſpend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts addreſs his throne
When morning brings the light;
I ſeek his bleſſing ev'ry noon,

And pay my vows at night.
3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God!
While ſinners periſh in ſurpriſe,
Beneath thine angry rod.

4 Becauſe they dwell at eaſe,
And no ſad changes feel,
They neither fear nor truſt thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.

5 But I, with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord;
I'll caſt my burdens on his arm,
And reſt upon his word.
6 His arm ſhall well ſuſtain
The children of his love;
The ground on which their ſafety ſtands,
No earthly pow'r can move.

PSALM LVI. Common Metre.

Deliverance from oppreſſion and falſhood: or, God's care of his people, in anſwer to faith and prayer.

1 O THOU whoſe juſtice reigns on high,
And makes th' oppreſſor ceaſe,
Behold how envious ſinners try
To vex and break my peace.
2 The ſons of violence and lies,
Join to devour me, Lord;
But hourly as my dangers riſe,
My refuge is thy word.
3 In God moſt holy, juſt and true,
I have repos'd my truſt;
Nor will I fear what man can do,
The offspring of the duſt.
4 They wreſt my words to miſchief ſtill,

Charge me with unknown faults;
Miſchief doth all their counſels fill,
And malice all their thoughts.
5 Shall they eſcape without thy frown?
Muſt their devices ſtand?
O caſt the haughty ſinner down,
And let him know thy hand.

PAUSE.

6 God counts the ſorrows of his ſaints,
Their groans affect his ears;
Thou haſt a book for my complaints,
A bottle for my tears.
7 When to thy throne I raiſe my cry,
The wicked fear and flee;
So ſwift is prayer to reach the ſky,
So near is God to me.
8 In God moſt holy, juſt and true,
I have repos'd my truſt:
Nor will I fear what man can do,
The offspring of the duſt.
9 Thy ſolemn vows are on me, Lord,
Thou ſhalt receive my praiſe;
I'll ſing, "how faithful is thy word;
"How righteous all thy ways."
10 Thou haſt ſecur'd my ſoul from death,
O ſet a pris'ner free!
That heart and hand, that life and breath
May be employ'd for thee.

PSALM LVII. Long Metre.

Praiſe for protecting grace and truth.

1 MY God, in whom are all the ſprings
Of boundleſs love, and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath thy ſpreading wings,

Till the dark cloud is overblown.

2 Up to the heav'ns I ſend my cry,
The Lord will my deſires perform;
He ſends his angels from the ſky,
And ſaves me from the threat'ning ſtorm.

3 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

4 My heart is fix'd; my ſong ſhall raiſe
Immortal honors to thy name;
Awake, my tongue to ſound his praiſe,
My tongue the glory of my frame.

5 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmoſt ſky:
His truth to endleſs years remains,
When lower worlds diſſolve and die.

6 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

PSALM LVIII. Particular Metre.

Warning to magiſtrates.

1 JUDGES, who rule the world by laws,
Will ye deſpiſe the righteous cauſe,
When th' injur'd poor before you ſtands?
Dare ye condemn the righteous poor,
And let rich ſinners 'ſcape ſecure,
While gold and greatneſs bribe your hands.

2 Have ye forgot, or never knew
That God will judge the judges too?
High in the heav'ns his juſtice reigns;
Yet you invade the rights of God,

And ſend your bold decrees abroad,
To bind the conſcience in your chains.

3 A poiſon'd arrow is your tongue,
The arrow ſharp, the poiſon ſtrong,
And death attends where'er it wounds:
You hear no counſels, cries nor tears;
So the deaf adder ſtops her ears
Againſt the pow'r of charming ſounds.

4 Break out their teeth, eternal God,
Thoſe teeth of lions dy'd in blood;
And cruſh the ſerpents in the duſt;
As empty chaff, when whirlwinds riſe,
Before the ſweeping tempeſt flies,
So let their hopes and names be loſt.

5 Th' Almighty thunders from the ſky,
Their grandeur melts, their titles die,
As hills of ſnow diſſolve and run,
Or ſnails which periſh in their ſlime,
Or births which come before their time,
Vain births that never ſee the ſun.

6 Thus ſhall the vengeance of the Lord
Safety and joy to ſaints afford;
And all who hear ſhall join and ſay,
"Sure there's a God who rules on high,
"A God who hears his children cry,
"And will their ſuff'rings well repay."

PSALM LX. Common Metre.

On a day of humiliation for diſappointments in war.

1 LORD, haſt thou caſt the nation off?
Muſt we for ever mourn?
Wilt thou indulge immortal wrath?
Shall mercy ne'er return?

2 The terror of one frown of thine

Melts all our ſtrength away;
Like men who totter, drunk with wine,
We tremble in diſmay.

3 Our *Zion* trembles at thy ſtroke,
And dreads thy lifted hand!
O heal the people thou haſt broke,
And ſave the ſinking land.

4 Lift up a banner in the field,
For thoſe who fear thy name;
Save thy beloved with thy ſhield,
And put our foes to ſhame.

5 Go with our armies to the fight,
By thine aſſiſting hand;
'Tis God who treads the mighty down,
And makes the feeble ſtand.

PSALM LXI. Short Metre.

Safety in God.

1 WHEN overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart within me dies;
Helpleſs, and far from all relief,
To heav'n I lift my eyes.

2 O lead me to the Rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My ſhelter and my ſhade.

3 Within thy preſence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the tow'r of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou giveſt me the lot
Of thoſe who fear thy name;
If endleſs life be their reward,
I ſhall poſſeſs the ſame.

PSALM LXII. Long Metre.

No trust in the creatures: or, faith in divine grace and power.

1 MY spirit looks to God alone;
My only refuge is his throne;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on his salvation waits.
2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before his face;
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.
3 False are the men of high degree,
The baser sort are vanity;
Laid in the balance, both appear
Light as a puff of empty air.
4 Make not increasing gold your trust,
Nor set your hearts on glitt'ring dust;
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,
And not believe what God has spoke?
5 Once has his awful voice declar'd,
Once and again my ears have heard,
"All pow'r is his eternal due;
"He must be fear'd and trusted too."
6 For sov'reign pow'r reigns not alone,
Grace is a partner of the throne;
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our last reward.

PSALM LXIII. *1st Part.* Common Metre.

The morning of the Lord's day.

1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims, on the ſcorching ſand,
Beneath a burning ſky,
Long for a cooling ſtream at hand,
And they muſt drink, or die.

3 I've ſeen thy glory and thy pow'r
Through all thy temple ſhine;
My God, repeat that heav'nly hour,
That viſion ſo divine.

4 Not all the bleſſings of a feaſt
Can pleaſe my ſoul ſo well,
As when thy richer grace I taſte,
And in thy preſence dwell.

5 Not life itſelf with all its joys,
Can my beſt paſſions move;
Or raiſe ſo high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

6 Thus till my laſt expiring day,
I'll bleſs my God and King:
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my voice to ſing.

PSALM LXIII. *2d Part.* Common Metre.

Midnight thoughts recollected.

1 'TWAS in the watches of the night
I thought upon thy pow'r,
I kept thy lovely face in ſight,
Amidſt the darkeſt hour.

2 My fleſh lay reſting on my bed,
My ſoul aroſe on high:
My God, my life, my hope, I ſaid,
Bring thy ſalvation nigh.

3 My ſpirit labours up thine hill,
And climbs the heav'nly road;
But thy right hand upholds me ſtill,

While I purſue my God.

4 Thy mercies ſtretches o'er my head
The ſhadow of thy wings;
My heart rejoices in thine aid,
My tongue awakes and ſings.

5 But the deſtroyer of my peace
Shall fret and rage in vain;
The tempter ſhall for ever ceaſe,
And all my ſins be ſlain.

6 Thy ſword ſhall give my foes to death,
And ſend them down to dwell
In the dark caverns of the earth,
Or to the depths of hell.

PSALM LXIII. Long Metre.

Longing after God: or, the love of God better than life.

1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my reſt;
The glories which compoſe thy name,
Stand all engag'd to make me bleſt.

2 Thou great and good, thou juſt and wiſe,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine by ſacred ties;
Thy ſon, thy ſervant bought with blood.

3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As travellers in thirſty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4 With early feet I love t' appear
Among thy ſaints, and ſeek thy face;
Oft have I ſeen thy glory there,
And felt the pow'r of ſov'reign grace.

5 Not fruits, nor wines, which tempt our taſte,
Nor all the joys our ſenſes know,

Could make me so divinely blest,
Or raise my cheerful passions so.
6 My life itself, without thy love
No taste of pleasure could afford;
'Twould but a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banish'd from the Lord.
7 Amidst the wakeful hours of night,
When busy cares afflict my head,
One thought of thee gives new delight;
And adds refreshment to my bed.
8 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

PSALM LXIII. Short Metre.

Seeking God.

1 MY God, permit my tongue
This joy to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.
2 My thirsty, fainting soul
Thy mercy does implore:
Not travellers in desart lands
Can pant for water more.
3 Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place,
Thy pow'r and glory to behold,
And feel thy quick'ning grace.
4 For life, without thy love
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compar'd with this,
To serve and please the Lord.
5 To thee I lift my hands,
And praise thee while I live;

Not the rich dainties of a feaſt
Such food or pleaſure give.
6 In wakeful hours of night,
I call my God to mind;
I think how wiſe thy counſels are,
And all thy dealings kind.
7 Since thou haſt been my help,
To thee my ſpirit flies,
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.
8 The ſhadow of thy wings
My ſoul in ſafety keeps:
I follow where my Father leads,
And he ſupports my ſteps.

PSALM LXV. *1ſt Part.* Long Metre.

Public prayer and praiſe.

1 THE praiſe of *Zion* waits for thee,
My God; and praiſe becomes thy houſe;
There ſhall thy ſaints thy glory ſee,
And there perform their public vows.
2 O thou whoſe mercy bends the ſkies,
To ſave, when humble ſinners pray,
All lands to thee ſhall lift their eyes,
And iſlands of the Northern ſea.
3 Againſt my will my ſins prevail,
But grace ſhall purge away their ſtain;
The blood of *Chriſt* will never fail
To waſh my garments white again.
4 Bleſt is the man whom thou ſhalt chuſe,
And give him kind acceſs to thee;
Give him a place within thy houſe,
To taſte thy love divinely free.

PAUSE.

5 Let *Babel* fear when *Zion* prays;
Babel prepare for long diſtreſs,
When *Zion*'s God himſelf arrays
In terror and in righteouſneſs.
6 With dreadful glory, God fulfils
What his afflicted ſaints requeſt:
And with almighty wrath reveals
His love, to give his churches reſt;
7 Then ſhall the flocking nations ru
To *Zion*'s hill, and own their Lord
The riſing and the ſetting ſun
Shall ſee the Saviour's name ador'd

PSALM LXV. *2d Part.* Long Metre.

Divine providence in air, earth and ſea: or, the God of nature and grace.

1 THE God of our ſalvation hears
The groans of *Zion* mix'd with tears;
Yet when he comes with kind deſigns,
Through all the way his terror ſhines.
2 On him the race of man depends,
Far as the earth's remoteſt ends,
Where the Creator's name is known,
By nature's feeble light alone.
3 Sailors who travel o'er the flood,
Addreſs their frighted ſouls to God:
When tempeſts rage, and billows roar,
At dreadful diſtance from the ſhore.
4 He bids the noiſy tempeſt ceaſe,
He calms the raging croud to peace;
When a tumultuous nation raves
Wild as the winds, and loud as waves.
5 Whole kingdoms ſhaken by the ſtorm,
He ſettles in a peaceful form;

Mountains eſtabliſh'd by his hand,
Firm on their old foundation ſtand.
6 Behold his enſigns ſweep the ſky,
New comets blaze, and lightnings fly;
The Heathen lands with ſad ſurpriſe,
From the bright horror turn their eyes:
7 At his command the morning ray
Smiles in the eaſt, and leads the day;
He guides the ſun's declining wheels,
Over the tops of Weſtern hills.
8 Seaſons and times obey his voice,
The evening and the morn rejoice
To ſee the earth made ſoft with ſhow'rs,
Laden with fruit, and dreſt in flow'rs.
9 'Tis from his wat'ry ſtores on high,
He gives the thirſty ground ſupply;
He walks upon the clouds, and thence
Doth his enriching drops diſpenſe.
10 The deſart grows a fruitful field,
Abundant food the vallies yield;
The vallies ſhout with cheerful voice,
And neighb'ring hills repeat their joys.
11 The paſtures ſmile in green array;
There lambs and larger cattle play;
The larger cattle and the lamb,
Each in his language, ſpeak thy name.
12 Thy works pronounce thy pow'r divine;
O'er ev'ry field thy glories ſhine;
Through ev'ry month thy gifts appear;
Great God! thy goodneſs crowns the year.

PSALM LXV. *1ſt Part.* Common Metre.

A prayer-hearing God, and the Gentiles called.

1 PRAISE waits in *Zion*, Lord, for thee,
There ſhall our vows be paid;
Thou haſt an ear when ſinners pray,
All fleſh ſhall ſeek thine aid.

2 Lord, our iniquities prevail,
But pard'ning grace is thine,
And thou wilt grant us pow'r and ſkill
To conquer ev'ry ſin.

3 Bleſt are the men whom thou wilt chuſe,
To bring them near thy face,
Give them a dwelling in thine houſe,
To feaſt upon thy grace.

4 In anſw'ring what thy church requeſts,
Thy truth and terror ſhine,
And works of dreadful righteouſneſs
Fulfil thy kind deſign.

5 Thus ſhall the wond'ring nations ſee
The Lord is good and juſt;
And diſtant iſlands fly to thee,
And make thy name their truſt.

6 They dread thy glitt'ring tokens, Lord,
When ſigns in heav'n appear;
But they ſhall learn thy holy word,
And love as well as fear.

PSALM LXV. *2d Part.* Common Metre.

The providence of God in air, earth and ſea: or, the bleſſing of rain.

1 'TIS by thy ſtrength the mountains ſtand,
God of eternal pow'r!
The ſea grows calm at thy command,
And tempeſts ceaſe to roar.

2 The morning light, and ev'ning ſhade
Succeſſive comforts bring;

Thy plenteous fruits make harveſt glad,
Thy flow'rs adorn the ſpring.

2 Seaſons and times, and moons and hours,
Heav'n, earth, and air are thine:
When clouds diſtil their fruitful ſhow'rs,
The Author is divine.

4 Thoſe wand'ring ciſterns in the ſky,
Borne by the winds around,
With wat'ry treaſures well ſupply
The furrows of the ground.

5 The thirſty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with bleſſings ſtill,
Thy goodneſs crowns the year.

PSALM LXV. 3d Part. Common Metre.

The bleſſings of the ſpring: or, God gives rain.

A Pſalm for the Huſbandman.

1 GOOD is the Lord, the heav'nly King,
Who makes the earth his care;
Viſits the paſtures ev'ry ſpring,
And bids the graſs appear.

2 The clouds, like rivers rais'd on high,
Pour out at his command,
Their wat'ry bleſſings from the ſky,
To cheer the thirſty land.

3 The ſoften'd ridges of the field
Permit the corn to ſpring;
The vallies rich proviſion yield,
And the poor labr'ers ſing.

4 The little hills, on ev'ry ſide,
Rejoice at falling ſhow'rs,
The meadows dreſs'd in all their pride,
Perfume the air with flow'rs.

5 The barren clods, refresh'd with rain,
Promise a joyful crop;
The parched grounds look green again,
And raise the reaper's hope.
6 The various months thy goodness crowns,
How bounteous are thy ways!
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
And shepherds shout thy praise.

PSALM LXVI. *1st Part.* Common Metre.

Governing power and goodness: or, our grace tried by afflictions.

1 SING all ye nations to the Lord,
Sing with a joyful noise;
With melody of sound record
His honours, and your joys.
2 Say to the pow'r which shakes the sky,
"How terrible art thou!
"Sinners before thy presence fly,
"Or at thy feet they bow."
3 [Come, see the wonders of our God,
How glorious are his ways!
In *Moses'* hand he puts his rod,
And cleaves the frighted seas.
4 He made the ebbing channel dry,
While *Israel* pass'd the flood;
There did the church begin their joy,
And triumph in their God.
5 He rules by his resistless might:
Will rebel mortals dare
Provoke th' Eternal to the fight,
And temot that dreadful war?
6 O bless our God, and never cease,
Ye saints, fulfil his praise:

He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
And guides our doubtful ways.

7 Lord, thou hast prov'd our suff'ring souls,
To make our graces shine;
So silver bears the burning coals,
The metal to refine.

8 Through wat'ry deeps, and fiery ways,
We march at thy command,
Led to possess the promis'd place,
By thine unerring hand.

PSALM LXVI. *2d Part.* Common Metre.

Praise to God for hearing prayer.

1 NOW shall my solemn vows be paid
To that almighty pow'r,
Which heard the long request I made
In my distressful hour.

2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare
To make his mercies known;
Come ye who fear my God, and hear
The wonders he has done.

3 When on my head huge sorrows fell,
I sought his heav'nly aid;
He sav'd my sinking soul from hell,
And death's eternal shade.

4 If sin lay cover'd in my heart,
While pray'r employ'd my tongue,
The Lord had shewn me no regard,
Nor I his praises sung.

5 [But God, his name be ever blest,
Has set my spirit free;
Nor turn'd from him my poor request,
Nor turn'd his heart from me.]

PSALM LXVII. Common Metre.

The nation's prosperity, and the Church's increase.

1 SHINE, mighty God, on *Zion* shine,
With beams of heav'nly grace;
Reveal thy pow'r through all our coasts,
And shew thy smiling face.

2 [Amidst our "realm" exalted high,
Do thou our glory stand,
And like a wall of guardian fire,
Surround the fav'rite land.]

3 When shall thy name from shore to shore,
Sound all the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?

4 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Sing loud with solemn voice;
While thankful tongues exalt his praise,
And grateful hearts rejoice.

5 He, the great Lord, the sov'reign Judge,
Who sits enthron'd above,
Wisely commands the worlds he made,
In justice and in love.

6 Earth shall obey her Maker's will,
And yield a full increase;
Our God will crown his chosen land
With fruitfulness and peace.

7 God the Redeemer scatters round
His choicest favors here,
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

PSALM LXVIII. *1st Part.* Long Metre.

The vengeance and compassion of God.

1 GOD will arise in all his might,
And put the troops of hell to flig[ht]

As ſmoke which ſought to cloud the ſkies,
Before the riſing tempeſt flies.

2 [He comes array'd in burning flames,
Juſtice and vengeance are his names;
Behold his fainting foes expire
Like melting wax before the fire.]

3 He rides and thunders through the ſky,
His name JEHOVAH ſounds on high;
Sing to his name, ye ſons of grace,
Ye ſaints rejoice before his face.

4 The widow and the fatherleſs
Fly to his aid in ſharp diſtreſs;
In him the poor and helpleſs find
A Judge moſt juſt, a Father kind.

5 He breaks the captive's heavy chain,
And pris'ners ſee the light again;
But rebels who diſpute his will,
Shall dwell in chains and darkneſs ſtill.

PAUSE.

6 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye nations, in your ſong;
His wond'rous names and pow'rs rehearſe,
His honours ſhall enrich your verſe.

7 He ſhakes the heav'ns with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms!
In *Iſr'el* are his mercies known,
Iſr'el is his peculiar throne.

8 Proclaim him King, pronounce him bleſt,
He's your defence, your joy, your reſt;
When terrors riſe, and nations faint,
God is the ſtrength of ev'ry ſaint.

PSALM LXVIII. *2d Part.* Long Metre.

Chriſt's aſcenſion, and the gift of the Spirit.

1 LORD, when thou didſt aſcend on high,
Ten thouſand angels fill'd the ſky;
Theſe heav'nly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots to attend thy ſtate.
2 Not *Sinai*'s mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there;
While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,
And ſtruck the choſen tribes with awe.
3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious pow'rs of hell,
Which thouſand ſouls had captive made,
Were all in chains like captives led.
4 Raiſ'd by his Father to the throne,
He ſent the promiſ'd Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

PSALM LXVIII. *3d Part.* Long Metre.

Praiſe for temporal bleſſings: or, common and ſpiritual mercies.

1 WE bleſs the Lord, the juſt and good,
Who fills our hearts with joy and food,
Who pours his bleſſings from the ſkies,
And loads our days with rich ſupplies.
2 He ſends the ſun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground;
He bids the clouds with plenteous rain
Refreſh the thirſty earth again.
3 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near eſcapes from death;
Safety and health to God belong;
He helps the weak, and guards the ſtrong.
4 He makes the ſaint and ſinner prove
The common bleſſings of his love;

But the wide difference which remains,
Is endless joys, or endless pains.

5 The Lord, who bruis'd the serpent's head,
On all the serpent's seed shall tread;
The stubborn sinner's hope confound,
And smite him with a lasting wound.

6 But his right hand his saints shall raise
From the deep earth, or deeper seas;
And bring them to his courts above,
There shall they taste his special love.

PSALM LXIX. *1st Part.* Common Metre.

The sufferings of Christ for our salvation.

1 "SAVE me, O Lord, the swelling floods
"Break in upon my soul:
"I sink; and sorrows o'er my head,
"Like mighty waters roll.

2 "I cry 'till all my voice be gone,
"In tears I waste the day:
"My God, behold my longing eyes,
"And shorten thy delay.

3 "They hate my soul without a cause,
"And still their number grows
"More than the hairs around my head,
"And mighty are my foes.

4 "'Twas then I paid that dreadful debt
"Which men could never pay,
"And gave those honours to thy law
"Which sinners took away."

5 Thus in the great *Messiah*'s name,
The royal Prophet mourns;
Thus he awakes our hearts to grief,
And gives us joy by turns.

6 "Now shall the saints rejoice, and find

" Sa'vation in my name ;
" For I have borne their heavy load
" Of sorrow, pain, and shame.
7 " Grief, like a garment, cloth'd me round,
" And sackcloth was my dress,
" While I procur'd for naked souls
" A robe of righteousness.
8 " Among my brethren and the *Jews*,
" I like a stranger stood,
" And bore their vile reproach, to bring
" The *Gentiles* near to God.
9 " I came in sinful mortals' stead,
" To do my Father's will ;
" Yet when I cleans'd my Father's house,
" They scandaliz'd my zeal.
10 " My fasting and my holy groans
" Were made the drunkard's song ;
" But God, from his celestial throne,
" Heard my complaining tongue.
11 " He sav'd me from the dreadful deep,
" Nor let my soul be drown'd ;
" He rais'd and fix'd my sinking feet
" On well-establish'd ground.
12 " 'Twas in a most accepted hour
" My pray'r arose on high ;
" And, for my sake, my God shall hear
" The dying sinners' cry."

PSALM LXIX. *2d Part.* Common Metre.

The passion and exaltation of Christ.

NOW let our lips with holy fear,
And mournful pleasure sing
The sufferings of our great High Priest,
The sorrows of our King.

2 He ſinks in floods of deep diſtreſs;
How high the waters riſe!
While to his heav'nly Father's ear
He ſends perpetual cries.

3 "Hear me, O Lord, and ſave thy Son,
"Nor hide thy ſhining face;
"Why ſhould thy Favorite look like one
"Forſaken of thy grace?

4 "With rage they perſecute the man,
"Who groans beneath thy wound,
"While for a ſacrifice, I pour
"My life upon the ground.

5 "They tread my honour to the duſt,
"And laugh when I complain;
"Their ſharp inſulting ſlanders add
"Freſh anguiſh to my pain.

6 "All my reproach is known to thee,
"The ſcandal and the ſhame;
"Reproach has broke my bleeding heart,
"And lies defil'd my name.

7 "I look'd for pity, but in vain;
"My kindred are my grief;
"I aſk my friends for comfort round,
"But meet with no relief.

8 "With vinegar they mock my thirſt,
"They give me gall for food;
"And, ſporting with my dying groans,
"They triumph in my blood.

9 "Shine into my diſtreſſed ſoul,
"Let thy compaſſion ſave;
"And though my fleſh ſink down to death,
"Redeem it from the grave.

10 "I ſhall ariſe to praiſe thy name,

" Shall reign in worlds unknown,
" And thy salvation, O my God,
" Shall seat me near thy throne."

PSALM LXIX. *3d Part.* Common Metre.

Christ's obedience and death: or, God glorified, and sinner's saved.

FATHER, I sing thy wond'rous grace,
I bless my Saviour's name;
He bought salvation for the poor,
And bore the sinner's shame.
His deep distress has rais'd us high,
His duty and his zeal,
Fulfil'd the law which mortals broke,
And finish'd all thy will.
His dying groans, his living songs
Shall better please my God,
Than harp or trumpet's solemn sound,
Than goat's or bullock's blood.

This shall his humble foll'wers see,
And set their hearts at rest;
They by his death draw near to thee,
And live for ever blest.

Let heav'n and all who dwell on high,
To God their voices raise;
While lands and seas assist the sky,
And join t' advance his praise.

Zion is thine, most holy God;
Thy Son shall bless her gates;
And glory purchas'd by his blood,
For thine own *Israel* waits.

PSALM LXIX. *1st Part.* Long Metre.

Christ's passion, and sinners' salvation.

1 DEEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper ſorrows of our Lord;
Behold the riſing billows roll,
To overwhelm his holy ſoul.

2 In long complaints he ſpends his breath,
While hoſts of hell, and pow'rs of death,
And all the ſons of malice join
To execute their curſt deſign.

3 Yet, gracious God, thy power and love
Have made the curſe a bleſſing prove;
Thoſe dreadful ſuff'rings of thy Son
Aton'd for ſins which we had done.

4 The pangs of our expiring Lord,
The honors of thy law reſtor'd;
His ſorrows made thy juſtice known,
And paid for follies not his own.

5 O for his ſake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning ſinner live:
The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor ſhall our hope be turn'd to ſhame.

PSALM LXIX. *2d Part.* Long Metre.

Chriſt's ſufferings and zeal.

1 'TWAS for our ſake, eternal God,
Thy Son ſuſtain'd that heavy load
Of baſe reproach, and ſore diſgrace,
And ſhame deſil'd his ſacred face.

2 The *Jews*, his brethren and his kin,
Abus'd the Man who check'd their ſin:
While he fulfil'd thy holy laws,
They hate him, but without a cauſe.

3 ["My Father's houſe (ſaid he) was made
"A place for worſhip, not for trade;"
Then ſcatt'ring all their gold and braſs,

He ſcourg'd the merchants from the place.]
4 [Zeal for the temple of his God,
Conſum'd his life, expos'd his blood;
Reproaches at thy glory thrown,
He felt, and mourn'd them as his own.]
5 His friends forſook, his foll'wers fled,
While foes and arms ſurround his head;
They curſe him with a ſland'rous tongue,
And the falſe judge maintains the wrong.
6 His life they load with hateful lies,
And charge his lips with blaſphemies;
They nail him to the ſhameful tree—
There hung the Man who dy'd for me.
7 [Wretches, with hearts as hard as ſtones,
Inſult his piety and groans;
Gall was the food they gave him there,
And mock'd his thirſt with vinegar.]
8 But God beheld: and from his throne
Marks out the men who hate his Son;
The hand which rais'd him from the dead,
Shall pour forth vengeance on their head.

PSALM LXXI. *1ſt Part.* Common Metre.

The aged ſaint's reflection and hope.

1 MY God, my everlaſting hope,
I live upon thy truth;
Thy hands have held my childhood up,
And ſtrengthen'd all my youth.

2 My fleſh was faſhion'd by thy pow'r,
With all theſe limbs of mine;
And from my mother's painful hour,
I've been entirely thine.

3 Still has my life new wonders ſeen
Repeated every year;

Behold my days which yet remain,
I truſt them to thy care.

4 Caſt me not off when ſtrength declines,
When hoary hairs ariſe;
And round me let thy glory ſhine,
Whene'er thy ſervant dies.

5 Then in the hiſt'ry of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in ev'ry page,
In ev'ry line thy praiſe.

PSALM LXXI. *2d Part.* Common Metre.

Chriſt our ſtrength and righteouſneſs.

1 MY Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praiſe,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace!

2 Thou art my everlaſting truſt,
Thy goodneſs I adore;
And, ſince I knew thy graces firſt,
I ſpeak thy glories more.

3 My feet ſhall travel all the length
Of the celeſtial road;
And march with courage in thy ſtrength,
To ſee my Father, God.

4 When I am fill'd with ſore diſtreſs
For ſome ſurpriſing ſin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteouſneſs,
And mention none but thine.

5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The vict'ries of my King!
My ſoul, redeem'd from ſin and hell,
Shall thy ſalvation ſing.

6 [My tongue ſhall all the day proclaim

My Saviour and my God,
His death has brought my foes to shame,
And drown'd them in his blood.

7 Awake, awake, my tuneful pow'rs;
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.]

PSALM LXXI. *3d Part.* Common Metre.

The aged Christian's prayer and song: or, old age, death, and the resurrection.

1 GOD of my childhood, and my youth,
Thou guide of all my days,
I have declar'd thy heav'nly truth,
And told thy wond'rous ways.

2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years,
If God my strength depart?

3 Let me thy pow'r and truth proclaim
To the surviving age,
And leave the savour of thy name,
When I shall quit the stage.

4 The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove;
O may these poor remains of breath
Teach the wide world thy love!

PAUSE.

5 Thy righteousness is deep and high,
Unsearchable thy deeds;
Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all my praise exceeds.

6 Oft have I heard thy threat'nings roar,
And oft endur'd the grief:

But when thy hand has preſs'd me ſore,
Thy grace was my relief.

7 By long experience have I known
Thy ſov'reign pow'r to ſave;
At thy command I venture down
Securely to the grave.

8 When I lie bury'd deep in duſt,
My fleſh ſhall be thy care;
Theſe with'ring limbs with thee I truſt,
To raiſe them ſtrong and fair.

PSALM LXXII. *1ſt Part.* Long Metre.

The kingdom of Chriſt.

1 GREAT God, whoſe univerſal ſway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son;
Extend his pow'r, exalt his throne.

2 Thy ſceptre well becomes his hands,
All heav'n ſubmits to his commands;
His juſtice ſhall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 With pow'r he vindicates the juſt,
And treads th' oppreſſors in the duſt;
His worſhip and his fear ſhall laſt,
Till hours, and years, and time be paſt.

4 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So ſhall he ſend his influence down:
His grace on fainting ſouls diſtills
Like heav'nly dew on thirſty hills.

5 The heathen lands which lie beneath
The ſhades of overſpreading death,
Revive at his firſt dawning light,
And deſarts bloſſom at the ſight.

6 The ſaints ſhall flouriſh in his days,

Dreſt in the robes of joy and praiſe;
Peace, like a river, from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

PSALM LXXII. *2d Part.* Long Metre.

Chriſt's kingdom among the Gentiles.

1 JESUS ſhall reign where'er the ſun
Does his ſucceſſive journies run;
His kingdom ſtretch from ſhore to ſhore,
Till moons ſhall wax and wane no more.

2 [Behold the iſlands, with their kings,
And *Europe* her beſt tribute brings;
From north to ſouth the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet.

3 There *Perſia*, glorious to behold,
There *India* ſhines in Eaſtern gold;
And barb'rous nations at his word
Submit, and bow, and own their Lord.]

4 For him ſhall endleſs pray'r be made,
And praiſes throng to crown his head;
His name like ſweet perfume ſhall riſe
With ev'ry morning ſacrifice.

5 People and realms of ev'ry tongue
Dwell on his love with ſweeteſt ſong;
And infant voices ſhall proclaim
Their early bleſſings on his name.

6 Bleſſings abound where'er he reigns,
The pris'ner leaps to looſe his chains;
The weary find eternal reſt,
And all the ſons of want are bleſt.

7 [Where he diſplays his healing pow'r,
Death and the curſe are known no more:
In him the tribes of *Adam* boaſt
More bleſſings than their father loſt.

8 Let ev'ry creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud *Amen.*]

PSALM LXXIII. *1st Part.* Common Metre

Afflicted saints happy, and prosperous sinners cursed.

1 NOW I'm convinc'd the Lord is kind
To men of heart sincere,
Yet once my foolish thoughts repin'd,
And border'd on despair.

2 I griev'd to see the wicked thrive,
And spoke with angry breath,
"How pleasant and profane they live!
"How peaceful is their death!

3 "With well-fed flesh and haughty eyes
"They lay their fears to sleep;
"Against the heav'ns their slanders rise,
"While saints in silence weep.

4 "In vain I lift my hands to pray,
"And cleanse my heart in vain,
"For I am chasten'd all the day,
"The night renews my pain."

5 Yet while my tongue indulg'd complaints,
I felt my heart reprove;
"Sure I shall thus offend thy saints,
"And grieve the men I love."

6 But still I found my doubts too hard,
The conflict too severe,
Till I retir'd to search thy word,
And learn'd the secret there.

7 There as in some prophetic glass,
I saw the sinner's feet
High mounted on a slipp'ry place,

Above a fiery pit.

8 I heard the wretch profanely boaſt,
Till, at thy frown he fell;
His honors like a dream were loſt,
And he awoke in hell.

9 Lord, what an envious fool I was!
How like a thoughtleſs beaſt!
Thus to ſuſpect thy promis'd grace,
And think the wicked bleſt.

10 Yet I was kept from fell deſpair,
Upheld by pow'r unknown:
That bleſſed hand which broke the ſnare,
Shall guide me to thy throne.

PSALM LXXIII. *2d Part.* Common Metre.

God our portion here and hereafter.

1 GOD my ſupporter, and my hope,
My help for ever near:
Thine arm of mercy held me up
When ſinking in deſpair.

2 Thy counſels, Lord, ſhall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderneſs;
Thine hand conduct me near thy ſeat
To dwell before thy face.

3 Were I in heav'n without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And while this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

4 What if the ſprings of life were broke,
And fleſh and heart ſhould faint,
God is my ſoul's eternal rock,
The ſtrength of ev'ry ſaint.

5 Behold the ſinners who remove
Far from thy preſence, die;

Not all the idol gods they love,
Can save them when they cry.
6 But, to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

PSALM LXXIII. Long Metre.

The prosperity of sinners cursed.

1 LORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn, and murmur, and repine,
To see the wicked plac'd on high,
In pride and robes of honor shine!
2 But, O their end, their dreadful end!
Thy sanctuary taught me so:
On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.
3 Now, let them boast how tall they rise,
I'll never envy them again:
There they may stand with haughty eyes,
Till they plunge deep in endless pain.
4 Their fancy'd joys, how fast they flee!
Just like a dream when man awakes:
Their songs of softest harmony
Are but a preface to their plagues.
5 Now I esteem their mirth and wine,
Too dear to purchase with my blood;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God.

PSALM LXXIII. Short Metre.

The mystery of Providence unfolded.

1 SURE there's a righteous God,
Nor is religion vain;
Though men of vice may boast aloud,

And men of grace complain.

2 I saw the wicked rise,
And felt my heart repine,
While haughty fools, with scornful eyes,
In robes of honor shine.

3 [Pamper'd with wanton ease,
Their flesh looks full and fair;
Their wealth rolls in like flowing seas,
And grows without their care.

4 Free from the plagues and pains
Which pious souls endure,
Through all their life oppression reigns,
And racks the humble poor.

5 Their impious tongues blaspheme
The everlasting God:
Their malice blasts the good man's name,
And spreads its lies abroad.

6 But I with flowing tears
Indulg'd my doubts to rise:
"Is there a God who sees or hears
"The things below the skies?"]

7 The tumult of my thoughts
Held me in hard suspence,
Till to thy house my feet were brought
To learn thy justice thence.

8 Thy word, with light and pow'r
Did my mistakes amend;
I view'd the sinners' lives before,
But here I learnt their end.

9 On what a slipp'ry steep
The thoughtless wretches go!
And O that dreadful fiery deep,
Which waits their fall below!

10 Lord, at thy feet I bow,
My thoughts no more repine:
I call my God my portion now,
And all my pow'rs are thine.

Psalm LXXIV. Common Metre.

The Church pleading with God under ſore perſecution.

1 WILL God for ever caſt us off?
His wrath for ever ſmoke
Againſt the people of his love,
His little choſen flock?

2 Think of the tribes ſo dearly bought
With their Redeemer's blood;
Nor let thy *Zion* be forgot,
Where once thy glory ſtood.

3 Lift up thy feet, and march in haſte;
Aloud our ruin calls;
See what a wide and fearful waſte
Is made within thy walls!

4 Where once thy churches pray'd and ſang,
Thy foes profanely roar;
Over thy gates their enſigns hang,
Sad tokens of their pow'r.

5 How are the ſeats of worſhip broke!
They tear thy buildings down,
And he who deals the heavieſt ſtroke,
Procures the chief renown.

6 With flames they threaten to deſtroy
Thy children in their neſt;
"Come let us burn at once (they cry)
"The temple and the prieſt."

7 And ſtill to heighten our diſtreſs
Thy preſence is withdrawn;
Thy wonted ſigns of pow'r and grace

Thy pow'r and grace are gone.
8 No prophet ſpeaks to calm our woes,
But all the ſeers mourn;
There's not a ſoul among us knows
The time of thy return.

PAUSE.

9 How long, eternal God, how long
Shall men of pride blaſpheme?
Shall ſaints be made their endleſs ſong,
And bear immortal ſhame?

10 Canſt thou for ever ſit and hear
Thine holy name profan'd?
And ſtill thy jealouſy forbear?
And ſtill withhold thy hand?

11 What ſtrange deliv'rance thou haſt ſhown
In ages long before!
And now no other God we own,
No other God adore.

12 Thou didſt divide the raging ſea,
By thy reſiſtleſs might,
To make thy tribes a wond'rous way,
And then ſecure their flight.
13 Is not the world of nature thine?
The darkneſs and the day?
Didſt thou not bid the morning ſhine,
And mark the ſun his way?
14 Hath not thy pow'r form'd ev'ry coaſt,
And ſet the earth its bounds,
With ſummer's heat, and winter's froſt,
In their perpetual rounds?
15 And ſhall the ſons of earth and duſt
That ſacred power blaſpheme?
Will not thy hand which form'd them firſt,

Avenge thy injur'd name ?
16 Think on the cov'nant thou hast made,
And all thy words of love;
Nor let the birds of prey invade,
And vex thy mourning dove.
17 Our foes would triumph in our blood,
And make our hope their jest;
Plead thine own cause, almighty God,
And give thy children rest.

PSALM LXXV. Long Metre.

Power and government from God alone.

1 TO thee, most holy, and most high,
To thee we bring our thankful praise;
Thy works declare thy hand is nigh,
Thy works of wonder and of grace.

2 "To slav'ry doom'd, thy chosen sons
"Beheld their foes triumphant rise;
"And sore oppress by earthly thrones,
"They sought the Sov'reign of the skies.

3 "'Twas then, great God, with equal pow'r
"Arose thy vengeance and thy grace,
"To scourge their legions from the shore,
"And save the remnant of thy race."
4 Let haughty sinners sink their pride;
Nor lift so high their scornful head;
But lay their foolish thoughts aside,
And own the "empire" God hath made.
5 Such honors never come by chance,
Nor do the winds promotion blow;
'Tis God, the Judge, doth one advance;
'Tis God who lays another low.
6 No vain pretence to royal birth,
Shall fix a tyrant on the throne;

God, the great Sov'reign of the earth,
Will rise and make his justice known.

7 [His hand holds out the dreadful cup
Of vengeance, mix'd with various plagues,
To make the wicked drink them up,
Wring out, and taste the bitter dregs.

8 Now shall the Lord exalt the just,
And while he tramples on the proud,
And lays their glory in the dust,
Our lips shall sing his praise aloud.]

PSALM LXXVI. Common Metre.

Israel saved, and the Assyrians destroyed: or, God's vengeance against his enemies proceeds from his Church.

1 IN *Judah* God of old was known,
His name in *Isr'el* great;
In *Salem* stood his holy throne,
And *Zion* was his seat.

2 Among the praises of his saints,
His dwelling there he chose;
There he receiv'd their just complaints,
Against their haughty foes.

3 From *Zion* went his dreadful word,
And broke the threat'ning spear:
The bow, the arrow, and the sword,
And crush'd th' *Assyrian* war.

4 What are the earth's wide kingdoms else,
But mighty hills of prey?
The hill on which Jehovah dwells,
Is glorious more than they.

5 'Twas *Zion*'s King who stopp'd the breath
Of captains and their bands;
The men of might slept fast in death

And never found their hands.
6 At thy rebuke, O *Jacob*'s God,
Both horse and chariot fell:
Who knows the terror of thy rod?
Thy vengeance who can tell?
7 What pow'r can stand before thy sight,
When once thy wrath appears?
When heav'n shines round with dreadful light,
The earth lies still and fears.
8 When God in his own sov'reign ways
Comes down to save th' oppress,
The wrath of man shall work his praise,
And he'll restrain the rest.
9 [Vow to the Lord, and tribute bring;
Ye princes, fear his frown:
His terrors shake the proudest king,
And cuts an army down.
10 The thunder of his sharp rebuke,
Our haughty foes shall feel:
For *Jacob*'s God hath not forsook,
But dwells in *Zion* still.]

PSALM LXXVI. *1st Part.* Common Metre.

Melancholy assaulting, and hope prevailing.

1 TO God I cry'd with mournful voice,
I sought his gracious ear,
In the sad day when troubles rose,
And fill'd my heart with fear.
2 Sad were my days, and dark my nights,
My soul refus'd relief;
I thought on God the just and wise,
But thoughts increas'd my grief.
3 Still I complain'd, and still oppress,
My heart begad to break:

My God, thy wrath forbade my rest,
And kept mine eyes awake.
4 My overwhelming sorrows grew,
Till I could speak no more;
Then I within myself withdrew,
And call'd thy judgments o'er.
5 I call'd back years and ancient times
When I beheld thy face:
My spirit search'd for secret crimes
Which might withhold thy grace.
6 I call'd thy mercies to my mind,
Which I enjoy'd before;
And will the Lord no more be kind?
His face appear no more?
7 Will he for ever cast me off?
His promise ever fail?
Has he forgot his tender love?
Shall anger still prevail?

8 But I forbid this hopeless thought,
This dark, despairing frame,
Rememb'ring what thy hand hath wrought:
Thy hand is still the same.

9 I'll think again of all thy ways,
And talk thy wonders o'er,
The wonders of recov'ring grace,
When flesh could help no more.

10 Grace dwells with justice on the throne,
And men who love thy word,
Have in thy sanctuary shown
The counsels of the Lord.

PSALM LXXVII. *2d Part.* Common Metre.

Comfort derived from ancient providences: or, Israel *delivered from* Egypt, *and brought to* Canaan.

1 "HOW awful is thy chaſt'ning rod;
(May thine own children ſay)
The great, the wiſe, the dreadful God!
How holy is his way!"

2 I'll meditate his works of old;
The King who reigns above,
I'll hear his ancient wonders told,
And learn to truſt his love.

3 Long did the houſe of *Jacob* lie
With *Egypt*'s yoke oppreſt;
Long he delay'd to hear their cry,
Nor gave his people reſt.

4 The ſons of good old *Jacob* ſeem'd
Abandon'd to their foes;
But his almighty arm redeem'd
The nation which he choſe.

5 *Iſrael*, his people and his ſheep,
Muſt follow where he calls;
He bade them venture through the deep,
And made the waves their walls.

6 The waters ſaw thee, mighty God,
The waters ſaw thee come;
Backward they fled, and frighted ſtood,
To make thine armies room.

7 Strange was thy journey through the ſea,
Thy footſteps, Lord, unknown;
Terrors attend the wond'rous way
Which brings thy mercies down.

8 [Thy voice, with terror in the ſound,
Through clouds and darkneſs broke;
All heav'n in lightning ſhone around,
And earth with thunder ſhook.

9 Thine arrows through the ſky were hurl'd,

How glorious is the Lord !
Surprise and trembling seiz'd the world,
And his own saints ador'd.
10 He gave them water from the rock,
And, safe by *Moses'* hand,
Through a dry desart led his flock
Home to the promis'd land.]

PSALM *LXXVIII. 1st Part.* Common Metre.

Providence of God recorded : or, pious education and instruction of children.

1 LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God perform'd of old ;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.
2 He bids us make his glories known ;
His works of pow'r and grace ;
And we'll convey his wonders down
Through ev'ry rising race.
3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn,
May teach them to their heirs.
4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

PSALM *LXXVIII. 2d Part.* Common Metre.

Israel's rebellion and punishment : or, the sins and chastisements of God's people.

1 O WHAT a stiff rebellious house
Was *Jacob's* ancient race !
False to their own most solemn vows,
And to their Maker's grace.

2 They broke the cov'nant of his love,
And did his laws deſpiſe,
Forgot the works he wrought to prove
His pow'r before their eyes.

3 They ſaw the plagues on *Egypt* light,
From his avenging hand;
What dreadful tokens of his might
Spread o'er the ſtubborn land!

4 They ſaw him cleave the mighty ſea,
And march'd in ſafety through,
With wat'ry walls to guard their way,
Till they had 'ſcap'd the foe.

5 A wond'rous pillar mark'd the road,
Compos'd of ſhade and light;
By day it prov'd a ſhelt'ring cloud,
A leading fire by night.

6 He from the rock their thirſt ſupply'd;
The guſhing waters fell,
Aud ran in rivers by their ſide,
A conſtant miracle.

7 Yet they provok'd the Lord moſt high,
And dar'd diſtruſt his hand:
"Can he with bread our hoſt ſupply
"Amidſt this deſart land?"

8 The Lord with indignation heard,
And caus'd his wrath to flame;
His terrors ever ſtand prepar'd
To vindicate his name.

PSALM *LXXVIII. 3d Part.* Common Metre.

The puniſhment of luxury and intemperance: or, chaſtiſement and ſalvation.

1 WHEN *Iſr'el* ſins, the Lord reproves,
And fills their hearts with dread;

Yet he forgives the men he loves,
And ſends them heav'nly bread.

2 He fed them with a lib'ral hand,
And made his treaſures known;
He gave the midnight clouds command
To pour proviſion down.

3 The manna, like a morning ſhow'r,
Lay thick around their feet;
The corn of heav'n, ſo light, ſo pure,
As though 'twere angels' meat.

4 But they in murm'ring language ſaid,
"Manna is all our feaſt:
"We loathe this light, this airy bread;
"We muſt have fleſh to taſte."

5 "Ye ſhall have fleſh to pleaſe your luſt,"
The Lord in wrath reply'd;
And ſent them quails, like ſand or duſt,
Heap'd up from ſide to ſide.

6 He gave them all their own deſire;
And greedy as they fed,
His vengeance burnt with ſecret fire,
And ſmote the rebels dead.

7 When ſome were ſlain, the reſt return'd,
And ſought the Lord with tears;
Under the rod they fear'd and mourn'd,
But ſoon forgot their fears.

8 Oft he chaſtis'd, and ſtill forgave,
Till by his gracious hand,
The nation he reſolv'd to ſave,
Poſſeſs'd the promis'd land.

PSALM *LXXVIII.* Long Metre.

Backſliding and forgiveneſs: or, ſin puniſhed, and ſaints ſaved.

1 GREAT God, how oft did *Israel* prove
By turns thine anger and thy love!
There in a glass our hearts may see
How fickle and how false they be.

2 How soon the faithless *Jews* forgot
The dreadful wonders God had wrought!
Then they provoke him to his face,
Nor fear his pow'r, nor trust his grace.

3 The Lord consum'd their years in pain,
And made their travels long and vain;
A tedious march, through unknown ways,
Wore out their strength, and spent their days.

4 Oft when they saw their brethren slain,
They mourn'd and sought the Lord again:
Call'd him the rock of their abode,
Their high Redeemer and their God.

5 Their pray'rs and vows before him rise
As flatt'ring words, or solemn lies,
While their rebellious tempers prove
False to his cov'nant and his love.

6 Yet did his sov'reign grace forgive
The men who ne'er deserv'd to live;
His anger oft away he turn'd,
Or else with gentle flame it burn'd.

7 He saw their flesh was weak and frail,
He saw temptations still prevail;
The God of *Abrah'm* lov'd them still,
And led them to his holy hill.

PSALM *LXXX.* Long Metre.

The Church's prayer under affliction: or, the vineyard of God wasted.

1 GREAT Shepherd of thine *Israel*,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,

And led the tribes, thy chos-n sheep,
Safe through the desart and the deep.

Thy Church is in the desart now,
Shine from on high, and guide it through;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

Great God, whom heav'nly hosts obey,
How long shall we lament and pray,
And wait in vain thy kind return?
How long shall thy fierce anger burn?

Instead of wine and cheerful bread,
Thy saints with their own tears are fed;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

PAUSE I.

Hast thou not planted with thy hands
A lovely vine in Heathen lands?
Did not thy pow'r defend it round,
And heav'nly dews enrich the ground?

How did the spreading branches shoot,
And bless the nations with the fruit!
But now, dear Lord, look down and see
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree.

Why is its beauty thus defac'd?
Why hast thou laid her fences waste?
Strangers and foes against her join,
And ev'ry beast devours the vine.
Return, almighty God, return;
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn:
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

PAUSE II.

Lord, when this vine in *Canaan* grew,

Thou waſt its ſtrength and glory too;
Attack'd in vain by all its foes,
Till the fair Branch of promiſe roſe.

10 Fair Branch ordain'd of old to ſhoot
From *David's* ſtock, from *Jacob's* root;
Himſelf a noble Vine, and we
The leſſer branches of the Tree.

11 'Tis thy own Son, and he ſhall ſtand
Girt with thy ſtrength at thy right hand;
Thy firſt born Son, adorn'd and bleſt
With pow'r and grace above the reſt.

12 O! for his ſake attend our cry,
Shine on thy churches leſt they die;
Turn us to thee, thy love reſtore,
We ſhall be ſav'd and ſigh no more.

PSALM *LXXXI.* Short Metre.

The warnings of God to his people, or, ſpiritual bleſſings and puniſhments.

1 SING to the Lord aloud,
And make a joyful noiſe;
God is our ſtrength, our Saviour God;
Let *Iſr'el* hear his voice.

2 "From vile idolatry,
"Preſerve my worſhip clean;
"I am the Lord who ſet thee free
"From ſlav'ry and from ſin.

3 "Stretch thy deſires abroad,
"And I'll ſupply them well;
"But if ye will refuſe your God,
"If *Iſrael* will rebel:

4 "I'll leave them, ſaith the Lord,
"To their own luſt a prey,
"And let them run the dang'rous road,

" 'Tis their own choſen way.
" Yet, O that all my ſaints
" Would hearken to my voice;
" Soon I would eaſe their ſore complaints,
" And bid their hearts rejoice.

" While I deſtroy'd their foes,
" I'd richly feed my flock,
" And they ſhould taſte the ſtream which [flows
" From their eternal Rock."

PSALM LXXXII. Long Metre.

God the ſupreme Governor: or, magiſtrates warned.

AMONG th' aſſemblies of the great
A greater ruler takes his ſeat;
The God of heav'n, as Judge, ſurveys
Thoſe gods on earth, and all their ways.
Why will you then frame wicked laws?
Or why ſupport th' unrighteous cauſe?
When will you once defend the poor,
That ſinners vex the ſaints no more?
They know not, nor will they know;
Dark are the ways in which they go;
Their names of earthly gods are vain,
For they ſhall fall and die like men.
Ariſe, O Lord, and let thy Son
Poſſeſs his univerſal throne,
And rule the nations with his rod;
He is our judge, and he our God.

PSALM LXXXIII. Short Metre.

A complaint againſt perſecutors.

1 AND will the God of grace
Perpetual ſilence keep?
The God of juſtice hold his peace,

And let his vengeance ſleep?

2 Behold what curſed ſnares
The men of miſchief ſpread!
The men who hate thy ſaints, and thee,
Lift up their threat'ning head.

3 Againſt thy hidden ones
Their counſels them employ,
And malice, with her watchful eye,
Purſues them to deſtroy.

4 The noble and the baſe
Into thy paſtures leap;
The lion and the ſtupid aſs
Conſpire to vex thy ſheep.

5 "Come, let us join," they cry,
"To root them from the ground,
"'Till not the name of ſaints remain,
"Nor mem'ry ſhall be found."

6 Awake, almighty God,
And call thy wrath to mind;
Give them like foreſts to the fire,
Or ſtubble to the wind.

7 Convince their madneſs, Lord,
And make them ſeek thy name:
Or elſe their ſtubborn rage confound,
That they may die in ſhame.

8 Then ſhall the nations know
That glorious, dreadful word,
Jehovah!—is thy name alone,
And thou the ſov'reign Lord.

PSALM LXXXIV. *1ſt Part.* Long Metre.

The pleaſures of public worſhip.

1 HOW pleaſant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hoſts, thy dwellings are!

With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.
2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God, my King, why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee?

3 The sparrow chuses where to rest,
And for her young provides a nest;
But will my God to sparrows grant
That pleasure which his children want?

4 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.
5 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.
6 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to *Zion*'s gate;
God is their strength; and through the road
They lean upon their helper God.
7 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heav'n at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

PSALM LXXXIV. *2d Part.* Long Metre.

God and his Church: or, grace and glory.

1 GREAT God, attend while *Zion* sings
The joy which from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth,
2 Might I enjoy the meanest place

Within thy houſe, O God of grace,
Not tents of eaſe, nor thrones of pow'r
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our ſun, he makes our day:
God is our ſhield, he guards our way
From all th' aſſaults of hell and ſin,
From foes without, and foes within.
4 All needful grace will God beſtow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright ſouls.
5 O God, our King, whoſe ſov'reign ſway
The glorious hoſts of heav'n obey,
And devils at thy preſence flee,
Bleſt is the man who truſts in thee.

PSALM LXXXIV. Common Metre.

Paraphraſed.

Delight in ordinances of worſhip: or, God preſent in his Churches.

1 MY ſoul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God reſorts!
'Tis heav'n to ſee his ſmiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.
2 There the great Monarch of the ſkies
His ſaving pow'r diſplays;
And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quick'ning rays.
3 With his rich gifts the heav'nly Dove
Deſcends and fills the place,
While *Chriſt* reveals his wond'rous love,
And ſheds abroad his grace.
4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The ſecrets of thy will;

And ſtill we ſeek thy mercies there,
And ſing thy praiſes ſtill.

PAUSE.

5 My heart and fleſh cry out for thee,
While far from thine abode;
When ſhall I tread thy courts, and ſee
My Saviour and my God?

6 The ſparrow builds herſelf a neſt,
And ſuffers no remove;
O make me, like the ſparrow, bleſt,
To dwell but where I love.

7 To ſit one day beneath thine eye,
And hear thy gracious voice,
Exceeds an whole eternity
Employ'd in carnal joys.

8 Lord, at thy threſhold I would wait
While *Jeſus* is within,
Rather than fill a throne of ſtate,
Or live in tents of ſin.

9 Could I command the ſpacious land,
And the more boundleſs ſea,
For one bleſt hour at thy right hand
I'd give them both away.

PSALM *LXXXIV.* Particular Metre.

Longing for the houſe of God.

1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleaſant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To thine abode
My heart aſpires,
With warm deſires,
To ſee my God.

2 The ſparrow for her young,
With pleaſure ſeeks a neſt,
And wand'ring ſwallows long
To find their wonted reſt:
My ſpirit faints,
With equal zeal,
To riſe and dwell
Among the ſaints.

3 O happy ſouls who pray,
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men who pay
Their conſtant ſervice there!
They praiſe thee ſtill;
And happy they
Who love the way
To *Zion*'s hill.

4 They go from ſtrength to ſtrength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length;
Till each in heav'n appears.
O glorious ſeat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

PAUSE.

5 To ſpend one ſacred day
Where God and ſaints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thouſand days beſide;
Where God reſorts,
I love it more
To keep the door,
Than ſhine in courts.

6 God is our ſun and ſhield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts his hands are fill'd,
We draw our bleſſings thence.
He ſhall beſtow
On *Jacob*'s race,
Peculiar grace,
And glory too.

7 The Lord his people loves:
His hand no good withholds
From thoſe his heart approves,
From pure and pious ſouls;
Thrice happy he,
O God of hoſts,
Whoſe ſpirit truſts
Alone in thee.

PSALM *LXXXV.* *1ſt Part.* Long Metre.

Waiting for an anſwer to prayer: or, deliverance begun and completed.

1 LORD, thou haſt call'd thy grace to mind,
Thou haſt revers'd our heavy doom;
So God forgave when *Iſr'el* ſin'd,
And brought his wand'ring captives home.

2 Thou haſt begun to ſet us free,
And make thy fierceſt wrath abate:
Now let our hearts be turn'd to thee,
And thy ſalvation be complete.

3 Revive our dying graces, Lord,
And let thy ſaints in thee rejoice;
Make known thy truth, fulfil thy word;
We wait for praiſe to tune our voice.

4 We wait to hear what God will ſay;
He'll ſpeak, and give his people peace:

But let them run no more aſtray,
Leſt his returning wrath increaſe.

PSALM *LXXXV. 2d Part.* Long Metre.

Salvation by Chriſt.

1 SALVATION is for ever nigh
The ſouls who fear and truſt the Lord;
And grace deſcending from on high,
Freſh hopes of glory ſhall afford.
2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since *Chriſt* the Lord came down from heav'n:
By his obedience ſo complete,
Juſtice is pleas'd and peace is giv'n.
3 Now truth and honor ſhall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heav'nly influence bleſs the ground,
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.
4 His righteouſneſs is gone before,
To give us free acceſs to God:
Our wand'ring feet ſhall ſtray no more,
But mark his ſteps and keep the road.

PSALM *LXXXVI.* Common Metre.

A general ſong of praiſe to God.

1 AMONG the princes, earthly gods,
There's none hath pow'r divine;
Nor is their nature, mighty Lord,
Nor are their works like thine.
2 The nations thou haſt made, ſhall bring
Their off'rings round thy throne;
For thou alone doſt wond'rous things,
For thou art God alone.
3 Lord, I would walk with holy feet;
Teach me thine heav'nly ways,
And my poor ſcatter'd thoughts unite

In God my Father's praise.
4 Great is thy mercy, and my tongue
Shall those sweet wonders tell,
How by thy grace my sinking soul
Rose from the deeps of hell.

PSALM LXXXVII. Long Metre.

The Church the birth place of the saints: or, Jews and Gentiles united in the Christian Church.

1 GOD in his earthly temple lays
Foundations for his heav'nly praise:
He likes the tents of *Jacob* well,
But still in *Zion* loves to dwell,
2 His mercy visits ev'ry house
Which pays its night and morning vows;
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray.
3 What glories were describ'd of old!
What wonders are of *Zion* told!
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall *Tyre* and *Egypt* know.
4 *Egypt* and *Tyre*, and *Greek* and *Jew*,
Shall there begin their lives anew;
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill where living waters spring.
5 When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'Twill be an honor to appear
As one new born or nourish'd there.

PSALM *LXXXIX. 1st Part.* Long Metre.

The covenant made with Christ: or, the true David.

1 FOR ever shall my song record
The truth and mercy of the Lord,
Mercy and truth for ever stand
Like heav'n, establish'd by his hand.

2 Thus to his Son, he ſware, and ſaid,
"With thee my cov'nant firſt is made:
In thee ſhall dying ſinners live,
Glory and grace are thine to give.

3 Be thou my Prophet, thou my Prieſt;
Thy children ſhall be ever bleſt;
Thou art my choſen King, thy throne
Shall ſtand eternal, like my own.

4 There's none of all my ſons above,
So much my image or my love;
Celeſtial pow'rs thy ſubjects are;
Then what can earth to thee compare?

5 *David*, my ſervant, whom I choſe,
To guard my flock, to cruſh my foes,
And rais'd him to the Jewiſh throne,
Was but a ſhadow of my Son."

6 Now let the Church rejoice and ſing
Jeſus her Saviour, and her King;
Angels his heav'nly wonders ſhow,
And ſaints declare his works below.

PSALM *LXXXIX. 1ſt Part.* Common Metr

The faithfulneſs of God.

1 MY never-ceaſing ſongs ſhall ſhow
The mercies of the Lord;
And make ſucceeding ages know
How faithful is his word.

2 The ſacred truths his lips pronounce,
Shall firm as heav'n endure;
And if he ſpeak a promiſe once,
Th' eternal grace is ſure.

3 How long the race of *David* held
The promis'd Jewiſh throne!

But there's a nobler cov'nant seal'd
To *David*'s greater Son.

4 His seed for ever shall possess
A throne above the skies;
The meanest subject of his grace
Shall to that glory rise.

5 Lord God of hosts, thy wond'rous ways
Are sung by saints above;
And saints on earth their honors raise
To thy unchanging love.

PSALM *LXXXIX. 2d Part.* Common Metre.

The power and majesty of God: or, reverential worship.

1 WITH rev'rence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord,
His high commands with rev'rence hear,
And tremble at his word.

2 How terrible thy glories rise!
How bright thy beauties shine!
Where is the power with thee that vies?
Or truth compar'd with thine?

3 The northern pole, and southern rest
On thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day, from east to west
Move round at thy command.

4 Thy word the raging winds controul,
And rule the boist'rous deep:
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

5 Heav'n, earth, and air, and sea are thine,
And the dark world of hell;
How did thine arm in vengeance shine,
When *Egypt* durst rebel.

6 Juſtice and judgment are thy throne,
Yet wond'rous is thy grace:
While truth and mercy join'd in one,
Invite us near thy face.

PSALM *LXXXIX. 3d Part.* Common Metre.

A bleſſed goſpel.

1 BLEST are the ſouls who hear and know
The goſpel's joyful ſound;
Peace ſhall attend the paths they go;
And light their ſteps ſurround.
2 Their joy ſhall bear their ſpirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteouſneſs exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.
3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and ſalvation gives:
Iſr'el, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

PSALM LXXXIX. *4th Part.* Common Metre.

Chriſt's mediatorial kingdom: or, his divine and human nature.

1 HEAR what the Lord in viſion ſaid,
And made his mercy known:
"Sinners, behold your help is laid
"On my almighty Son."
2 Behold the Man my wiſdom choſe
Among your mortal race;
His head my holy oil o'erflows,
The ſpirit of my grace.
3 High ſhall he reign on *David*'s throne,
My people's better King;
My arm ſhall beat his rivals down,
And ſtill new ſubjects bring.

4 My truth ſhall guard him in his way,
With mercy by his ſide,
While in my name o'er earth and ſea
He ſhall in triumph ride.
5 Me for his Father and his God,
He ſhall for ever own,
Call me his Rock, his high abode,
And I'll ſupport my Son.
6 My firſt-born Son, array'd in grace,
At my right hand ſhall ſit;
Beneath him angels know their place,
And monarchs at his feet.
7 My cov'nant ſtands for ever faſt,
My promiſes are ſtrong;
Firm as the heav'ns his throne ſhall laſt,
His ſeed endure as long.

PSALM LXXXIX. *5th Part.* Com. Metre.

The covenant of grace unchangeable: or, affliction without rejection.

1 YET (ſaith the Lord) if *David*'s race,
The children of my Son,
Should break my laws, abuſe my grace,
And tempt mine anger down:
2 Their ſins I'll viſit with the rod,
And make their folly ſmart;
But I'll not ceaſe to be their God,
Nor from my truth depart.
3 My cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
But keep my grace in mind;
And what eternal love hath ſpoke,
Eternal truth ſhall bind.
4 Once have I ſworn (I need no more)
And pledg'd my holineſs,

To seal the sacred promise sure
To *David* and his race.

5 The sun shall see his offspring rise,
And spread from sea to sea,
Long as he travels round the skies,
To give the nations day.

6 Sure as the moon, which rules the night,
His kingdom shall endure,
'Till the fix'd laws of shade and light
Shall be observ'd no more.

PSALM LXXXIX. *2d Part.* Long Metre.

Mortality and hope.

A Funeral Psalm.

1 REMEMBER, Lord, our mortal state,
How frail our life, how short the date!
Where is the man who draws his breath
Safe from disease, secure from death?

2 Lord, while we see whole nations die,
Our flesh and sense repine and cry,
"Must death for ever rage and reign,
"Or hast thou made mankind in vain?

3 "Where is thy promise to the just?
"Are not thy servants turn'd to dust?"
But faith forbids these mournful sighs,
And sees the sleeping dust arise.

4 That glorious hour, that dreadful day,
Wipes the reproach of saints away,
And clears the honour of thy word;
Awake, our souls, and bless the Lord.

PSALM LXXXIX. Particular Metre.

Life, death, and the resurrection.

1 THINK, mighty God, on feeble man,
How few his hours, how short his span,

Short from the cradle to the grave;
Who can ſecure his vital breath
Againſt the bold demands of death,
With ſkill to fly, or pow'r to ſave?
2 Lord, ſhall it be for ever ſaid,
"The race of man was only made
"For ſickneſs, ſorrow, and the duſt!"
Are not thy ſervants day by day
Sent to their graves, and turn'd to clay?
Lord, where's thy kindneſs to the juſt?
3 Haſt thou not promis'd to thy Son
And all his ſeed, an heav'nly crown?
But fleſh and ſenſe indulge deſpair:
For ever bleſſed be the Lord,
That faith can read his holy word,
And find a reſurrection there.
4 For ever bleſſed be the Lord,
Who gives his ſaints a long reward,
For all their toil, reproach and pain;
Let all below, and all above,
Join to proclaim thy wond'rous love,
And each repeat a loud *Amen.*

PSALM XC. Long Metre.

Man mortal, and God eternal.

A mournful ſong at a funeral.

1 THROUGH ev'ry age, eternal God,
Thou art our reſt, our ſafe abode:
High was thy throne ere heav'n was made,
Or earth, thy humble footſtool, laid.
2 Long haſt thou reign'd ere time began,
Or duſt was faſhion'd to a man:
And long thy kingdom ſhall endure,
When earth and time ſhall be no more.

3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity:
Thy dreadful sentence Lord, was just—
"Return, ye sinners, to your dust."

4 [A thousand of our years amount
Scarce to a day in thine account,
Like yesterday's departed light,
Or the last watch of ending night.]

PAUSE.

5 Death, like an over-flowing stream,
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream;
An empty tale; a morning flow'r,
Cut down and wither'd in an hour.

6 [Our age to seventy years is set:
How short the term! how frail the state!
And if to eighty we arrive,
We rather sigh and groan, than live.

7 But O how oft thy wrath appears,
And cuts off our expected years!
Thy wrath awakes our humble dread:
We fear the pow'r which strikes us dead.]

8 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man;
And kindly lengthen out our span,
'Till a wise care of piety
Fits us to die, and dwell with thee.

PSALM XC. *1st Part.* Common Metre.

Man frail, and GOD *eternal.*

1 OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure,

Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From ever lasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
"Return, ye sons of men;"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

5 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an ev'ning gone;
Short as the watch which ends the night
Before the rising sun.

6 [The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their lives and cares,
Are carry'd downwards by the flood,
And lost in foll'wing years.

7 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.

8 Like flow'ry fields the nations stand,
Pleas'd with the morning light:
The flow'rs beneath the mower's hand,
Lie with'ring ere 'tis night.]

9 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

PSALM XC. *2d Part.* Common Metre.

Infirmities and mortality the effect of sin: or, life, old age, and preparation for death.

1 LORD, if thine eyes ſurvey our faults,
And juſtice grows ſevere,
Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts,
And burns beyond our fear.

2 Thine anger turns our frame to duſt;
By one offence to thee,
Adam with all his ſons have loſt
Their immortality.

3 Life, like a vain amuſement flies,
A fable or a ſong;
By ſwift degrees our nature dies,
Nor can our joys be long.

4 'Tis but a few whoſe days amount
To threeſcore years and ten;
And all beyond that ſhort account
Is ſorrow, toil, and pain.

5 [Our vitals, with laborious ſtrife,
Bear up the crazy load,
And drag thoſe poor remains of life
Along the tireſome road.]

6 Almighty God! reveal thy love,
And not thy wrath alone;
O let our ſweet experience prove
The mercies of thy throne.

7 Our ſouls would learn the heav'nly art
T' improve the hours we have,
That we may act the wiſer part,
And live beyond the grave.

PSALM XC. *2d Part.* Common Metre.
Breathing after heaven.

1 RETURN, O God of love, return;
Earth is a tireſome place;
How long ſhall we, thy children, mourn

Our absence from thy face?
2 Let heav'n succeed our painful years,
Let sin and sorrow cease;
And in proportion to our tears,
So make our joys increase.
3 Thy wonders to thy servants show,
Make thy own work complete;
Then shall our souls thy glory know,
And own thy love was great.
4 Then shall we shine before thy throne
In all thy beauty, Lord;
And the poor service we have done,
Meet a divine reward.

PSALM XC. Short Metre.

The frailty and shortness of life.

1 LORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame!
Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,
Which scarce deserves the name.
2 Alas, 'twas brittle clay
Which built our body first;
And ev'ry month, and ev'ry day
'Tis mould'ring back to dust.
3 Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay;
Just like a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.
4 Well, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight;
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.
5 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea;

Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

PSALM XCI. Long Metre.

Safety in public diseases and dangers.

1 HE who hath made his refuge, God,
Shall find a most secure abode;
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.

2 Then will I say, "My God, thy pow'r
"Shall be my fortress and my tow'r:
"I who am form'd of feeble dust,
"Make thine almighty arm my trust."

3 Thrice happy man, thy Maker's care
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare;
Satan, the fowler, who betrays
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.

4 Just as an hen protects her brood
(From birds of prey that seek their blood)
Under her feathers, so the Lord
Makes his own arm his people's guard.

5 If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire,
God is their life, his wings are spread
To shield them with an healthful shade.

6 If vapours with malignant breath
Rise thick, and scatter midnight death,
Isr'el is safe: the poison'd air
Grows pure if *Isr'el*'s God be there.

PAUSE.

7 What though a thousand at thy side,
At thy right hand ten thousand dy'd,
Thy God his chosen people saves,
Among the dead, amidst the graves.

8 So when he ſent his angel down
To make his wrath in *Egypt* known,
And ſlew their ſons, his careful eye
Paſs'd all the doors of *Jacob* by.
9 But if the fire, or plague, or ſword
Receive commiſſion from the Lord,
To ſtrike his ſaints among the reſt,
Their very pains and deaths are bleſt.
10 The ſword, the peſtilence, or fire,
Shall but fulfil their beſt deſire;
From ſins and ſorrows ſet them free,
And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

PSALM XCI. Common Metre.

Protection from death, guard of angels, victory and deliverance.

1 YE ſons of men, a feeble race,
Expos'd to ev'ry ſnare,
Come, make the Lord your dwelling-place,
And try, and truſt his care.
2 No ill ſhall enter where you dwell;
Or, if the plague come nigh,
And ſweep the wicked down to hell,
'Twill raiſe his ſaints on high.
3 He'll give his angels charge to keep
Your feet in all their ways:
To watch your pillow while you ſleep,
And guard your happy days.
4 Their hands ſhall bear you, leſt you fall
And daſh againſt the ſtones;
Are they not ſervants at his call,
And ſent t' attend his ſons?
5 Adders and lions ye ſhall tread,
The tempter's wiles defeat;

He who hath broke the ſerpent's head
Puts him beneath your feet.

6 "Becauſe on me they ſet their love,
"I'll ſave them (ſaith the Lord)
"I'll bear their joyful ſouls above
"Deſtruction and the ſword.

7 "My grace ſhall anſwer when they call;
"In trouble I'll be nigh;
"My pow'r ſhall help them when they fall,
"And raiſe them when they die.

8 "Thoſe who on earth my name have known,
"I'll honour them in heav'n:
"There my ſalvation ſhall be ſhown,
"And endleſs life be giv'n."

PSALM XCII. *1ſt Part.* Long Metre.

A Pſalm for the LORD's day.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praiſe thy name, give thanks and ſing,
To ſhew thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of ſacred reſt,
No mortal cares ſhall ſeize my breaſt:
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like *David's* harp of ſolemn ſound!

3 My heart ſhall triumph in my Lord,
And bleſs his works, and bleſs his word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they ſhine!
How deep thy counſels! how divine!

4 Fools never raiſe their thoughts ſo high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die,
Like graſs they flouriſh, 'till thy breath
Blaſt them in everlaſting death.

5 But I ſhall ſhare a glorious part,

When grace hath well refin'd my earth,
And freſh ſupplies of joy are ſhed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.
6 Sin (my worſt enemy before)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes ſhall all be ſlain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.
7 Then ſhall I ſee, and hear, and know
All I deſir'd or wiſh'd below;
And ev'ry pow'r find ſweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

PSALM XCII. *2d Part.* Long Metre.

The Church is the garden of God.

1 LORD, 'tis a pleaſant thing to ſtand
In gardens planted by thine hand;
Let me within thy courts be ſeen
Like a young cedar, freſh and green.
2 There grow thy ſaints in faith and love,
Bleſt with thine influence from above;
Not *Lebanon* with all its trees
Yields ſuch a comely ſight as theſe.
3 The plants of grace ſhall ever live:
(Nature decays, but grace muſt thrive;)
Time, which doth all things elſe impair,
Still makes them flouriſh ſtrong and fair.
4 Laden with fruits of age, they ſhew
The Lord is holy, juſt and true:
None who attend his gates ſhall find
A God unfaithful, or unkind.

PSALM XCIII. Long Metre.

The eternal and ſovereign God.

1 JEHOVAH reigns; he dwells in light;
Girded with majeſty and might:

The world created by his hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.

2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundations laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God.

3 Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies;
Vain floods which aim their rage so high,
At thy rebuke the billows die.

4 For ever shall thy throne endure;
Thy promise stands for ever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

PSALM XCIII. *1st Part.* Particular Metre.

1 THE Lord of glory reigns; he reigns on high,
His robes of state are strength and majesty;
This wide creation rose at his command,
Built by his word, and 'stablish'd by his hand:
Long stood his throne ere he began creation,
And his own Godhead is the firm foundation.

2 God is th' eternal King: thy foes in vain
Raise their rebellion to confound thy reign;
In vain the storms, in vain the floods arise,
And roar, and toss their waves against the skies;
Foaming at heav'n, they rage with wild commotion,
But heav'n's high arches scorn the swelling ocean.

3 Ye tempests, rage no more; ye floods, be still;
And the mad world obedient to his will:
Built on his truth, his Church must ever stand,

Firm are his promiſes, and ſtrong his hand:
See his own ſons, when they appear before him,
Bow at his footſtool, and with fear adore him.

PSALM XCIII. *2d Part.* Particular Metre.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal ſtate maintains;
His head with awful glories crown'd;
Array'd in robes of light,
Begirt with ſov'reign might,
And rays of majeſty around.

2 Upheld by thy commands,
The world ſecurely ſtands,
And ſkies and ſtars obey thy word:
Thy throne was fix'd on high,
Before the ſtarry ſky:
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

3 In vain the noiſy crowd,
Like billows fierce and loud,
Againſt thine empire rage and roar;
In vain with angry ſpite,
The ſurly nations fight,
And daſh like waves againſt the ſhore.

4 Let floods and nations rage,
And all their pow'rs engage,
Let ſwelling tides aſſault the ſky:
The terrors of thy frown,
Shall beat their madneſs down:
Thy throne for ever ſtands on high.

5 Thy promiſes are true,
Thy grace is ever new:
There fix'd thy church ſhall ne'er remove,

Thy saints with holy fear,
Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.

Repeat the fourth stanza if necessary.

PSALM XCIV. *1st Part.* Common Metre.

Saints chastised, and sinners destroyed: or, instructive afflictions.

1 O GOD, to whom revenge belongs,
Proclaim thy wrath aloud;
Let sov'reign pow'r redress our wrongs,
Let justice smite the proud.

2 They say, "The Lord nor sees nor hears;"
When will the fools be wise?
Can he be deaf who form'd their ears?
Or blind, who made their eyes?

3 He knows their impious thoughts are vain,
And they shall feel his pow'r;
His wrath shall pierce their souls with pain,
In some surprising hour.

4 But if thy saints deserve rebuke,
Thou hast a gentler rod;
Thy providences and thy book
Shall make them know their God.

5 Blest is the man thy hands chastise,
And to his duty draw:
Thy scourges make thy children wise,
When they forget thy law.

6 But God will ne'er cast off his saints,
Nor his own promise break;
He pardons his inheritance,
For their Redeemer's sake.

PSALM XCIV. *2d Part.* Common Metre.

God our support and comfort: or, deliverance from temptation and persecution.

1 WHO will arise and plead my right
Against my num'rous foes;
While earth and hell their force unite,
And all my hopes oppose?
2 Had not the Lord, my rock, my help,
Sustain'd my fainting head;
My life had now in silence dwelt,
My soul among the dead.
3 "Alas, my sliding feet!" I cry'd,
Thy promise was my prop;
Thy grace stood constant by my side,
Thy Spirit bore me up.
4 When multitudes of mournful thoughts
Within my bosom roll,
Thy boundless love forgives my faults,
Thy comforts cheer my soul.
5 Pow'rs of iniquity may rise,
And frame pernicious laws;
But God my refuge rules the skies,
He will defend my cause.
6 Let malice vent her rage aloud;
Let bold blasphemers scoff;
The Lord our God shall judge the proud,
And cut the sinners off.

PSALM XCV. Common Metre.

A Psalm before prayer.

1 SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.
2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honor sing;
The Lord's a God of boundless might,

The whole creation's King.

3 Let princes hear, let angels know,
How mean their natures seem,
Those gods on high, and gods below,
When once compar'd with Him.

4 Earth with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious hand;
He fix'd the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.

5 Come, and with humble souls adore,
Come, kneel before his face;
O may the creatures of his pow'r
Be children of his grace.

6 Now is the time he bends his ear,
And waits for your request;
Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear
"Ye shall not see my rest."

PSALM XCV. Short Metre.

A psalm before sermon.

1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
JEHOVAH is the sov'reign God,
The universal King.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his works, and not our own,
He form'd us by his word.

4 To day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;

Come like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.
5 But if your ears refuse
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard, like stubborn *Jews*,
That unbelieving race :
6 The Lord in vengeance dreſt,
Will lift his hand and swear,
"You who despis'd my promis'd rest,
Shall have no portion there."

PSALM XCV. Long Metre.

Canaan *lost through unbelief : or, a warning to delaying sinners.*

1 COME, let our voices join to raise
A sacred song of solemn praise ;
God is a sov'reign King ; rehearse
His honors in exalted verse.
2 Come, let our souls address the Lord,
Who fram'd our natures with his word ;
He is our Shepherd ; we the sheep,
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.
3 Come, let us hear his voice to-day,
The counsels of his love obey ;
Nor let our harden'd hearts renew
The sins and plagues which *Isr'el* knew.
4 *Isr'el*, who saw his works of grace,
Yet tempt their Maker to his face ;
A faithless unbelieving brood,
That tir'd the patience of their God.
5 Thus saith the Lord, "how false they prove !
"Forget my pow'r, abuse my love ;
"Since they despise my rest, I sware

6 [Look back, my ſoul, with holy dread,
And view theſe ancient rebels dead;
Attend the offer'd grace to-day,
Nor loſe the bleſſing by delay.
7 Seize the kind promiſe while it waits,
And march to *Zion*'s heav'nly gates;
Believe, and take the promis'd reſt;
Obey, and be for ever bleſt]

PSALM XCVI. Common Metre.

Chriſt's firſt and ſecond coming.

1 SING to the Lord, ye diſtant lands,
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue;
His new diſcover'd grace demands
A new and nobler ſong.
2 Say to the nations, JESUS reigns,
God's own almighty Son;
His pow'r the ſinking world ſuſtains,
And grace ſurrounds his throne.
3 Let heav'n proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be ſeen;
Let cities ſhine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.
4 Let an unuſual joy ſurpriſe
The iſlands of the ſea;
Ye mountains ſink, ye vallies riſe,
Prepare the Lord his way.
5 Behold, he comes, he comes to bleſs
The nations as their God;
To ſhew the world his righteouſneſs,
And ſend his truth abroad.
6 But when his voice ſhall raiſe the dead,
And bid the world draw near,

To see their Judge appear!

PSALM XCVI. Particular Metre.

The God of the Gentiles.

1 LET all the earth their voices raise,
To sing the choicest psalm of praise;
To sing and bless JEHOVAH's name;
His glory let the Heathens know,
His wonders to the nations show,
And all his saving works proclaim.

2 The Heathens know thy glory, Lord;
The wond'ring nations read thy word;
Among us is Jehovah known;
Our worship shall no more be paid
To Gods which mortal hands have made;
Our Maker is our God alone.

3 He fram'd the globe, he built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there:
His beams are majesty and light;
His beauties, how divinely bright!
His temple, how divinely fair!

4 Come, the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving pow'r,
And barb'rous nations fear his name;
Then shall the race of men confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim

PSALM XCVII. *1st Part.* Long Met

Christ *reigning in heaven, and coming to judgme.*

1 HE reigns, the Lord, the Saviour reigns.
Praise him in evangelic strains;
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.

2 Deep are his counſels, and unknown;
But grace and truth ſupport his throne:
Though gloomy clouds his ways ſurround,
Juſtice is their eternal ground.
3 In robes of judgment, lo! he comes,
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs;
Before him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the ſeas retire.
4 His enemies with ſore diſmay,
Fly from the ſight, and ſhun the day;
Then lift your heads, ye ſaints, on high,
And ſing, for your redemption's nigh.

PSALM XCVII. *2d Part.* Long Metre.

Chriſt's incarnation.

1 THE Lord is come, the heav'ns proclaim
His birth; the nations learn his name;
An unknown ſtar directs the road
Of eaſtern ſages to their God.
2 All ye bright armies of the ſkies,
Go, worſhip where the Saviour lies;
Angels and kings before him bow,
Thoſe gods on high, and gods below.
3 Let idols totter to the ground,
And their own worſhippers confound:
But *Judah* ſhout, but *Zion* ſing,
And earth confeſs her ſov'reign King.

PSALM XCVII. *3d Part.* Long Metre.

Grace and glory.

TH' Almighty reigns, exalted high,
O'er all the earth, o'er all the ſky:
Though clouds and darkneſs veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy ſeat.
2 O ye who love his holy name,

Hate ev'ry work of ſin and ſhame ;
He guards the ſouls of all his friends,
And from the ſnares of hell defends.
3 Immortal light, and joys unknown,
Are for the ſaints in darkneſs ſown ;
Thoſe glorious ſeeds ſhall ſpring and riſe,
And the bright harveſt bleſs our eyes.
4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The ſacred honours of the Lord ;
None but the ſouls who feel his grace,
Can triumph in his holineſs.

PSALM XCVII. Common Metre.

Chriſt's incarnation, and the laſt judgment.

1 YE iſlands of the *Northern* ſea,
Rejoice, the Saviour reigns ;
His word like fire prepares his way,
And mountains melt to plains.
2 His preſence ſinks the proudeſt hills,
And makes the vallies riſe ;
The humble ſoul enjoys his ſmiles,
The haughty ſinner dies.
3 The heav'ns his rightful pow'r proclaim ;
The idol gods around,
Fill their own worſhippers with ſhame,
And totter to the ground.
4 Adoring angels at his birth
Made the Redeemer known ;
Thus ſhall he come to judge the earth,
And angels guard his throne.
5 His foes ſhall tremble at his ſight,
And hills and ſeas retire ;
His children take their unknown flight,
And leave the world on fire.

6 The ſeeds of joy and glory ſown
For ſaints in darkneſs here,
Shall riſe and ſpring in worlds unknown,
And a rich harveſt bear.

PSALM XCVIII. *1ſt Part.* Common Metre.

Praiſe for the goſpel.

1 TO our almighty Maker, God,
New honours be addreſt;
His great ſalvation ſhines abroad,
And makes the nations bleſt.

2 He ſpake the word to *Abrah'm* firſt,
His truth fulfils his grace;
The *Gentiles* make his name their truſt,
And learn his righteouſneſs.

3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim
With all her diff'rent tongues;
And ſpread the honours of his name
In melody and ſongs.

PSALM XCVIII. *2d Part.* Common Metre.

The Meſſiah's coming and kingdom.

1 JOY to the world: the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
And heav'n and nature ſing.

2 Joy to the earth; the Saviour reigns;
Let men their ſongs employ:
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the ſounding joy.

3 No more let ſins and ſorrows grow,
Nor thorns infeſt the ground;
He comes to make his bleſſings flow
Far as the curſe is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,

And make the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

PSALM XCIX. *1st Part.* Short Metre.

Christ's kingdom and majesty.

1 THE God *Jehovah* reigns,
Let all the nations fear:
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
Let earth adores its Lord;
Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
Swift to fulfil his word.

3 In *Zion* is his throne,
His honours are divine:
His church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.

4 How holy is his name!
How terrible his praise!
Justice and truth, and judgment join
In all his works of grace.

PSALM XCIX. *2d Part.* Short Metre.

An holy God worshipped with reverence.

1 EXALT the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.

2 When *Isr'el* was his church,
When *Aaron* was his priest,
When *Moses* cry'd, when *Samuel* pray'd,
He gave his people rest.

3 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race;

And oft he made his vengeance known,
When they abus'd his grace.
4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same;
Still he's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

PSALM C. *1st Part.* Long Metre.
A plain translation.
Praise to our Creator.

1 YE nations of the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord your sov'reign King,
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing.
2 The Lord is God; 'tis he alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give;
We are his work, and not our own;
The sheep which on his pastures live.
3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ,
To pay your thanks and honours there.
4 The Lord is good; the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

PSALM C. *2d Part.* Long Metre.
A Paraphrase.

1 SING to the Lord with joyful voice;
Let ev'ry land his name adore;
The northern isles shall send the noise
Across the ocean to the shore.
2 Nations attend before his throne
With solemn fear, with sacred joy;

Know that the Lord is God alone:
He can create, and he deſtroy.
His ſov'reign pow'r, without our aid
Made us of clay and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring ſheep we ſtray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.
We are his people, we his care,
Our ſouls and all our mortal frame:
What laſting honours ſhall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?
We'll crowd thy gates with thankful ſongs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raiſe;
And earth with her ten thouſand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with ſounding praiſe.
Wide as the world is thy command,
Vaſt as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth muſt ſtand,
When rolling years ſhall ceaſe to move.

PSALM CI. Long Metre.

The magiſtrate's pſalm.

MERCY and judgment are my ſong,
And ſince they both to thee belong,
My gracious God, my righteous King,
To thee my ſongs and vows I bring.
If I am rais'd to bear the ſword,
I'll take my counſels from thy word;
Thy juſtice and thy heav'nly grace
Shall be the pattern of my ways.
Let wiſdom all my actions guide,
And let my God with me reſide;
No wicked thing ſhall dwell with me,
Which may provoke thy jealouſy.
No ſons of ſlander, rage and ſtrife,

Shall be companions of my life;
The haughty look, the heart of pride,
Within my doors shall ne'er abide.
5 [I'll search the land, and raise the just
To posts of honour, wealth and trust;
The men who work thy holy will,
Shall be my friends and fav'rites still.]
6 In vain shall sinners hope to rise
By flatt'ring or malicious lies;
And while the innocent I guard,
The bold offender shan't be spar'd.
7 The impious crew, that factious band,
Shall hide their heads, or quit the land;
And all who break the public rest,
Where I have pow'r shall be suppress.

PSALM CI. Common Metre.

A psalm for the master of a family.

1 OF justice and of grace I sing,
And pay my God my vows;
Thy grace and justice, heav'nly King,
Teach me to rule my house.
2 Now to my tent, O God repair,
And make thy servant wise;
I'll suffer nothing near me there,
Which shall offend thine eyes.
3 The man who doth his neighbour wrong,
By falsehood or by force,
The scornful eye, the sland'rous tongue,
I'll thrust them from my doors.
4 I'll seek the faithful and the just,
And will their help enjoy:
These are the friends whom I shall trust,

5 The wretch who deals in ſly deceit,
I'll not endure a night:
The liar's tongue I ever hate,
And baniſh from my ſight.
6 I'll purge my family around,
And make the wicked flee;
So ſhall my houſe be ever found
A dwelling fit for thee.

PSALM CII. *1ſt Part.* Common Metre.

A prayer of the afflicted.

1 HEAR me, O God, nor hide thy face,
But anſwer, leſt I die:
Haſt thou not built a throne of grace,
To hear when ſinners cry?
2 My days are waſted like the ſmoke
Diſſolving in the air;
My ſtrength is dry'd, my heart is broke,
And ſinking in deſpair.
3 My ſpirits flag, like with'ring graſs
Burnt with exceſſive heat;
In ſecret groans my minutes paſs,
And I forget to eat.
4 As on ſome lonely building's top,
The ſparrow tells her moan,
Far from the tents of joy and hope,
I ſit and grieve alone.
5 My ſoul is like a wilderneſs,
Where beaſts of midnight howl;
There the ſad raven finds her place,
And there the ſcreaming owl.
6 Dark diſmal thoughts and boding fears,
Dwell in my troubled breaſt;
While ſharp reproaches wound my ears,

Nor give my ſpirit reſt.
7 My cup is mingled with my woes,
And tears are my repaſt;
My daily bread like aſhes grows
Unpleaſant to my taſte.
8 Senſe can afford no real joy
To ſouls who feel thy frown;
Lord, 'twas thy hand advanc'd me high;
Thy hand hath caſt me down.
9 My locks like withe'r'd leaves appear;
And life's declining light
Grows faint as ev'ning ſhadows are,
That vaniſh into night.
10 But thou for ever art the ſame,
O my eternal God;
Ages to come ſhall know thy name,
And ſpread thy works abroad.
11 Thou wilt ariſe and ſhew thy face,
Nor will my Lord delay
Beyond th' appointed hour of grace,
That long-expected day.
12 He hears his ſaints, he knows their cry,
And, by myſterious ways,
Redeems the priſ'ners doom'd to die,
And fills their tongues with praiſe.

PSALM CII. *2d Part.* Common Metre.

Prayer heard, and Zion *reſtored.*

1 LET *Zion* and her ſons rejoice;
Behold the promis'd hour;
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt his pow'r.
2 Her duſt and ruins which remain,
Are precious in our eyes;

Thoſe ruins ſhall be built again,
And all that duſt ſhall riſe.
3 The Lord will raiſe *Jeruſalem*,
And ſtand in glory there;
Nations ſhall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.
4 He ſits a Sov'reign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes:
He hears the dying pris'ners' groan,
And ſees their ſighs ariſe.
5 He frees the ſouls condemn'd to death,
And when his ſaints complain,
It ſhan't be ſaid "that praying breath
"Was ever ſpent in vain."
6 This ſhall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And truſt, and praiſe the Lord.

PSALM CII. Long Metre.

Man's mortality, and Chriſt's *eternity: or, ſaints die, but* Chriſt *and the Church live.*

1 IT is the Lord, our Saviour's hand,
Weakens our ſtrength amidſt the race;
Diſeaſe and death, at his command,
Arreſt us, and cut ſhort our days.
2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our ſun go down at noon;
Thy years are one eternal day,
And muſt thy children die ſo ſoon?
3 Yet in the midſt of death and grief,
This thought our ſorrow ſhall aſſuage:
"Our Father and our Saviour live;
"*Chriſt* is the ſame through ev'ry age."

4 'Twas he this earth's foundation laid;
Heav'n is the building of his hand;
This earth grows old, these heav'ns shall fade,
And all be chang'd at his command.
5 The starry curtains of the sky,
Like garments shall be laid aside;
But still thy throne stands firm and high;
Thy Church for ever must abide.
6 Before thy face thy Church shall live,
And on thy throne thy children reign;
This dying world shall they survive,
And the dead saints be rais'd again.

PSALM CIII. *1st Part.* Long Metre.

Blessing GOD for his goodness to soul and body.

1 BLESS, O my soul, the living God,
Call home thy tho'ts which rove abroad;
Let all the pow'rs within me join
In work and worship so divine.
2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favours claim thy highest praise;
Why should the wonders he has wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot?
3 'Tis he, my soul, who sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.
4 The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains which nature feels,
Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
Our wasting lives from threat'ning graves.
5 Our youth decay'd, his pow'r repairs;
His mercy crowns our growing years:
He satisfies our mouths with good,

And fills our hopes with heav'nly food.
6 He ſees th' oppreſſor, and th' oppreſt,
And often gives the ſuff'rers reſt;
But will his juſtice more diſplay
In the laſt great rewarding-day.
7 [His pow'r he ſhew'd by *Moſes'* hands,
And gave to *Iſr'el* his commands;
But ſent his truth and mercy down
To all the nations by his Son.
8 Let the whole earth his pow'r confeſs,
Let the whole earth adore his grace:
The *Gentile* with the *Jew* ſhall join
In work and worſhip ſo divine.]

PSALM CIII. *2d Part.* Long Metre.

God's gentle chaſtiſement: or, tender mercy to his people.

1 THE Lord, how wond'rous are his ways!
How firm his truth, how large his grace!
He takes his mercy for his throne,
And thence he makes his glories known.
2 Not half ſo high his pow'r hath ſpread
The ſtarry heav'ns above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praiſe,
Exceeds the higheſt hopes we raiſe.
3 Not half ſo far hath nature plac'd
The riſing morning from the weſt,
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of thoſe he loves.
4 How ſlowly doth his wrath ariſe!
On ſwifter wings ſalvation flies:
And if he lets his anger burn,
How ſoon his frowns to pity turn!
5 Amidſt his wrath compaſſion ſhines;
His ſtrokes are lighter than our ſins,

And while his rod corrects his saints,
His ear indulges their complaints.
6 So fathers their young sons chastise,
With gentle hands and melting eyes;
The children weep beneath the smart,
And move the pity of their heart.

PAUSE.

7 The mighty God, the wise and just,
Knows that our frame is feeble dust;
And will no heavy loads impose
Beyond the strength which he bestows.
8 He knows how soon our nature dies,
Blasted by ev'ry wind that flies;
Like grass we spring, and die as soon
As morning flow'rs which fade at noon.
9 But his eternal love is sure
To all the saints, and shall endure;
From age to age his truth shall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain.

PSALM CIII. *1st Part.* Short Metre.

Praise for spiritual and temporal mercies.

1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul,
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine.
2 O bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.
3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain,
'Tis he who heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ranſom'd from the grave;
He who redeem'd my ſoul from hell,
Hath ſov'reign pow'r to ſave.
5 He fills the poor with good,
He gives the ſuff'rers reſt;
The Lord hath judgment for the proud,
And juſtice for th' oppreſt.
6 His wond'rous works and ways,
He made by *Moſes* known:
But ſent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

PSALM CIII. *2d Part.* Short Metre.

Abounding compaſſion of God: or, mercy in the midſt of judgment.

1 MY ſoul, repeat his praiſe,
Whoſe mercies are ſo great;
Whoſe anger is ſo ſlow to riſe,
So ready to abate.
2 God will not always chide;
And when his ſtrokes are felt,
His ſtrokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.
3 High as the heav'ns are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our higheſt thoughts exceed.
4 His pow'r ſubdues our ſins,
And his forgiving love
Far as the eaſt is from the weſt,
Doth all our guilt remove.
5 The pity of the Lord
To thoſe who fear his name,

Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.
6 He knows we are but dust,
Scatter'd with ev'ry breath:
His anger like a rising wind
Can send us swift to death.
7 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flow'r;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.
8 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

PSALM CIII. *3d Part.* Short Metre.

GOD's universal dominion: or, angels praise the Lord.

1 THE Lord, the sov'reign King,
Hath fix'd his throne on high;
O'er all the heav'nly worlds he rules,
And all beneath the sky.
2 Ye angels great in might,
And swift to do his will,
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice you hear,
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.
3 Let the bright hosts who wait
The orders of their King,
And guard the churches when they pray,
Join in the praise they sing.
4 While all his wond'rous works
Through his vast kingdom shew
Their Maker's glory, thou my soul,
Shalt sing his graces too.

PSALM CIV. Long Metre.

The glory of GOD *in creation and providence.*

1 MY soul, thy great Creator praise ;
When cloth'd in his celestial rays,
He in full majesty appears,
And like a robe, his glory wears.

Note. This Psalm may be sung to a different metre, by adding the two following lines to every stanza, *viz.*

Great is the Lord, what tongue can frame
An equal honour to his name ?

2 The heav'ns are for his curtains spread,
Th' unfathom'd deep he makes his bed :
Clouds are his chariot when he flies
On winged storms across the skies.

3 Angels whom his own breath inspires,
His ministers are flaming fires ;
And swift as thought their armies move,
To bear his vengeance or his love.

4 The world's foundations by his hand,
Are pois'd, and shall for ever stand ;
He binds the ocean in his chain,
Lest it should drown the world again.

5 When earth was cover'd with a flood,
Which high above the mountains stood,
He thunder'd, and the ocean fled,
Confin'd to its appointed bed.

6 The swelling billows know their bound,
And in their channels walk their round ;
Yet thence convey'd by secret veins,
They spring on hills, and drench the plains.

7 He bids the crystal fountains flow,
And cheers the vallies as they go ;
Tame heifers there their thirst allay,

And for the ſtream wild aſſes bray.
8 From pleaſant trees, which ſhade the brink,
The lark and linnet light to drink;
Their ſongs the lark and linnet raiſe,
And chide our ſilence in his praiſe.

PAUSE I.

9 God, from his cloudy ciſtern, pours
On the parch'd earth enriching ſhow'rs;
The grove, the garden, and the field,
A thouſand joyful bleſſings yield.
10 He makes the graſſy food ariſe,
And gives the cattle large ſupplies;
With herbs for man, of various pow'r,
To nouriſh nature or to cure.
11 What noble fruit the vines produce!
The olive yields a uſeful juice;
Our hearts are cheer'd with gen'rous wine,
With inward joy our faces ſhine.
12 O bleſs his name, ye people, fed
With nature's chief ſupporter, bread;
While bread your vital ſtrength imparts,
Serve him with vigour in your hearts.

PAUSE II.

13 Behold the ſtately cedars ſtand
Rais'd in the foreſt by his hand;
Birds to the boughs for ſhelter fly,
And build their neſt ſecure on high.
14 To craggy hills aſcends the goat;
And at the airy mountain's foot
The feebler creatures make their cell;
He gives them wiſdom where to dwell.
15 He ſits the ſun his circling race,
Appoints the moon to change her face;

And when thick darkneſs véils the day,
Calls out wild beaſts to hunt their prey.
16 Fierce lions lead their young abroad,
And roaring aſk their meat from God;
But when the morning beams ariſe,
The ſavage beaſt to covert flies.
17 Then man to daily labour goes;
The night was made for his repoſe:
Sleep is thy gift, that ſweet relief
From tireſome toil, and waſting grief.
18 How ſtrange thy works! how great thy ſkill!
And ev'ry land thy riches fill:
Thy wiſdom round the world we ſee,
This ſpacious earth is full of thee.
19 Nor leſs thy glories in the deep,
Where fiſh in millions ſwim and creep,
With wond'rous motions, ſwift or ſlow,
Still wand'ring in the paths below.
20 There ſhips divide the wat'ry way,
And flocks of ſcaly monſters play;
There dwells the huge leviathan,
And foams and ſports in ſpite of man.

PAUSE III.

21 Vaſt are thy works, almighty Lord,
All nature reſts upon thy word,
And the whole race of creatures ſtand
Waiting their portion from thy hand.
22 While each receives his diff'rent food,
Their cheerful looks pronounce it good;
Eagles and bears, and whales and worms,
Rejoice and praiſe in diff'rent forms.
23 But when thy face is hid, they mourn,
And dying, to their duſt return;

Both man and beaſt their ſouls reſign:
Life, breath, and ſpirit all are thine.
24 Yet thou canſt breathe on duſt again,
And fill the world with beaſts and men;
A word of thy creating breath
Repairs the waſtes of time and death.
25 His works (the wonders of his might)
Are honour'd with his own delight:
How awful are his glorious ways!
The Lord is dreadful in his praiſe.
26 The earth ſtands trembling at thy ſtroke,
And at thy touch the mountains ſmoke;
Yet humble ſouls may ſee thy face,
And tell their wants of ſov'reign grace.
27 In thee my hopes and wiſhes meet,
And make my meditations ſweet;
Thy praiſes ſhall my breath employ,
'Till it expire in endleſs joy.
28 While haughty ſinners die accurſt,
Their glory bury'd in the duſt,
I to my God, my heav'nly King,
Immortal *hallelujahs* ſing.

PSALM CV. Common Metre. Abridged.

God's conduct to Iſrael; *and the plagues of* Egypt.

1 GIVE thanks to God, invoke his name,
And tell the world his grace;
Sound through the earth his deeds of fame,
That all may ſeek his face.
2 His cov'nant, which he kept in mind
For num'rous ages paſt,
To num'rous ages yet behind,
In equal force ſhall laſt.
3 He ſware to *Abrah'm* and his ſeed,

And made the blessing sure:
Gentiles the ancient promise read,
And find his oath endure.

4 "The seed shall make all nations blest,"
(Said the almighty voice)
"And *Canaan*'s land shall be their rest,
"The type of heav'nly joys."

5 [How large the grant! how rich the grace!
To give them *Canaan*'s land,
When they were strangers in the place,
A little feeble band!

6 Like pilgrims through the countries round,
Securely they remov'd;
And haughty kings which on them frown'd,
Severely he reprov'd.

7 "Touch my Anointed, and my arm
"Shall soon avenge the wrong;
"The man who does my prophets harm,
"Shall know their God is strong."

8 *Then let the world forbear its rage,*
Nor put the Church in fear:
If we must live through every age,
And be th' Almighty's care.]

PAUSE I.

9 When *Pharaoh* tried to vex the saints,
And thus provok'd their God,
Moses was sent at their complaints,
Arm'd with his dreadful rod.

10 He call'd for darkness; darkness came,
Like an o'erwhelming flood:
He turn'd each lake, and ev'ry stream,
To lakes and streams of blood.

11 He gave the sign, and noisome flies

Through the whole country ſpread ;
And frogs in croaking armies riſe
About the monarch's bed.

12 Through fields, and towns, and palaces,
The tenfold vengeance flew ;
Locuſts in ſwarms devour'd their trees,
And hail their cattle ſlew.

13 Then, by an angel's midnight ſtroke
The flow'r of *Egypt* dy'd ;
The ſtrength of ev'ry houſe was broke,
Their glory and their pride.

14 *Now let the world forbear its rage,*
Nor put the Church in fear ;
Iſr'el muſt live through ev'ry age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

PAUSE II.

15 Thus were the tribes from bondage brought,
And left the hated ground :
Each ſome *Egyptian* ſpoils had got,
And not one feeble found.

16 The Lord himſelf choſe out their way,
And mark'd their journies right,
Gave them a leading cloud by day,
A fiery guide by night.

17 They thirſt ; and waters from the rock
In rich abundance flow,
And, foll'wing ſtill the courſe they took,
Ran all the deſart through.

18 O wond'rous ſtream ! O bleſſed type
Of ever-flowing grace !
So *Chriſt*, our Rock, maintains our life
Through all this wilderneſs.

19 Thus guarded by th' almighty hand,

The chosen tribes possest
Canaan, the rich, the promis'd land,
And there enjoy'd their rest.
Then let the world forbear its rage,
The Church renounce her fear;
Isr'el *must live through ev'ry age,*
And be th' Almighty's care.

PSALM CVI. Long Metre.

Praise to GOD: *or, communion with saints.*

1 TO God the great, the ever-blest,
Let songs of honour be addrest;
His mercy firm for ever stands;
Give him the thanks his love demands.
2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways?
Who shall fulfil thy boundless praise?
Blest are the souls who fear thee still,
And pay their duty to thy will.
3 Remember what thy mercy did
For *Jacob*'s race, thy chosen seed;
And with the same salvation bless
The meanest suppliant of thy grace.
4 O may I see thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice!
This is my glory, Lord, to be
Join'd to thy saints, and near to thee.

PSALM CVI. Short Metre.

Israel *punished and pardoned: or,* GOD's *unchangeable love.*

1 GOD of eternal love,
How fickle are our ways!
And yet how oft did *Isr'el* prove
Thy constancy of grace!
2 They saw thy wonders wrought,

And then thy praiſes ſung;
But ſoon thy works of pow'r forgot,
And murmur'd with their tongue.
3 Now they believ'd his word,
While rocks with rivers flow;
Now with their luſts provoke the Lord,
And he reduc'd them low.
4 Yet when they mourn'd their faults,
He hearken'd to their groans,
Brought his own cov'nant to his thoughts,
And call'd them ſtill his ſons.
5 Their names were in his book,
He ſav'd them from their foes:
Oft he chaſtis'd, but ne'er forſook
The people whom he choſe.
6 Let *Iſr'el* bleſs the Lord,
Who lov'd their ancient race;
And Chriſtians join the ſolemn word,
Amen, to all the praiſe.

PSALM CVII. *1ſt Part.* Long Metre.
Iſrael *led to* Canaan, *and Chriſtians to heaven.*

1 GIVE thanks to God; he reigns above;
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love:
His mercy ages paſt have known,
And ages long to come ſhall own.
2 Let the redeemed of the Lord,
The wonders of his grace record;
Iſr'el, the nation whom he choſe,
And reſcu'd from their mighty foes.
3 [When God's almighty arm had broke
Their fetters and th' *Egyptian* yoke,
They trac'd the deſart, wand'ring round
A wild and ſolitary ground.

4 There they [illegible] and no leading road,
Nor city for a fix'd abode;
Nor food, nor fountain to assuage
Their burning thirst, or hunger's rage.]
5 In their distress to God they cry'd;
God was their Saviour and their guide;
He led their march far wand'ring round;
'Twas the right path to *Canaan*'s ground.
6 Thus when our first release we gain
From sin's old yoke, and *Satan*'s chain,
We have this desart world to pass,
A dang'rous, and a tiresome place.
7 He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps lest we stray,
He guards us with a pow'rful hand,
And brings us to the heav'nly land.
8 O let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord;
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

PSALM CVII. *2d Part.* Long Metre.

Correction for sin, and release by prayer.

1 FROM age to age exalt his name;
God and his grace are still the same;
He fills the hungry soul with food,
And feeds the poor with ev'ry good.
2 But if their hearts rebel, and rise
Against the God who rules the skies—
If they reject his heav'nly word,
And slight the counsels of the Lord:
3 He'll bring their spirits to the ground,
And no deliv'rance shall be found;
Laden with grief they waste their breath

In darkneſs, and the ſhades of death.
4 Then to the Lord they raiſe their cries,
He makes the dawning light ariſe,
And ſcatters all that gilmal ſhade
Which hung ſo heavy round their head.
5 He cuts the bars of braſs in two,
And lets the ſoaring priſ'ner through;
Takes off the load of guilt and grief,
And gives the lab'ring ſoul relief.
6 O may the ſons of men record
The wond'rous goodneſs of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praiſe.

PSALM CVII. *3d Part.* Long Metre

Intemperance puniſhed and pardoned: or, a pſalm for the glutton and the drunkard.

1 VAIN man on fooliſh pleaſures bent,
Prepares for his own puniſhment:
What pains, what loathſome maladies
From luxury and luſt ariſe!
2 The drunkard feels his vitals waſte,
Yet drowns his health to pleaſe his taſte,
'Till all his active pow'rs are loſt,
And fainting life grows near the duſt.
3 The glutton groans, and loaths to eat,
His ſoul abhors delicious meat;
Nature, with heavy loads oppreſt,
Would yield to death to be releas'd.
4 Then how the frighted ſinners fly
To God, for help, with earneſt cry!
He hears their groans, prolongs their breath,
And ſaves them from approaching death.
5 No med'cines could effect the cure

So quick, so eafy, or ſo ſure:
The deadly ſentence God repeals,
He ſends his ſov'reign word, and heals.
6 O may the ſons of men record
The wond'rous goodneſs of the Lord;
And let their thankful off'rings prove
How they adore their Maker's love.

PSALM CVII 4th *Part.* Long Metre.

Deliverance from ſtorms and ſhipwreck: or, the ſeaman's ſong.

1 WOULD you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad,
Go with the mariners, and trace
The unknown regions of the ſeas.
2 They leave their native ſhores behind,
And ſeize the favour of the wind;
'Till God commands, and tempeſts riſe,
Which heave the ocean to the ſkies.
3 Now to the heav'ns they mount amain,
Now ſink to dreadful deeps again;
What ſtrange affrights young ſailors feel,
And like a ſtagg'ring drunkard reel!
4 When land is far, and death is nigh,
Loſt to all hopes, to God they cry;
His mercy hears their loud addreſs,
And ſends ſalvation in diſtreſs.
5 He bids the winds their wrath aſſuage,
The furious waves forget their rage;
'Tis calm; and ſailors ſmile to ſee
The haven where they wiſh'd to be.
6 O may the ſons of men record
The wond'rous goodneſs of the Lord!
Let them their private off'rings bring,

And in the church his glory sing.

PSALM CVII. Common Metre.

The mariner's psalm.

1 THY works of glory, mighty Lord,
Thy wonders in the deeps,
The sons of courage shall record,
Who trade in floating ships.

2 At thy command the winds arise,
And swell the towering waves;
The men astonish'd, mount the skies,
And sink in gaping graves.

3 [Again they climb the watery hills,
And plunge in deep again,
Each like a fright'ned drunkard reels,
And finds his courage vain.

4 Frighted to hear the tempests roar,
They pant with hasty breath,
And hopeless of the distant shore,
Expect immediate death.]

5 Then to the Lord they raise their cries,
He hears the mournful call,
And orders silence thro' the skies,
And lays the floods to fall.

6 Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,
And see the storm allay'd;
Now to their eyes the port appears:
There let their vows be paid.

7 'Tis God who brings them safe to land;
Let stupid mortals know
That waves are under his command,
And all the winds which blow.

8 O that the sons of men would praise
The goodness of the Lord;

And thoſe who ſee thy wond'rous ways,
Thy won'rous love record.

PSALM CVII. *Laſt Part.* Long Metre.

Colonies planted: or, nations bleſt and puniſhed.

A Pſalm for NEWENGLAND.

WHen God, provok'd with daring crimes,
Scourges the madneſs of the times,
He turns their fields to barren ſand,
And dries the rivers from the land.

2 His word can raiſe the ſprings again,
And make the wither'd mountains green,
Send ſhowery bleſſings from the ſkies,
And harveſts in the deſart riſe.

3 [Where nothing dwelt but beaſts of prey,
Or men as fierce and wild as they;
He bids th' oppreſt and poor repair,
And build them towns and cities there.

4 They ſow the fields, and trees they plant,
Whoſe yearly fruit ſupplies their want:
Their race grows up from fruitful ſtocks,
Their wealth increaſes with their flocks.

5 Thus they are bleſt; but if they ſin,
He lets the Heathen nations in;
A ſavage crew invades their lands,
Their children die by barb'rous hands.

6 Their captive ſons expos'd to ſcorn,
Wander unpity'd and forlorn;
The country lies unfenc'd, untill'd,
And deſolation ſpreads the field.

7 Yet if the humble nation mourns,
Again his dreadful hand he turns;
Again he makes the cities thrive,
And bids the dying churches live.]

8 The righteous, with a joyful ſenſe,
Admire the works of providence;
And tongues of Atheiſts ſhall no more
Blaſpheme the God whom ſaints adore.
9 How few with pious care record
Theſe wond'rous dealings of the Lord!
But wiſe obſervers ſtill ſhall find
The Lord is holy, juſt and kind.

PSALM CIX. Common Metre.

Love to enemies from the example of Chriſt.

1 GOD of my mercy and my praiſe,
Thy glory is my ſong;
Though ſinners ſpeak againſt thy grace,
With a blaſpheming tongue.
2 When in the form of mortal man
Thy ſon on earth was found,
With cruel ſlanders falſe and vain,
They compaſs'd him around.
3 Their mis'ries his compaſſion move,
Their peace he ſtill purſu'd;
They render hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.
4 Their malice rag'd without a cauſe,
Yet with his dying breath,
He pray'd for murd'rers on his croſs,
And bleſt his foes in death.
5 Lord, ſhall thy bright example ſhine
In vain before my eyes?
Give me a ſoul a-kin to thine,
To love my enemies.
6 The Lord ſhall on my ſide engage,
And in my Saviour's name
I ſhall defeat their pride and rage,

Who ſlander and condemn.

PSALM CX. *1ſt Part.* Long Metre.

Chriſt *exalted, and multitudes converted: or, the ſucceſs of the goſpel.*

1 THUS the eternal Father ſpake
To *Chriſt* the Son, "Aſcend and ſit
"At my right hand, 'till I ſhall make
"Thy foes ſubmiſſive at thy feet.
2 "From *Zion* ſhall thy word proceed,
"Thy word, the ſceptre in thy hand,
"Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
"And bow their wills to thy command.
3 "That day ſhall ſhew thy pow'r is great,
"When ſaints ſhall flock with willing minds,
"And ſinners crowd thy temple-gate,
"Where holineſs and beauty ſhines."
4 O bleſſed pow'r! O glorious day,
What a large victory ſhall enſue!
And converts who thy grace obey,
Exceed the drops of morning dew.

PSALM CX. *2d Part.* Long Metre.

The kingdom and prieſthood of Chriſt.

1 THUS the great Lord of earth and ſea
Spake to his Son, and thus he ſwore:
"Eternal ſhall thy prieſthood be,
"And change from hand to hand no more.
2 "*Aaron* and all his ſons muſt die:
"But everlaſting life is thine,
"To ſave for ever thoſe who fly
"For refuge from the wrath divine.
3 "By me *Melchiſedek* was made
"On earth a king and prieſt at once;

4 *Jesus* the Priest ascends his throne,
While counsels of eternal peace,
Between the Father and the Son,
Proceed with honor and success.

5 Thro' the whole earth his reign shall spread,
And crush the pow'rs which dare rebel;
Then shall he judge the rising dead,
And send the guilty world to hell.

6 Though while he treads his glorious way,
He drinks the cup of tears and blood!
The sufferings of that dreadful day
Shall but advance him near to God.

PSALM CX Common Metre.

Christ's kingdom and priesthood.

1 *JESUS*, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
And near thy Father sit:
In *Zion* shall thy pow'r be known,
And make thy foes submit.

2 What wonders shall thy gospel do!
Thy converts shall surpass
The num'rous drops of morning dew,
And own thy sov'reign grace.

3 God hath pronounc'd a firm decree,
Nor changes what he swore;
"Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
"When *Aaron* is no more.

4 "*Melchisedek*, that wond'rous priest,
"That king of high degree,
"That holy man whom *Abrah'm* blest,
"Was but a type of thee."

5 *Jesus* our Priest for ever lives

The blessings of his love.

6 God shall exalt his glorious head,
And his high throne maintain,
Shall strike the pow'rs and princes dead,
Who dare oppose his reign

PSALM CXI. *1st Part.* Common Metre.

The wisdom of God in his works.

1 SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my almighty God:
He has my heart, and he my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.

2 How great the works his hand has wrought
How glorious in our sight!
God! men in ev'ry age have sought
His wonders with delight.

3 How vast exist is nature's frame!
How wise th' eternal mind!
His counsels never change the scheme
Which his first thoughts design'd.

4 When he redeem'd his chosen sons,
He fix'd his cov'nant sure:
The orders which his lips pronounce,
To endless years endure.

5 Nature and time, and earth and skies,
Thy heav'nly skill proclaim:
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read thy name?

6 To fear thy pow'r, to trust thy grace,
Is our divinest skill:
And he's the wisest of our race
Who best obeys thy will.

PSALM CXI. *2d Part.* Common Metre.

The perfections of God.

GReat is the Lord : his works of might
D maud our noblest songs ;
Let his assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.
2 Great is the mercy of the Lord,
He gives his children food ;
And ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promise good.
3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To seal his cov'nant sure :
Holy and rev'rend is his name,
His ways are just and pure.
4 They who would grow divinely wise,
Must with his fear begin ;
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating ev'ry sin.

PSALM CXII. Particular Metre.

The blessings of the liberal man.

1 THAT man is blest who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law :
His seed on earth shall be renown'd :
His house, the seat of wealth, shall be
An unexhausted treasury,
And with successive honours crown'd.
2 His lib'ral favours he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends :
A gen'rous pity fills his mind ;
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs,
And thus he's just to all mankind.
3 His hands, while they his alms bestow'd,
His glory's future harvest sow'd :
The sweet remembrance of the just,

Like a green root, revives and bears
A train of bleſſings for his heirs,
When dying nature ſleeps in duſt.
4 Beſet with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd ſhall he maintain his ground:
His conſcience holds his courage up:
The ſoul that's fill'd with virtue's light,
Shines brighteſt in affliction's night;
And ſees in darkneſs beams of hope.

PAUSE.

5 [Ill tidings never can ſurpriſe
The heart, which fix'd on God relies,
Though waves and tempeſt roar around;
Safe on a rock, he ſits, and ſees
The ſhipwreck of his enemies,
And all their hope and glory drown'd.
6 The wicked ſhall his triumph ſee,
And gnaſh their teeth in agony,
To find their expectations croſt;
They and their envy, pride and ſpite,
Sink down to everlaſting night,
And all their names in darkneſs loſt.]

PSALM CXII. Long Metre.

The bleſſings of the pious and charitable.

1 THRICE happy man who fears the Lord,
Loves his commands, and truſts his word;
Honor and peace his days attend,
And bleſſings to his ſeed deſcend.
2 Compaſſion dwells upon his mind,
To works of mercy ſtill inclin'd:
He lends the poor ſome preſent aid,
Or gives them not to be repaid.
3 When times grow dark, and tidings ſpread,

Which fill his neighbour round with dread,
His heart is arm'd againſt the fear,
For God with all his pow'r is there.
4 His ſoul, well fix'd upon the Lord,
Draws heav'nly courage from his word;
Amidſt the darkneſs, light ſhall riſe,
To cheer his heart, and bleſs his eyes.
5 He hath diſpers'd his alms abroad,
His works are ſtill before his God;
His name on earth ſhall long remain,
While envious ſinners fret in vain.

PSALM CXII. Common Metre.

Liberality rewarded.

1 HAPPY is he who fears the Lord,
And follows his commands,
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with lib'ral hands.
2 As pity dwells within his breaſt,
To all the ſons of need:
So God ſhall anſwer his requeſt,
With bleſſings on his ſeed.
3 No evil tidings ſhall ſurpriſe
His well-eſtabliſh'd mind;
His ſoul to God, his refuge, flies,
And leaves his fears behind.
4 In times of general diſtreſs,
Some beams of light ſhall ſhine,
To ſhew the world his righteouſneſs,
And give him peace divine.
5 His works of piety and love,
Remain before the Lord:
Honour on earth, and joy above,
Shall be his ſure reward.

PSALM CXIII. Particular Metre.

The majesty and condescension of GOD.

1 YE who delight to serve the Lord,
The honours of his name record,
His sacred name for ever bless:
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Let lands and seas his pow'r confess.

2 Not time, nor nature's narrow rounds,
Can give his vast dominion bounds;
The heav'ns are far below his height;
Let no created greatness dare
With our eternal God compare,
Arm'd with his uncreated might.

3 He bows his glorious head to view
What the bright hosts of angels do,
And bends his ear to mortal things;
His sov'reign hand exalts the poor,
He takes the needy from the door,
And makes them company for kings.

4 When childless families despair,
He sends the blessing of an heir,
To rescue their expiring name;
The mother, with a thankful voice,
Proclaims his praises and her joys:
Let ev'ry age advance his fame.

PSALM CXIII. Long Metre.

God sovereign and gracious.

1 YE servants of th' almighty King,
In ev'ry age his praises sing;
Where'er the sun shall rise or set,
The nations shall his praise repeat.

2 Above the earth, beyond the sky,

Stands his high throne of majesty ;
Nor time, nor place his pow'r restrain,
Nor bound his universal reign.
Which of the sons of *Adam* dare,
Or angels with their God compare ?
His glories, how divinely bright,
Who dwells in uncreated light !

4 Behold his love : he stoops to view
What saints above and angels do ;
And condescends yet more, to know
The mean affairs of men below.

5 From dust and cottages obscure,
His grace exalts the humble poor ;
Gives them the honour of his sons,
And fits them for his heav'nly thrones.

6 [A word of his creating voice
Can make the barren house rejoice :
Though *Sarah*'s ninety years were past,
The promis'd seed is born at last.

7 With joy the mother views her son,
And tells the wonders God has done :
Faith may grow strong when sense despairs :
If nature fails, the promise bears.]

PSALM CXIV. Long Metre.

Miracles attending Israel's *journey.*

1 WHen *Isr'el* freed from *Pharaoh*'s hand,
Left the proud tyrant and his land,
The tribes with cheerful homage own
Their King, and *Judah* was his throne.

2 Across the deep their journey lay :
The deep divides to make them way :
Jordan beheld their march, and fled
With backward current to his head.

3 The mountain shook like frighted sheep,
Like lambs the little hillocks leap;
Not *Sinai* on her base could stand,
Conscious of sov'reign pow'r at hand.
4 What pow'r could make the deep divide!
Make *Jordan* backward roll his tide!
Why did ye leap, ye little hills?
And whence the fright which *Sinai* feels?
5 Let ev'ry mountain, ev'ry flood
Retire and know th' approaching God,
The King of *Isr'el*; see him here:
Tremble thou earth, adore, and fear.
6 He thunders, and all nature mourns,
The rock to standing pools he turns;
Flints spring with fountains at his word,
And fires and seas confess the Lord.

PSALM CXV. Long Metre.

The true God our refuge: or, idolatry reproved.

1 NOT to ourselves, who are but dust,
Not to ourselves is glory due;
Eternal God, thou only just,
Thou only gracious, wise and true.
2 Shine forth in all thy dreadful name;
Why should a *Heathen*'s haughty tongue
Insult us, and to raise our shame,
Say, *Where's the God you've serv'd so long?*
3 The God we serve, maintains his throne
Above the clouds, beyond the skies;
Through all the earth his will is done,
He knows our groans, he hears our cries.
4 But the vain idols they adore
Are senseless shapes of stone and wood;
At best, a mass of glitt'ring ore,

A silver saint, or gilded god,
With eyes and ears they carve the head,
5 [Dull are their ears, their eyes are blind:
In vain are costly off'rings made,
And vows are scatter'd to the wind.
6 Their feet were never made to move,
Nor hands to save when mortals pray;
Mortals who pay them fear or love,
Seem to be blind and deaf as they.]
7 O *Israel*, make the Lord thy hope,
Thy help, thy refuge, and thy rest,
The Lord shall build thy ruins up,
And bless the people and the priest.
8 The dead no more can speak thy praise,
The dwell in silence in the grave;
But we shall live to sing thy grace,
And tell the world thy pow'r to save.

PSALM CXV. Particular Metre.

Popish idolatry reproved.

1 NOT to our names be all the glory given,
Not to our worthless names is glory due;
Thy pow'r and grace, thy truth and justice claim
Immortal honors to thy sov'reign name.
Shine through the earth, from heav'n thy bl
abode,
Nor let the Heathen say, "And where's y
2 Heav'n is thine higher court: there stands
throne,
And thro' the lower worlds thy will is d
Our God fram'd all this earth, these he
he spread,
But fools adore the gods their hands
The kneeling crowd, with looks devout,

Their silver [illegible] and their saints of gold.
3 [Vain are th[illegible]e artful shapes of eyes and ears,
The molten image neither sees nor hears;
Their hands are helpless, nor their feet can move, [nor love!
They have no speech, nor thought, nor pow'r,
Yet foolish mortals make their long complaints
To their deaf idols, and their moveless saints.
4 The rich have statues well adorn'd with gold;
The poor content with gods of coarser mould,
With tools of iron carve the senseless stock,
Lopt from a tree, or broken from a rock:
People and priests drive on the solemn trade,
And trust the gods which saws and hammars made.]
5 Be heav'n and earth amaz'd! 'tis hard to say
Which are more stupid, or their gods, or they:
O *Isr'el* trust the Lord: he hears and sees,
He knows thy sorrows, and restores thy peace:
His worship does a thousand comforts yield,
He is thy help, and he thine heav'nly shield.
6 In God we trust; our impious foes in-vain
Attempt our ruin, and oppose his reign:
Had they prevail'd, darkness had clos'd our days,
And death and silence had forbid his praise:
But we are sav'd, and live: let songs arise,
And *Zion* bless the God who built the skies.

PSALM CXVI. *1st Part.* Common Metre.

Recovery from sickness.

I LOVE the Lord: he heard my cries,
And pity'd ev'ry groan:
Long as I live when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.

2 I love the Lord; he bow'd his ear,
And chas'd my griefs away;
O let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray.

3 My flesh decliu'd, my spirits fell,
And I drew near the dead,
While inward pangs and fears of hell,
Perplex'd my wakeful head.

4 "My God," I cry'd, "thy servant save,
"Thou ever good and just;
"Thy pow'r can rescue from the grave,
"Thy pow'r is all my trust."

5 The Lord beheld me sore distrest,
He bid my pains remove;
Return, my soul, to God, thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.

6 My God hath sav'd my soul from death,
And dry'd my falling tears:
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
And my remaining years.

PSALM CXVI. 2d *Part.* Common Met

Vows made in trouble, paid in the Church: or, pu
thanks for private deliverance.

1 WHAT shall I render to my God,
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints who fill thy house,
My offrings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever-blessed God!

How dear thy ſervants in thy ſight!
How precious is their blood.
How happy all thy ſervants are!
How great thy grace to me:
My life, which thou haſt made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.
Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor ſhall my purpoſe move;
Thy hand hath loos'd my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.
Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witneſs, ye ſaints, who hear me now,
If I forſake the Lord.

PSALM CXVII. Common Metre.

Praiſe to God from all nations.

O ALL ye nations, praiſe the Lord,
Each with a diff'rent tongue;
In ev'ry language learn his word,
And let his name be ſung.
His mercy reigns through ev'ry land;
Proclaim his grace abroad;
For ever firm his truth ſhall ſtand;
Praiſe ye the faithful God.

PSALM CXVII. Long Metre.

FROM all who dwell below the ſkies
Let the Creator's praiſe ariſe:
Let the Redeemer's name be ſung
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praiſe ſhall ſound from ſhore to ſhore,
'Till ſuns ſhall riſe and ſet no more.

PSALM CXVII. Short Metre.

1 THY name, almighty Lord,
Shall ſound through diſtant lands;
Great is thy grace, and ſure thy word,
Thy truth for ever ſtands.

2 Far be thine honor ſpread,
And long thy praiſe endure,
'Till morning light and ev'ning ſhade
Shall be exchang'd no more.

PSALM CXVIII. *1ſt Part.* Common Metre.

Deliverance from a tumult.

1 THE Lord appears my helper now,
Nor is my faith afraid
What all the ſons of earth can do,
Since Heav'n affords its aid.

2 'Tis ſafer, Lord, to truſt in thee,
And have my God my friend,
Than truſt in men of high degree,
And on their truth depend.

3 Like bees my foes beſet me round,
A large and angry ſwarm;
But I ſhall all their rage confound,
By thine almighty arm.

4 'Tis through the Lord my heart is ſtrong,
In him my lips rejoice;
While his ſalvation is my ſong,
How cheerful is my voice!

5 Like angry bees they girt me round;
When God appears, they fly:
So burning thorns, with crackling ſound,
Make a fierce blaze, and die.

6 Joy to the ſaints, and peace belongs;
The Lord protects their ways:

Let *Isr'el* tune immortal songs
To his almighty grace.

PSALM CXVIII. *2d Part.* Common Metre.

Public praise for deliverance from death.

1 LORD, thou hast heard thy servant cry,
And rescu'd from the grave;
Now shall he live: (and none can die,
If God resolve to save.)

2 Thy praise, more constant than before,
Shall fill his daily breath;
Thy hand which hath chastis'd him sore,
Defends him still from death.

3 Open the gates of *Zion* now,
For we shall worship there,
The house where all the righteous go,
Thy mercy to declare.

4 Among th' assemblies of thy saints,
Our thankful voice we raise;
There we have told thee our complaints,
And there we speak thy praise.

PSALM CXVIII. *3d Part.* Common Metre.

Christ *the foundation of his Church.*

1 BEHOLD the sure foundation-Stone, *ing of*
Which God in *Zion* lays,
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore his name;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this Rock the church shall rest,

And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withſtood?
Yet muſt this building riſe;
'Tis thy own work, almighty God,
And wond'rous in our eyes.

PSALM CXVIII. *4th Part.* Common Metre.

Hoſanna; *the Lord's day: or,* Chriſt's *reſurrection, and our ſalvation.*

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praiſe ſurround the throne.

2 To-day he roſe and left the dead,
And *Satan*'s empire fell;
To-day the ſaints his triumphs ſpread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 *Hoſanna* to th' anointed King,
To *David*'s holy Son:
Help us, O Lord: deſcend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Bleſt be the Lord, who comes to men
With meſſages of grace,
Who comes in God his Father's name,
To ſave our ſinful race.

5 *Hoſanna* in the higheſt ſtrains
The Church on earth can raiſe;
The higheſt heav'ns, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nob'ler praiſe.

PSALM CXVIII. Short Metre.

An Hoſanna *for the Lord's day: or, a new ſong of ſalvation by* Chriſt.

1 SEE what a Living Stone
The builders did refuſe!

Yet God hath built his Church thereon,
In spite of envious *Jews*.
2 The scribe and angry priest
Reject thine only Son;
Yet on this Rock shall *Zion* rest,
As the chief Corner-Stone.
3 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wond'rous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine,
This day did *Jesus* rise.
4 This is the glorious day
Which our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray;
Let all the Church be glad.
5 *Hosanna* to the King
Of *David*'s royal blood;
Bless him, ye saints: he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.
6 We bless thy holy word,
Which all this grace displays;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

PSALM CXVIII. Long Metre.

An Hosanna *for the Lord's day: or, a new song of salvation by* Christ.

1 LO! what a glorious Corner-Stone
The *Jewish* builders did refuse;
But God hath built his Church thereon,
In spite of envy and the *Jews*.
2 Great God, the work is all divine,
The joy and wonder of our eyes;
This is the day which proves it thine,
The day which saw our Saviour rise.

3 Sinners rejoice, and saints be glad:
Hosanna, let his name be blest:
A thousand honours on his head,
With peace and light, and glory rest.
4 In God's own name he comes to bring
Salvation to our dying race;
Let the whole church address their King
With hearts of joy, and songs of praise.

PSALM CXIX. *1st Part.* Common Metre.

[*I have collected and disposed the most useful verses of this Psalm under eighteen different heads, and formed a divine song upon each of them: but the verses are much transposed, to attain some degree of connexion. In some places among the words,* law, commands, judgments, testimonies, *I have used* gospel, word, grace, truth, promises, &c. *as more agreeable to the New Testament, and the common language of Christians; and it equally answers the design of the Psalmist, which was to recommend the holy scriptures.*]

The blessedness of saints, and misery of sinners.

Ver. 1, 2, 3.

1 BLEST are the undefil'd in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean,
Who never from thy law depart,
But fly from ev'ry sin.
2 Blest are the men who keep thy word,
And practise thy commands;
With their whole heart they seek the Lord,
And serve thee with their hands.

Ver. 165.

3 Great is their peace who love thy law;
How firm their souls abide!
Nor can a bold temptation draw

Their ſteady feet aſide.

Ver. 6.

4 Then ſhall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from ſhame,
When all thy ſtatutes I obey,
And honour all thy name.

Ver. 21, 118.

5 But haughty ſinners, God will hate,
The proud ſhall die accurſt;
The ſons of falſehood and deceit
Are trodden to the duſt.

Ver. 119, 155.

6 Vile as the droſs the wicked are:
And thoſe who leave thy ways
Shall ſee ſalvation from afar,
But never taſte thy grace.

PSALM CXIX. *2d Part.* Common Metre.

Secret devotion, and ſpiritual-mindedneſs: or, conſtant converſe with God.

Ver. 147, 55.

1 TO thee, before the dawning light,
My gracious God, I pray,
I meditate thy name by night,
And keep thy law by day.

Ver. 81.

2 My ſpirit faints to ſee thy grace,
Thy promiſe bears me up;
And while ſalvation long delays,
Thy word ſupports my hope.

Ver. 164.

3 Sev'n times a-day I lift my hands,
And pay my thanks to thee;
Thy righteous providence demands

Repeated praiſe from me.

Ver. 62.

4 When midnight darkneſs veils the ſkies,
I call thy works to mind;
My thoughts in warm devotion riſe,
And ſweet acceptance find.

PSALM CXIX. *3d Part.* Common Metre.

Profeſſions of ſincerity, repentance and obedience.

Ver. 57, 60.

1 THOU art my portion, O my God;
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haſte t' obey thy word,
And ſuffers no delay.

Ver. 30, 14.

2 I chuſe the path of heav'nly truth,
And glory in my choice:
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me ſo rejoice.

3 The teſtimonies of thy grace,
I ſet before my eyes;
Thence I derive my daily ſtrength,
And there my comfort lies.

Ver. 59.

4 If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways,
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And truſt thy pard'ning grace.

Ver. 94, 114.

5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
O ſave thy ſervant, Lord;
Thou art my ſhield, my hiding-place,
My hope is in thy word.

Ver. 112.

6 Thou haſt inclin'd this heart of mine,
Thy ſtatutes to fulfil:
And thus 'till mortal life ſhall end,
Would I perform thy will.

PSALM CXIX. 4th Part. Common Metre.

Inſtruction from ſcripture.

Ver. 9.

1 HOW ſhall the young ſecure their hearts,
And guard their lives from ſin?
Thy word the choiceſt rule imparts,
To keep the conſcience clean.

Ver. 130.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It ſpreads ſuch light abroad,
The meaneſt ſouls inſtruction find,
And raiſe their thoughts to God.

Ver. 105

3 'Tis like the ſun, an heav'nly light,
Which guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

Ver. 99. 100.

4 The men who keep thy law with care,
And meditate thy word,
Grow wiſer than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.

Ver. 104, 113.

5 Thy precepts make me truly wiſe;
I hate the ſinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts which riſe,
But love thy law, my God.

Ver. 89, 90. 91.

6 [The ſtarry heav'ns thy rule obey,

The earth maintains her place;
And these, thy servants night and day,
Thy skill and pow'r express.

7 But still thy law and gospel, Lord,
Have lessons more divine:
Not earth it self firmer than thy word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.]

Ver. 160, 140, 9, 116.

8 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is ev'ry page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

PSALM CXIX. *5th Part.* Common Metre.

Delight in scripture: or, the word of God dwelling in us.

Ver. 97.

1 O HOW I love thy holy law!
'Tis daily my delight;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

Ver. 148.

2 My 'waking eyes prevent the day,
To meditate thy word;
My soul with longing melts away,
To hear thy gospel, Lord.

Ver. 3, 13-54.

3 How doth thy word my heart engage!
How well employ my tongue!
And in my tiresome pilgrimage
Yields me an heav'nly song.

Ver. 72, 127.

4 Am I a stranger, or at home,
'Tis my perpetual feast;
Not honey dropping from the comb,

So much allures the taste.
Ver 72, 127.

5 No treasures to enrich the mind;
Nor shall thy word be sold
For loads of silver, well refin'd,
Nor heaps of choicest gold.
Ver. 28, 49, 175.

6 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I raise thy praise.

PSALM CXIX. *6th Part.* Common Metre.
Holiness and comfort from the word.
Ver. 128.

1 LORD, I esteem thy judgments right,
And call thy statutes just;
Thence I maintain a constant fight
With ev'ry flatt'ring lust.
Ver. 97, 9.

2 Thy precepts often I survey:
I keep thy law in sight
Through all the business of the day,
To form my actions right.
Ver. 62.

3 My heart in midnight silence cries,
"How sweet thy comforts be!"
My thoughts in holy wonder rise,
And bring their thanks to thee:
Ver. 162.

4 And when my spirit drinks her fill
At some good word of thine,
Not mighty men who share the spoil,
Have joys compar'd to mine.

PSALM CXIX. *7th Part.* Common Metre.

Imperfection of nature, and perfection of scripture.

Ver 96, paraphrased.

1 LET all the Heathen writers join
To form one perfect book,
Great God! if once compar'd with thine,
How mean their writings look!

2 Not the most perfect rules they gave,
Could shew one sin forgiv'n,
Nor lead a step beneath the grave—
But thine conduct to heav'n.

3 I've seen an end of what we call
Perfection here below;
How short the pow'rs of nature fall,
And can no further go!

4 Yet men would fain be just with God,
By works their hands have wrought;
But thy commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to ev'ry thought!

5 In vain we boast perfection here,
While sin defiles our frame,
And sinks our virtues down so far,
They scarce deserve the name.

6 Our faith and love, and ev'ry grace,
Fall far below thy word;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

PSALM CXIX. *8th Part.* Common Metre.

The word of God is the saint's portion: or, the excellency and variety of the scriptures.

Ver. 111, paraphrased.

1 LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;

There ſhall my nobleſt pow'rs rejoice,
My warmeſt thoughts engage.
2 I'll read the hiſt'ries of thy love,
And keep thy law in ſight,
While through the promiſes I rove,
With ever-freſh delight.
3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where ſprings of life ariſe:
Seeds of immortal bliſs are ſown,
And hidden glory lies.
4 The beſt relief which mourners have,
It makes our ſorrows bleſt;
Our faireſt hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal reſt.

PSALM CXIX. *9th Part.* Common Metre.

Deſire of knowledge: or, the teaching of the Spirit with the word.

Ver. 64, 68, 18.

1 THY mercies fill the earth, O Lord,
How good thy works appear!
Open mine eyes to read thy word,
And ſee thy wonders there.

Ver. 73, 125.

2 My heart was faſhion'd by thy hand,
My ſervice is thy due;
O make thy ſervant underſtand
The duties he muſt do.

Ver. 19.

3 Since I'm a ſtranger here below,
Let not thy path be hid,
But mark the road my feet ſhould go,
And be my conſtant guide.

Ver. 26.

4 When I confess'd my wand'ring ways,
Thou heardst my soul complain;
Grant me the teachings of thy grace,
Or I shall stray again.
Ver. 33, 34.

5 If God to me his statutes shew,
And heav'nly truth impart,
His work for ever I'll pursue,
His law shall rule my heart.
Ver. 50, 71.

6 This was my comfort when I bore
Variety of grief;
It made me learn thy word the more,
And fly to that relief.
Ver. 51.

7 [In vain the proud deride me now;
I'll ne'er forget thy law,
Nor let that blessed gospel go,
Whence all my hopes I draw.
Ver. 27, 171.

8 When I have learnt my Father's will,
I'll teach the world his ways:
My thankful lips, inspir'd with zeal,
Shall loud pronounce his praise.]

PSALM CXIX. 10*th Part.* Common Metre.

Pleading the promises.
Ver. 38, 49.

1 BEHOLD thy waiting servant, Lord,
Devoted to thy fear;
Remember and confirm thy word,
For all my hopes are there.
Ver. 41, 58, 107.

2 Hast thou not sent salvation down,

And promis'd quick'ning grace?
Doth not my heart address thy throne?
And yet thy love delays.

Ver. 123. 42.

3 Mine eyes for thy salvation fail,
O bear thy servant up;
Nor let the scoffing lips prevail,
Which dare reproach my hope.

Ver. 49 74.

4 Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord?
Then let thy truth appear:
Saints shall rejoice in my reward,
And trust as well as fear.

PSALM CXIX. 11*th Part* Common Metre.

Breathing after holiness.

Ver. 5, 36.

1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

Ver. 29.

2 O send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

Ver. 36. 37.

3 From vanity turn off mine eyes,
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.

Ver. 133.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;

Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

Ver. 176.

5 My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip;
Yet since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wand'ring sheep.

Ver. 35.

6 Make me to walk in thy commands;
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

PSALM CXIX. 12*th Part* Common Metre.

Breathing after comfort and deliverance.

Ver. 153.

1 MY God, consider my distress,
Let mercy plead my cause;
Though I have sinn'd against thy grace,
I can't forget thy laws.

Ver. 39, 116.

2 Forbid, forbid the sharp reproach,
Which I so justly fear;
Uphold my life, uphold my hopes,
Nor let my shame appear.

Ver. 122, 135.

3 Be thou a surety, Lord, for me,
Nor let the proud oppress,
But make thy waiting servant see
The shinings of thy face.

Ver. 82.

4 My eyes with expectation fail,
My heart within me cries,
When will the Lord his truth fulfil,

And make my comforts rise?

Ver. 132

5 Look down upon my sorrows, Lord,
And shew thy grace the same,
As thou art ever won't to afford
To those who love thy name.

PSALM CXIX. 13*th Part.* Common Metre.

Holy fear, and tenderness of conscience.

Ver. 10.

1 WITH my whole heart I've sought thy face,
O let me never stray
From thy commands, O God of grace,
Nor tread the sinners' way.

Ver. 11.

2 Thy word I've hid within my heart,
To keep my conscience clean,
And be an everlasting guard
From ev'ry rising sin.

Ver. 63. 53, 158.

3 I'm a companion of the saints,
Who fear and love the Lord;
My sorrows rise, my nature faints,
When men transgress thy word.

Ver. 161, 163.

4 While sinners do thy gospel wrong,
My spirit stands in awe;
My soul abhors a lying tongue,
But loves thy righteous law.

Ver. 161, 120.

5 My heart with sacred rev'rence hears
The threat'nings of thy word:
My flesh with holy trembling fears

Ver. 166, 174.

6 My God, I long, I hope, I wait
For thy salvation still,
While thy whole law is my delight,
And I obey thy will.

PSALM CXIX. 14*th Part.* Common Metre.

Benefit of afflictions, and support under them.

Ver. 153 81, 82.

1 CONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,
And thy deliv'rance send:
My soul for thy salvation faints;
When will my troubles end?

Ver. 71.

2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's rod;
Afflictions make me learn thy law,
And live upon my God.

Ver. 50.

3 This is the comfort I enjoy
When new distress begins:
I read thy word, I run thy way,
And hate my former sins.

Ver. 92.

4 Had not thy word been my delight
When earthly joys were fled,
My soul, oppress'd with sorrow's weight,
Had sunk among the dead.

Ver. 75.

5 I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
Though they may seem severe;
The sharpest suff'rings I endure,
Flow from thy faithful care.

Ver. 67.

6 Before I knew thy chaſtning rod,
My feet were apt to ſtray;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander in my way.

PSALM CXIX. 15*th Part.* Common Metre.

Holy reſolutions.

Ver. 93.

1 O THAT thy ſtatutes ev'ry hour
Might dwell upon my mind!
Thence I'd derive a quick'ning pow'r,
And ſoul, peace I find.

Ver. 15. 16.

2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
Shall be my ſweet employ;
My ſoul ſhall ne'er forget thy word;
Thy word is all my joy.

Ver. 32.

3 How would I run in thy commands,
If thou my heart diſcharge
From ſin and *Satan*'s hateful chains,
And ſet my feet at large!

Ver. 13, 46.

4 My lips with courage ſhall declare
Thy ſtatutes, and thy name;
I'll ſpeak thy word, though kings ſhould hear,
Nor yield to ſinful ſhame.

Ver. 61, 69 70.

5 Let bands of perſecutors riſe
To rob me of my right,
Let pride and malice forge their lies,
Thy law is my delight.

Ver. 115.

6 Depart from me, ye wicked race,

Whose hands and hearts are ill;
I love my God, I love his ways,
And must obey his will.

PSALM CXIX. 16*th Part* Common Metre.

Prayer for quickening grace.

Ver. 25. 37

1 MY soul lies cleaving to the dust:
Lord, give me life divine;
From vain desires, and ev'ry lust,
Turn off these eyes of mine.

2 I need the influence of thy grace
To speed me in thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

Ver. 107.

3 When sore afflictions press me down,
I need thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Thy word, which I have rested on,
Shall help my heaviest hours.

Ver. 156, 40.

4 Are not thy mercies sov'reign still,
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heav'nly road?

Ver. 159, 40.

5 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face?
And yet how slow my spirits move
Without enliv'ning grace!

Ver. 93.

6 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quick'ning pow'r

To draw me near the Lord.

PSALM CXIX. 17*th Part.* Long Metre.

Courage and perseverance under persecution : or, grace shining in difficulties and trials.

Ver. 143, 28.

1 WHEN pain and anguish seize me, Lord,
All my support is from thy word ;
My soul dissolves for heaviness ;
Uphold me with thy strength'ning grace.

Ver. 51, 69, 110.

2 The proud have fram'd their scoffs and lies,
They watch my feet with envious eyes,
And tempt my soul to snares and sin ;
Yet thy commands I ne'er decline.

Ver. 161, 78.

3 They hate me, Lord, without a cause,
They hate to see me love thy laws :
But I will trust and fear thy name,
'Till pride and malice die with shame.

PSALM CXIX. *Last Part.* Long Metre.

Sanctified afflictions : or, delight in the word of GOD.

Ver. 67, 59.

1 FATHER, I bless thy gentle hand,
How kind was thy chastising rod,
Which forc'd my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wand'ring soul to God.

2 Foolish and vain I went astray,
Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord ;
I left my guide, and lost my way,
But now I love and keep thy word.

Ver. 71.

3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,

For pride is apt to rise and swell ;
'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,
That I might learn his statutes well.

Ver. 72.

4 The law which issues from thy mouth,
Shall raise my cheerful passions more
Than all the treasures of the *South*,
Or *Western* hills of golden ore.

Ver. 73.

5 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
Thy Spirit form'd my soul within :
Teach me to know thy wond'rous name,
And guard me safe from death and sin.

Ver. 74.

6 Then all who love and fear the Lord,
At my salvation shall rejoice ;
For I have hoped in thy word,
And made thy grace my only choice.

PSALM CXX Common Metre.

Complaint of quarrelsome neighbours : or, a devout wish for peace.

1 THOU God of love, thou ever blest,
Pity my suffering state :
When wilt thou set my soul at rest
From lips which love deceit ?

2 Hard lot of mine ! my days are cast
Among the sons of strife,
Whose never-ceasing brawlings waste
My golden hours of life.

3 O might I fly to change my place,
How would I chuse to dwell
In some wide lonesome wilderness,
And leave these gates of hell.

4 Peace is the bleſſing that I ſeek,
How lovely are its charms!
I am for peace; but when I ſpeak,
They all declare for arms.
5 New paſſions ſtill their ſouls engage,
And keep their malice ſtrong;
What ſhall be done to curb thy rage,
O thou devouring tongue!
6 Should burning arrows ſmite thee through,
Strict juſtice would approve;
But I had rather ſpare my foe,
And melt his heart with love.

PSALM CXXI. Long Metre.

Divine perfection.

1 UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the ſkies:
Thence all her help my ſoul derives;
There my almighty Refuge lives.
2 He lives; the everlaſting God,
Who built the world, who ſpread the flood;
The heav'ns with all their hoſts he made;
And the dark regions of the dead.
3 He guides our feet, he guards our way;
His morning ſmiles bleſs all the day;
He ſpreads the ev'ning veil, and keeps
The ſilent hours while *Iſr'el* ſleeps.
4 *Iſr'el*, a name divinely bleſt,
May riſe ſecure, ſecurely reſt;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no ſlumber nor ſurprize.
5 No ſun ſhall ſmite thy head by day,
Nor the pale moon with ſickly ray
Shall blaſt thy couch; no baleful ſtar

Dart his malignant fire ſo far.
6 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou ſhalt go, and ſtill return
Safe in the Lord; his heav'nly care
Defends thy life from ev'ry ſnare.
7 On thee foul ſpirits have no pow'r;
And in thy laſt departing hour,
Angels, who trace the airy road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

PSALM CXXI. Common Metre.

Preſervation by day and night.

1 TO heav'n I lift my waiting eyes,
There all my hopes are laid;
The Lord who built the earth and ſkies,
Is my perpetual aid.
2 Their feet ſhall never ſlide to fall,
Whom he deſigns to keep:
His ear attends the ſofteſt call;
His eyes can never ſleep.
3 He will ſuſtain our weakeſt pow'rs,
With his almighty arm,
And watch our moſt unguarded hours
Againſt ſurpriſing harm.
4 *Iſr'el* rejoice, and reſt ſecure,
Thy Keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful eyes employ his pow'r
For thine eternal guard.
5 Nor ſcorching ſun, nor ſickly moon,
Shall have his leave to ſmite;
He ſhields thy head from burning noon,
From blaſting damps at night.
6 He guards thy ſoul, he keeps thy breath,
Where thickeſt dangers come;

Go, and return, secure from death,
'Till God commands thee home.

PSALM CXXI. Particular Metre.

God our Preserver.

1 UPWARD I lift my eyes:
From God is all my aid;
The God who built the skies,
And earth and nature made:
God is the tow'r
To which I fly;
His grace is nigh
In ev'ry hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard, and guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Those 'wakeful eyes
Which never sleep,
Shall *Isr'el* keep,
When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of ev'ning air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there:
Thou art my sun,
And thou my shade,
To guard my head
By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not giv'n thy word,
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord,
To keep my mortal breath;
I'll go and come

Nor fear to die,
'Till from on high
Thou call me home.

PSALM CXXII. Common Metre.
Going to Church.

1 HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In *Zion* let us all appear,
"And keep the solemn day!"

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The church, adorn'd with grace,
Stands like a palace, built for God,
To shew his milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of *David* holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints;
And, while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts, and heav'nly grace,
Be her attendants blest.

6 My soul shall pray for *Zion* still,
While life or breath remains,
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns.

PSALM CXXII. Particular Metre.
Going to Church.

1 HOW pleas'd and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,

"Come, let us ſeek our God to-day;"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haſte to *Zion*'s hill,
And there our vows and honours pay.

2 *Zion*, thrice happy place,
Adorn'd with wond'rous grace,
And walls of ſtrength embrace thee round.
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praiſe, and hear
The ſacred goſpel's joyful ſound.

3 There *David*'s greater Son
Has fix'd his royal throne,
He ſits for grace and judgment there:
He bids the ſlaves be glad,
And makes the ſtubborn ſad,
And humble ſouls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thy walls,
To bleſs the ſoul of ev'ry gueſt!
The man who ſeeks thy peace,
And wiſhes thine increaſe,
A thouſand bleſſings on him reſt!

5 My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this ſacred houſe!"
For here my friends and kindred dwell;
And ſince my ſoul loves God
Makes thee his bleſt abode,
My ſoul will ever love thee well.

Let all the nations praiſe the Lord.

PSALM CXXIII. C. M. Common Metre.

Addreſſing with reſignation.

1 O Thou whoſe power and juſtice reign
Enthron'd above the ſkies,

To thee our hearts would tell their pain,
To thee we lift our eyes.

2 As ſervants watch their maſter's hand,
And fear the angry ſtroke!
Or maids before their miſtreſs ſtand,
And wait a peaceful look:

3 So for our ſins, we juſtly feel
Thy diſcipline, O God;
Yet wait the gracious moment ſtill,
'Till thou remove thy rod.

4 Thoſe who in wealth and pleaſure live,
Our daily groans deride,
And thy delays of mercy give
Fresh courage to their pride.

5 Our foes inſult us, but our hope
In thy compaſſion lies;
This thought ſhall bear our ſpirits up,
That God will not deſpiſe.

PSALM CXXIV. Long Metre.

A ſong for deliverance.

1 HAD not the Lord, may *Iſr'el* ſay,
Had not the Lord maintain'd our ſide,
When men, to make our lives a prey,
Roſe like the ſwelling of the tide;

2 The ſwelling tide had ſtopt our breath,
So fiercely did the waters roll,
We had been ſwallow'd deep in death;
Proud waters had o'erwhelm'd our ſoul.

3 We leap for joy, we ſhout and ſing,
Who juſt eſcap'd the fatal ſtroke;
So flies the bird with cheerful wing,
When once the fowler's ſnare is broke.

4 For ever bleſſed be the Lord,

Who broke the fowler's curſed ſnare,
Who ſav'd us from the murd'ring ſword,
And made our lives and ſouls his care.
5 Our help is in Jehovah's name,
Who form'd the earth and built the ſkies;
He who upholds that wond'rous frame,
Guards his own church with watchful eyes.

PSALM CXXV. Common Metre.

The ſaint's trial and ſafety.

1 UNSHAKEN as the ſacred hill,
And firm as mountains be;
Firm as a rock the ſoul ſhall reſt,
Which leans, O Lord, on thee.
2 Nor walls, nor hills, could guard ſo well
Old *Salem*'s happy ground,
As thoſe eternal arms of love
Which ev'ry ſaint ſurround.
3 While tyrants are a ſmarting ſcourge,
To drive them near to God,
Divine compaſſion does allay
The fury of the rod.
4 Deal gently, Lord, with ſouls ſincere,
And lead them ſafely on
To the bright gates of paradiſe,
Where *Chriſt* their Lord is gone.
5 But if we trace thoſe wicked ways
Which the old ſerpent drew,
The wrath which drove them firſt to hell,
Shall ſmite his fell'wers too.

PSALM CXXV. Short Metre.

The ſaint's trial and ſafety: or, moderated afflictions.

1 FIRM and unmov'd are they
Who truſt their ſouls on God;

Firm as the mount where *David* dwelt,
Or where the ark abode.
2 As mountains ſtood to guard
The city's ſacred ground,
So God and his almighty love
Embrace his ſaints around.
3 What though the Father's rod
Drop a chaſtiſing ſtroke,
Yet leſt it wound their ſouls too deep,
Its fury ſhall be broke.
4 Deal gently, Lord, with thoſe
Whoſe faith and pious fear,
Whoſe hope and love, and ev'ry grace
Proclaim their hearts ſincere.
5 Nor ſhall the tyrants' rage
Too long oppreſs the ſaint;
The God of *Iſr'el* will ſupport
His children, leſt they faint.
6 But if our ſlaviſh fear
Will chuſe the road to hell,
We muſt expect our portion there,
Where bolder ſinners dwell.

PSALM CXXVI. Long Metre.

Surpriſing deliverance.

1 WHEN GOD reſtor'd our captive ſtate,
Joy was our ſong, and grace our theme;
The grace beyond our hopes ſo great,
That joy appear'd a painted dream.
2 The ſaviour owns thy hand, and pays
Unwilling honors to thy name;
While we with pleaſure ſhout thy praiſe,
With cheerful notes thy love proclaim.
3 When we review our diſmal fears,

'Twas hard to think they'd vaniſh ſo ;
With God we left our flowing tears,
He makes our joys like rivers flow.

4 The man who in his furrow'd field,
His ſcatter'd ſeed with ſadneſs leaves,
Will ſhout to ſee the harveſt yield
A welcome load of joyful ſheaves.

PSALM CXXVI. Common Metre.

The joy of a remarkable converſion : or, melancholy removed.

1 WHEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
And chang'd my mournful ſtate,
My rapture ſeem'd a pleaſing dream,
The grace appear'd ſo great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confeſs ;
My tongue broke out in unknown ſtrains,
And ſung ſurpriſing grace.

3 "Great is the work," my neighbours cry'd,
And own'd thy pow'r divine ;
"Great is the work," my heart reply'd,
"And be the glory thine."

4 The Lord can clear the darkeſt ſkies,
Can give us day for night :
Make drops of ſacred ſorrow riſe
To rivers of delight.

5 Let thoſe who ſow in ſadneſs, wait
'Till the fair harveſt come,
They ſhall confeſs their ſheaves are great,
And ſhout the bleſſings home.

6 Though ſeed lie bury'd long in duſt,
It ſhan't deceive their hope ;
The precious grain can ne'er be loſt,

For grace insures the crop.

PSALM CXXVII. Long Metre.

The blessing of God on the business and comforts of life.

1 IF God succed not, all the cost
And pains to build the house are lost;
If God the city will not keep,
The watchful guards as well may sleep.
2 What if you rise before the sun,
And work and toil when day is done,
Careful and sparing eat your bread,
To shun that poverty you dread?
3 'Tis all in vain, 'till God hath blest:
He can make rich, yet give us rest:
Children and friends are blessings too,
If God the Sov'reign make them so.
4 Happy the man to whom he sends
Obedient children, faithful friends:
How sweet our daily comforts prove,
When they are season'd with his love!

PSALM CXXVII. Common Metre.

GOD all in all.

1 IF God to build the house deny,
The builders work in vain;
And towns, without his wakeful eye,
An useless watch maintain.
2 Before the morning beams arise,
Your painful work renew,
And 'till the stars ascend the skies,
Your tiresome toil pursue:
3 Short be your sleep, and coarse your fare;
In vain, 'till God has blest;
But if his smiles attend your care,
You shall have food and rest.

4 Nor children, relatives, nor friends,
Shall real bleſſings prove,
Nor all the earthly joys he ſends,
If ſent without his love.

PSALM CXXVIII. Common Metre.

Family bleſſings.

1 O HAPPY man, whoſe ſoul is fill'd
With zeal and rev'rend awe;
His lips to God their honours yield,
His life adorns the law.

2 A careful providence ſhall ſtand,
And ever guard thy head,
Shall on the labours of thy hand
Its kindly bleſſings ſhed.

3 Thy wife ſhall be a fruitful vine;
Thy children round thy board,
Each like a plant of honour ſhine,
And learn to fear the Lord.

4 The Lord ſhall thy beſt hopes fulfil
For months and years to come:
The Lord who dwells on *Zion*'s hill,
Shall ſend the bleſſings home.

5 This is the man whoſe happy eyes
Shall ſee his houſe increaſe,
Shall ſee the ſinking church ariſe,
Then leave the world in peace.

PSALM CXXIX. Common Metre.

Perſecutors puniſhed.

1 UP from my youth, may *Iſr'el* ſay,
Have I been nurs'd in tears;
My griefs were conſtant as the day,
And tedious as the years.

2 Up from my youth I bore the rage

Of all the ſons of ſtrife;
Oft they aſſail'd my riper age,
But not deſtroy'd my life.

3 Their cruel plough had torn my fleſh
With furrows long and deep,
Hourly they vex'd my wounds afreſh,
Nor let my ſorrows ſleep.

4 The Lord grew angry on his throne,
And, with impartial eye,
Meaſur'd the miſchiefs they had done,
Then let his arrows fly.

5 How was their inſolence ſurpris'd,
To hear his thunders roll!
And all the foes of *Zion* ſeiz'd
With horror to the ſoul.

6 Thus ſhall the men who hate the ſaints,
Be blaſted from the ſky;
Their glory fades, their courage faints,
And all their projects die.

7 [What though they flouriſh tall and fair,
They have no root beneath;
Their growth ſhall periſh in deſpair,
And lie deſpis'd in death.]

8 [Such corn which on the houſe-top ſtands,
No hope of harveſt gives;
The reaper ne'er ſhall fill his hands,
Nor binder fold the ſheaves.

9 It ſprings and withers on the place;
No traveller beſtows
A word of bleſſing on the graſs,
Nor minds it as he goes.]

PSALM CXXX. Common Metre.

Pardoning grace.

1 OUT of the deeps of long distress,
The borders of despair,
I sent my cries to seek thy grace,
My groans to move thine ear.
2 Great God, should thy severer eye,
And thine impartial hand
Mark and revenge iniquity,
No mortal flesh could stand.
3 But there are pardons with my God
For crimes of high degree;
Thy Son has bought them with his blood,
To draw us near to thee.
4 [I wait for thy salvation, Lord,
With strong desires I wait;
My soul, invited by thy word,
Stands watching at thy gate.]
5 [Just as the guards who keep the night,
Long for the morning skies,
Watch the first beams of breaking light,
And meet them with their eyes:
6 So waits my soul to see thy grace,
And, more intent than they,
Meets the first op'nings of thy face,
And finds a brighter day.]
7 Then in the Lord let *Isr'el* trust,
Let *Isr'el* seek his face;
The Lord is good as well as just,
And plenteous is his grace.
8 There's full redemption at his throne
For sinners long enslav'd,
The great Redeemer is his Son:
And *Isr'el* shall be sav'd.

PSALM CXXX. Long Metre.

Pardoning grace.

1 FROM deep distress and troubled tho'ts,
To thee, my God, I rais'd my cries:
If thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.

2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace
Free to dispense thy pardons there,
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope and love, as well as fear.

3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long, and wish for breaking day,
So waits my soul before thy gate:
When will my God his face display?

4 My trust is fix'd upon thy word,
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain;
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.

5 Great is his love, and large his grace,
Tho' the redemption of his Son:
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

PSALM CXXXI. Common Metre.

Humility and submission.

1 IS there ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God, and see;
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord, I appeal to thee.

2 I charge my thoughts be humble still,
And all my carriage mild,
Content, my Father, with thy will,
And quiet as a child.

3 The patient soul, the lowly mind
Shall have a large reward:

Let saints in sorrow lie resign'd,
And trust a faithful Lord.

PSALM CXXXII. Long Metre.

At the settlement of a church: or, the ordination of a minister.

1 WHERE shall we go to seek and find
An habitation for our God,
A dwelling for th' eternal mind,
Among the sons of flesh and blood?

2 The God of *Jacob* chose the hill
Of *Zion*, for his ancient rest;
And *Zion* is his dwelling still:
His church is with his presence blest.

3 "Here will I fix my gracious throne,
"And reign for ever (saith the Lord;)
"Here shall my pow'r and love be known,
"And blessings shall attend my word.

4 "Here will I meet the hungry poor,
"And fill their souls with living bread:
"Sinners who wait before my door,
"With sweet provisions shall be fed.

5 "Girded with truth, and cloth'd with grace,
"My priests, my ministers, shall shine:
"Not *Aaron* in his costly dress,
"Made an appearance so divine.

6 "The saints, unable to contain
"Their inward joys, shall shout and sing:
"The Son of *David* here shall reign,
"And *Zion* triumph in her King.

7 "[*Jesus* shall see a num'rous seed
"Born here t' uphold his glorious name;
"His crown shall flourish on his head,
"While all his foes are cloth'd with shame."]

PSALM CXXXII. Common Metre.

A church eſtabliſhed.

1 [NO ſleep nor ſlumber to his eyes,
Good *David* would afford,
'Till he had found below the ſkies
A dwelling for the Lord.

2 The Lord in *Zion* plac'd his name,
His ark was ſettled there:
To *Zion* the whole nation came
To worſhip thrice a year.

3 But we have no ſuch lengths to go,
Nor wander far abroad:
Where'er thy ſaints aſſemble now,
There is a houſe for God.]

PAUSE.

4 Ariſe, O King of grace, ariſe,
And enter to thy reſt,
Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be own'd and bleſt.

5 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word:
All which the ark did once contain,
Could no ſuch grace afford.

6 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let thy praiſe be ſpread:
Bleſs the proviſions of thy houſe,
And fill thy poor with bread.

7 Here let the Son of *David* reign,
Let God's Anointed ſhine;
Juſtice and truth his courts maintain,
With love and pow'r divine.

8 Here let him hold a laſting throne,
And as his kingdom grows,

Freſh honours ſhall adorn his crown,
And ſhame confound his foes.

PSALM CXXXIII. Common Metre.

Brotherly love.

1 LO, what an entertaining view
Are brethren who agree!
Brethren, whoſe cheerful hearts purſue
The path to unity!

2 When ſtreams of love from *Chriſt* the ſpring,
Deſcend to ev'ry ſoul,
And heav'nly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole:

3 'Tis like the oil, divinely ſweet,
On *Aaron*'s rev'rend head,
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
And o'er his garments ſpread.

4 'Tis pleaſant as the morning dews,
Which fall on *Zion*'s hill,
Where God his mildeſt glory ſhews,
And makes his grace diſtil.

PSALM CXXXIII. Short Metre.

Communion of ſaints: or, love and friendſhip in a family.

1 BLEST are the ſons of peace,
Whoſe hearts and hopes are one,
Whoſe kind deſigns to ſerve and pleaſe,
Through all their actions run.

2 Bleſt is the pious houſe
Where zeal and friendſhip meet;
Their ſongs of praiſe, their mingled vows,
Make their communion ſweet.

3 Thus when on *Aaron*'s head
They pour'd the rich perfume,

The oil through all his raiment ſpread,
And pleaſure fill'd the room.
4 Thus on the heav'nly hills,
The ſaints are bleſt above,
Where joy like morning dew diſtills,
And all the air is love.

PSALM CXXXIII. Particular Metre.

The bleſſings of friendſhip.

1 HOW pleaſant 'tis to ſee
Kindred and friends agree;
Each in their proper ſtation move,
And each fulfil their part
With ſympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love!
2 'Tis like the ointment ſhed
On *Aaron's* ſacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely ſweet!
The oil through all the room
Diffus'd a choice perfume,
Ran through his robes, and bleſt his feet.
3 Like fruitful ſhow'rs of rain,
Which water all the plain,
Deſcending from the neighb'ring hills;
Such ſtreams of pleaſure roll
Through ev'ry friendly ſoul,
Where love like heav'nly dew diſtills.

[*Repeat the 1ſt ſtanza, if neceſſary.*]

PSALM CXXXIV. Common Metre.

Daily and nightly devotion.

1 YE who obey th' immortal King,
Attend his holy place,
Bow to the glories of his pow'r,
And bleſs his wond'rous grace.

2 Lift up your hands by morning light,
And send your souls on high;
Raise your admiring thoughts by night,
Above the starry sky.
3 The God of *Zion* cheers our hearts,
With rays of quick'ning grace;
The God who spread the heav'ns abroad,
And rules the swelling seas.

PSALM CXXXV. *1st Part.* Long Metre.

The church is God's house and care.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord: exalt his name,
While in his holy courts ye wait;
Ye saints who to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate.
2 Praise ye the Lord; the Lord is good:
To praise his name is sweet employ;
Isr'el he chose of old, and still
His church is his peculiar joy.
3 The Lord himself will judge his saints:
He treats his servants as his friends;
And when he hears their sore complaints,
Repents the sorrows which he sends.
4 Through ev'ry age the Lord declares
His name, and breaks th' oppressor's rod:
He gives his suff'ring servants rest,
And will be known—th' Almighty God.
5 Bless ye the Lord, who taste his love,
People and priests exalt his name:
Among his saints he ever dwells:
His church is his *Jerusalem*.

PSALM CXXXV. *2d Part.* Long Metre.

The works of creation, providence, redemption of Israel, and destruction of enemies.

1 GREAT is the Lord, exalted high
Above all pow'rs and ev'ry throne;
Whate'er he pleaſe in earth or ſea,
Or heav'n or hell, his hand hath done.
2 At his command the vapours riſe,
The light'nings flaſh, the thunders roar;
He pours the rain, he brings the wind,
And tempeſt, from his airy ſtore.
3 'Twas he thoſe dreadful tokens ſent,
O *Egypt*, through thy ſtubborn land;
When all thy firſt-born, beaſts and men,
Fell dead by his avenging hand.
4 What mighty nations, mighty kings
He ſlew, and their whole country gave
To *Iſr'el*, whom his hand redeem'd,
No more to be proud *Pharaoh*'s ſlave!
5 His pow'r the ſame, the ſame his grace,
Who ſaves us from the hoſt of hell;
And heav'n he gives us to poſſeſs,
Whence thoſe apoſtate angels fell.

PSALM CXXXV. Common Metre.

Praiſe due to God, not to idols.

1 AWAKE, ye ſaints, to praiſe your King,
Your ſweeteſt paſſions raiſe,
Your pious pleaſure, while you ſing,
Increaſing with the praiſe.
2 Great is the Lord; and works unknown
Are his divine employ;
But ſtill his ſaints are near his throne,
His treaſure and his joy.
3 Heav'n, earth and ſea, confeſs his hand:

Sweep through the ſounding ſkies.

4 All pow'r which gods or kings have claim'd,
Is found in him alone;
But Heathen gods ſhould ne'er be nam'd
Where our *Jehovah*'s known.

5 Which of the ſtocks or ſtones they truſt,
Can give them ſhow'rs of rain?
In vain they worſhip glitt'ring duſt,
And pray to gods in vain.

6 [Their gods have tongues which cannot talk,
Such as their makers gave;
Their feet were ne'er deſign'd to walk,
Nor hands have pow'r to ſave.

7 Blind are their eyes, their ears are deaf,
Nor hear when mortals pray;
Mortals who wait for their relief,
Are blind and deaf as they.]

8 Ye ſaints, adore the living God,
Serve him with faith and fear;
He makes the churches his abode,
And claims your honours there.

PSALM CXXXVI. Common Metre.

God's wonders of creation, providence, redemption of Iſrael, *and ſalvation of his people.*

1 GIve thanks to God, the ſov'reign Lord,
"His mercies ſtill endure;"
And be the King of kings ador'd:
"His truth is ever ſure."

2 What wonders hath his wiſdom done!
"How mighty is his hand!"
Heav'n, earth and ſea, he fram'd alone.
"How wide is his command!"

3 The ſun ſupplies the day with light;

" How bright his counſels ſhine!"
The moon and ſtars adorn the night:
" His works are all divine."
4 [He ſtruck the ſons of *Egypt* dead;
" How mighty is his rod!"
And thence with joy his people led:
" How gracious is our God!"
5 He cleft the ſwelling ſea in two;
" His arm is great in might:"
And gave the tribes a paſſage through:
" His pow'r and grace unite."
6 But *Pharaoh*'s army there he drown'd;
" How glorious are his ways!"
And brought his ſaints thro' deſart ground:
" Eternal be his praiſe."
7 Great monarchs fell beneath his hand;
" Victorious is his ſword:"
While *Iſr'el* took the promis'd land:
" And faithful is his word."]
8 He ſaw the nations dead in ſin;
" He felt his pity move:"
How ſad the ſtate the world was in!
" How boundleſs was his love!"
9 He ſent to ſave us from our woe;
" His goodneſs never fails:"
From death and hell, and ev'ry foe:
" And ſtill his grace prevails."
10 Give thanks to God, the heav'nly King,
" His mercies ſtill endure:"
Let the whole earth his praiſes ſing;
" His truth is ever ſure."

PSALM CXXXVI. Particular Metre.

1 GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord:
The sov'reign King of kings;
And be his grace ador'd.
" His pow'r and grace
" Are still the same:
" And let his name
" Have endless praise."

2 How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He form'd the earth and seas,
And spread the heav'ns alone.
" Thy mercy, Lord,
" Shall still endure;
" And ever sure
" Abides thy word."

3 His wisdom fram'd the sun,
To crown the day with light;
The moon and twinkling stars,
To cheer the darksome night.
" His pow'r and grace
" Are still the same;
" And let his name
" Have endless praise."

4 He smote the first-born sons,
The flow'r of *Egypt*, dead,
And thence his chosen tribes,
With joy and glory led.
" Thy mercy, Lord,
" Shall still endure;
" And ever sure
" Abides thy word."

5 His pow'r and lifted rod

Cleft the *Red-Sea* in two:
And for his people made
A wond'rous paſſage through.
" His pow'r and grace
" Are ſtill the ſame:
" And let his name
" Have endleſs praiſe."

6 But cruel *Pharaoh* there,
With all his hoſt he drown'd,
And brought his *Iſr'el* ſafe
Through a long deſart ground.
" Thy mercy, Lord,
" Shall ſtill endure;
" And ever ſure
" Abides thy word."

PAUSE.

7 The kings of *Canaan* fell
Beneath his dreadful hand;
While his own ſervants took
Poſſeſſion of the land.
" His pow'r and grace
" Are ſtill the ſame;
" And let his name
" Have endleſs praiſe."

8 He ſaw the nations lie
All periſhing in ſin,
And pity'd the ſad ſtate
The ruin'd world was in.
" Thy mercy, Lord,
" Shall ſtill endure;
" And ever ſure
" Abides thy word."

9 He ſent his only Son

To save us from our woe,
From Satan, sin, and death,
And ev'ry hurtful foe.
" His pow'r and grace
" Are still the same;
" And let his name
" Have endless praise."
10 Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heav'nly King:
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing.
" Thy mercy, Lord,
" Shall still endure;
" And ever sure
" Abides thy word."

PSALM CXXXVI. Long Metre. Abridged.

1 GIVE to our God immortal praise,
Mercy and truth are all his ways;
" Wonders of grace to God belong,
" Repeat his mercies in your song."
2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown;
" His mercies ever shall endure,
" When lords and kings are known no more.
3 He built the seas, he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high:
" Wonders of grace to God belong,
" Repeat his mercies in your song."
4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night:
" His mercies ever shall endure,
" When suns and moons shall shine no more.
5 The *Jews* he freed from *Pharaoh*'s hand,

And brought them to the promis'd land ;
" Wonders of grace to God belong,
" Repeat his mercies in your song."

6 He saw the *Gentiles* dead in sin,
And felt his pity work within :
" His mercies ever shall endure,
" When death and sin shall reign no more."

7 He sent his Son with pow'r to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave :
" Wonders of grace to God belong,
" Repeat his mercies in your song."

8 Thro' this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heav'nly seat :
" His mercies ever shall endure,
" When this vain world shall be no more."

PSALM CXXXVIII. Long Metre.

Restoring and preserving grace.

1 With all my pow'rs of heart and tongue
I'll praise my Maker in my song ;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

2 [Angels, who make the church their care,
Shall witness my devotion there,
While holy zeal directs my eyes
To thy fair temple in the skies.]

3 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord,
I'll sing the wonders of thy word ;
Not all the works and names below,
So much thy pow'r and glory show.

4 To God I cry'd when troubles rose,
He heard me and subdu'd my foes ;
He did my rising fears controul,
And strength diffus'd through all my soul.

5 The God of heav'n maintains his ſtate,
Frowns on the proud, and ſcorns the great;
But from his throne deſcends to ſee
The ſons of humble poverty.
6 Amid a thouſand ſnares I ſtand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting ſoul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.
7 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To ſave fr m orrows, or from ſins:
The work which wiſdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forſakes.

PSALM CXXXIX. *1ſt Part.* Long Metre.

The all-ſeeing God.

1 LORD, thou haſt ſearch'd and ſeen me through:
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My riſing and my reſting hours,
My heart and fleſh with all their pow'rs.
2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God diſtinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to ſpeak,
Ere from my op'ning lips they break.
3 Within thy circling pow'r I ſtand;
On ev'ry ſide I find thy hand;
Awake, aſleep, at home, abroad,
I am ſurrounded ſtill with God.
4 Amazing knowledge, vaſt and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My ſoul, with all the pow'rs I boaſt,
Is in the boundleſs proſpect loſt.
5 "O may theſe thoughts poſſeſs my breaſt,
"Where'er I rove, where'er I reſt;

"Nor let my meaner passions dare
"Consent to sin, for God is there."

PAUSE I.

6 Could I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love,
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run?

7 If up to heav'n I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light;
Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,
And Satan groans beneath his chains.

8 If mounted on a morning ray,
I fly beyond the Western sea,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.

9 Or should I try to shun thy sight,
Beneath the spreading veil of night,
One glance of thine, one piercing ray
Would kindle darkness into day.

10 "O may these thoughts possess my breast,
"Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
"Nor let my meaner passions dare
"Consent to sin, for God is there."

PAUSE II.

11 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes:
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon
Through midnight shades as blazing noon.

12 Midnight and noon in this agree,
Great God, they're both alike to thee;
Not death can hide what God will spy,
And hell lies naked to his eye.

13 "O may these thoughts possess my breast,

"Where'er I rove, where'er I reſt!
"Nor let my meaner paſſions dare
"Conſent to ſin, for God is there."

PSALM CXXXIX. *2d Part.* Long Metre.

The wonderful formation of man.

1 'TWas from thy hand, my God, I came,
A work of ſuch a curious frame;
In me thy fearful wonders ſhine,
And each proclaims thy ſkill divine.

2 Thine eyes did all my limbs ſurvey,
Which yet in dark confuſion lay;
Thou ſaw'ſt the daily growth they took,
Form'd by the model of thy book,

3 By thee my growing parts were nam'd,
And what thy ſov'reign counſels fram'd.
(The breathing lungs, the beating heart)
Were copy'd with unerring art.

4 At laſt, to ſhew my Maker's name,
God ſtamp'd his image on my frame,
And in ſome unknown moment join'd
The finiſh'd members to the mind.

5 There the young ſeeds of thought began,
And all the paſſions of the man:
Great God, our infant nature pays
Immortal tribute to thy praiſe.

PAUSE.

6 Lord, ſince in my advancing age
I've acted on life's buſy ſtage,
Thy thoughts of love to me ſurmount
The pow'r of numbers to recount.

7 I could ſurvey the ocean o'er,
And count each ſand which makes the ſhore
Before my ſwifteſt thoughts could trace

The num'rous wonders of thy grace.
8 These on my heart are still impress'd,
With these I give my eyes to rest;
And at my waking hour I find
God and his love possess my mind.

PSALM CXXXIX. *3d Part.* Long Metre.

Sincerity profest, and grace tried: or, the heart-searching God.

1 MY God, what inward grief I feel,
When impious men transgress thy will!
I mourn to hear their lips profane,
Take thy tremendous name in vain.
2 Does not my soul detest and hate
The sons of malice and deceit?
Those who oppose thy laws and thee,
I count them enemies to me.
3 Lord, search my soul, try ev'ry thought;
Though my own heart accuse me not
Of walking in a false disguise,
I beg the trial of thine eyes.
4 Doth secret mischief lurk within?
Do I indulge some unknown sin?
O turn my feet whene'er I stray,
And lead me in thy perfect way.

PSALM CXXXIX. *1st Part.* Common Metre.

GOD is every where.

1 IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul wou'd try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.
2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest;
My public walks, my private ways,

And ſecrets of my breaſt.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're form'd within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the ſenſe I mean.

4 O wond'rous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beſet on ev'ry ſide.

5 So let thy grace ſurround me ſtill,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my ſoul from ev'ry ill,
Secur'd by ſov'reign love.

PAUSE.

6 Lord, where ſhall guilty ſouls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,
In heav'n thy glorious throne.

7 Should I ſuppreſs my vital breath
To 'ſcape the wrath divine,
Thy voice could break the bars of death,
And make the grave reſign.

8 If wing'd with beams of morning light,
I fly beyond the weſt,
Thy hand which muſt ſupport my flight,
Would ſoon betray my reſt.

9 If o'er my ſins I think to draw
The curtains of the night,
Thoſe flaming eyes which guard thy law,
Would turn the ſhades to light.

10 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee:

From which I cannot flee!

PSALM CXXXIX. *2d Part.* Common Metre.

The wisdom of God in the formation of man.

1 WHEN I with pleasing wonder stand,
And all my frame survey,
Lord, 'tis thy work: I own thy hand
Thus built my humble clay.

2 Thy hand my heart and reins possest,
Where unborn nature grew,
Thy wisdom all my features trac'd,
And all my members drew.

3 Thine eye with nicest care survey'd
The growth of ev'ry part,
'Till the whole scheme thy thoughts had laid,
Was copy'd by thy art.

4 Heav'n, earth and sea, and fire and wind,
Shew me thy wond'rous skill;
But I review myself, and find
Diviner wonders still.

5 Thy awful glories round me shine,
My flesh proclaims thy praise;
Lord, to thy works of nature join
Thy miracles of grace.

PSALM CXXXIX. *3d Part.* Common Metre.

The mercies of God innumerable.

An Evening Psalm.

1 LORD, when I count thy mercies o'er,
They strike me with surprise;
Not all the sands which spread the shore,
To equal numbers rise.

2 My flesh with fear and wonder stands,
The product of thy skill,
And hourly blessings from thy hands,

Thy thoughts of love reveal.
3 These on my heart by night I keep:
How kind, how dear to me!
O may the hour which ends my sleep,
Still find my thoughts with thee.

PSALM CXLI. Long Metre.

Watchfulness and brotherly reproof.

A Morning or Evening Psalm.

1 MY God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in thy house,
And let my nightly worship rise
Sweet as the ev'ning sacrifice.
2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From ev'ry rash and heedless word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead.
3 O may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wand'ring way!
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.
4 When I behold them prest with grief,
I'll fly to heav'n for their relief;
And by my warm petitions, prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

PSALM CXLII. Common Metre.

God is the hope of the helpless.

1 TO God I made my sorrows known,
From God I sought relief;
In long complaints before his throne
I pour'd out all my grief.
2 My soul was overwhelm'd with woes,
My heart began to break;
My God, who all my burden knows,

He knows the way I take.
3 On ev'ry side I cast mine eye,
And found my helpers gone;
While friends and strangers past me by,
Neglected or unknown.
4 Then did I raise a louder cry,
And call'd thy mercy near,
"Thou art my portion when I die,
"Be thou my refuge here."
5 Lord, I am brought exceeding low,
Now let thine ear attend,
And make my foes who vex me, know
I've an almighty Friend.
6 From my sad prison set me free,
Then shall I praise thy name,
And holy men shall join with me,
Thy kindness to proclaim.

PSALM CXLIII. Long Metre.

Complaint of heavy afflictions in mind and body.

1 MY righteous Judge, my gracious God
Hear when I spread my hands abroad
And cry for succour from thy throne,
O make thy truth and mercy known.
2 Let judgment not against me pass;
Behold thy servant pleads thy grace;
Should justice call us to thy bar,
No man alive is guiltless there.
3 Look down in pity, Lord, and see
The mighty woes which burden me;
Down to the dust my life is brought,
Like one long buried and forgot.
4 I dwell in darkness and unseen,
My heart is desolate within;

My thoughts in muſing ſilence trace
The ancient wonders of thy grace.
5 Thence I derive a glimpſe of hope,
To bear my ſinking ſpirits up;
I ſtretch my hands to God again,
And thirſt like parched lands for rain.
6 For thee I thirſt, I pray, I mourn;
When will thy ſmiling face return?
Shall all my joys on earth remove,
And God for ever hide his love?
7 My God, thy long delay to ſave,
Will ſink thy priſ'ner to the grave;
My heart grows faint, and dim mine eye;
Make haſte to help before I die.
8 The night is witneſs to my tears,
Diſtreſſing pains, diſtreſſing fears;
O might I hear thy morning voice,
How would my weary'd pow'rs rejoice!
9 In thee I truſt, to thee I figh,
And lift my weary ſoul on high;
For thee ſit waiting all the day,
And wear the tireſome hours away.
10 Break off my fetters, Lord, and ſhow
Which is the path my feet ſhould go;
If ſnares and foes beſet the road,
I fly to hide me near my God.
11 Teach me to do thy holy will,
And lead me to thy heav'nly hill;
Let the good Spirit of thy love
Conduct me to thy courts above.
12 Then ſhall my ſoul no more complain,
The tempter then ſhall rage in vain,
And fleſh, which was my foe before,

Shall never vex my ſpirit more.

PSALM CXLIV. *1ſt Part.* Common Metre.

Aſſiſtance and victory in the ſpiritual warfare.

1 FOR ever bleſſed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my ſhield;
He ſends his Spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.

2 When ſin and hell their force unite,
He makes my ſoul his care,
Inſtructs me to the heav'nly fight,
And guards me through the war.

3 A Friend and Helper ſo divine,
Doth my weak courage raiſe;
He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,
And his ſhall be the praiſe.

PSALM CXLIV. *2d Part.* Common Metre.

The vanity of man, and condeſcenſion of God.

1 LORD, what is man, poor feeble man,
Born of the earth at firſt?
His life a ſhadow, light and vain,
Still haſt'ning to the duſt.

2 O what is feeble dying man,
Or any of his race,
That God ſhould make it his concern
To viſit him with grace!

3 That God who darts his lightnings down,
Who ſhakes the worlds above,
And mountains tremble at his frown,
How wond'rous is his love!

PSALM CXLIV. Long Metre.

Grace above riches: or, the happy nation.

1 HAPPY the city where their ſons
Like pillars round a palace ſet,

And daughters, bright as poliſh'd ſtones,
Give ſtrength and beauty to the ſtate.
2 Happy the country where the ſheep,
Cattle and corn, have large increaſe;
Where men ſecurely work or ſleep,
Nor ſons of plunder break their peace.
3 Happy the nation thus endow'd,
But more divinely bleſt are thoſe
On whom the all-ſufficient God,
Himſelf, with all his grace, beſtows.

PSALM CXLV. Long Metre.

The greatneſs of GOD.

1 MY God, my King, thy various praiſe
Shall fill the remnant of my days:
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
'Till death and glory raiſe the ſong.
2 The wings of ev'ry hour ſhall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And ev'ry ſetting ſun ſhall ſee
New works of duty done for thee.
3 Thy truth and juſtice I'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows an endleſs ſtream;
Thy mercy ſwift; thine anger ſlow,
But dreadful to the ſtubborn foe.
4 Thy works with ſov'reign glory ſhine,
And ſpeak thy majeſty divine;
Let "ev'ry realm with joy" proclaim
The ſound and honour of thy name.
5 Let diſtant times and nations raiſe
The long ſucceſſion of thy praiſe;
And unborn ages make my ſong
The joy and labour of their tongue.
6 But who can ſpeak thy wond'rous deeds!

Thy greatneſs all our thoughts exceeds;
Vaſt and unſearchable thy ways,
Vaſt and immortal be thy praiſe.

PSALM CXLV. *1ſt Part.* Common Metre.

The greatneſs of GOD.

1 LONG as I live, I'll bleſs thy name,
My King, my God of love:
My work and joy ſhall be the ſame,
In the bright world above.

2 Great is the Lord, his pow'r unknown,
And let his praiſe be great:
I'll ſing the honours of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

3 Thy grace ſhall dwell upon my tongue;
And while my lips rejoice,
The men who hear my ſacred ſong,
Shall join their cheerful voice.

4 Fathers to ſons ſhall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways:
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations ſound thy praiſe.

5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known;
Thine arm of pow'r, thy heav'nly ſtate,
With public ſplendour ſhown.

6 The world is manag'd by thine hands,
Thy ſaints are rul'd by love:
And thine eternal kingdom ſtands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

PSALM CXLV. *2d Part.* Common Metre.

The goodneſs of God.

1 SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God, my heav'nly King;

Let age to age thy righteouſneſs
In ſongs of glory ſing.

2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines
His goodneſs to the ſkies;
Through the whole earth his bounty ſhines,
And ev'ry want ſupplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food,
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are thy compaſſions, Lord!
How ſlow thine anger moves!
How ſoon he ſends his pard'ning word,
To cheer the ſoul he loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endleſs race,
Thy pow'r and praiſe proclaim;
But ſaints, who taſte thy richer grace,
Delight to bleſs thy name.

PSALM CXLV. *3d Part.* Common Metre.

Mercy to ſufferers: or, God hearing prayer.

1 LET ev'ry tongue thy goodneſs ſpeak,
Thou ſov'reign Lord of all;
Thy ſtrength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raiſe the poor who fall.

2 When ſorrow bows the ſpirit down,
Or virtue lies diſtreſt
Beneath ſome proud oppreſſor's frown,
Thou giv'ſt the mourners reſt.

3 The Lord ſupports our tott'ring days,
And guides our giddy youth:
Holy and juſt are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.

He hears his children cry ;
And their beſt wiſhes to fulfil,
His grace is ever nigh.
5 His mercy never ſhall remove
From men of heart ſincere ;
He ſaves the ſouls whoſe humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.
6 [His ſtubborn foes his ſword ſhall ſlay,
And pierce their hearts with pain ;
But none who ſerve the Lord, ſhall ſay
"They ſought his aid in vain."
7 My lips ſhall dwell upon his praiſe,
And ſpread his fame abroad ;
Let all the ſons of *Adam* raiſe
The honours of their God.]

PSALM CXLVI. Long Metre.

Praiſe to God for his goodneſs and truth.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, my heart ſhall join
In work ſo pleaſant, ſo divine :
Now while the fleſh is my abode,
And when my ſoul aſcends to God.
2 Praiſe ſhall employ my nobleſt pow'rs,
While immortality endures ;
My days of praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt,
While life, and thought, and being laſt.
3 Why ſhould I make a man my truſt ?
Princes muſt die and turn to duſt ;
Their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r,
And thoughts all vaniſh in an hour.
4 Happy the man whoſe hopes rely
On *Iſr'el*'s God : he made the ſky,
And earth and ſeas, with all their train,
And none ſhall find his promiſe vain.

His truth for ever ſtands ſecure:
He ſaves th' oppreſt, he feeds the poor;
He ſends the lab'ring conſcience peace,
And grants the pris'ner ſweet releaſe.
The Lord hath eyes to give the blind:
The Lord ſupports the ſinking mind;
He helps the ſtranger in diſtreſs,
The widow and the fatherleſs.
He loves his ſaints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O *Zion*, ever reigns;
Praiſe him in everlaſting ſtrains.

PSALM CXLVI. Particular Metre.

Praiſe to God for his goodneſs and truth.

I'LL praiſe my Maker with my breath;
And, when my voice is loſt in death,
Praiſe ſhall employ my nobler pow'rs;
My days of praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt,
While life, and thought, and being laſt,
Or immortality endures.
Why ſhould I make a man my truſt?
Princes muſt die and turn to duſt;
Vain is the help of fleſh and blood;
Their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r,
And thoughts all vaniſh in an hour,
Nor can they make their promiſe good.
Happy the man whoſe hopes rely
On *Iſr'el*'s God: he made the ſky,
And earth and ſeas, with all their train;
His truth for ever ſtands ſecure:
He ſaves th' oppreſt, he feeds the poor,
And none ſhall find his promiſe vain.
The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;

The Lord supports the sinking mind ;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace :
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And gives the pris'ner sweet release,
He loves his saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell :
Thy God, O *Zion*, ever reigns :
Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age,
In this exalted work engage :
Praise him in everlasting strains.
I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

PSALM CXLVII. *1st Part.* Long Metre.

The divine nature, providence and grace.

PRAISE ye the Lord : 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise :
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.
The Lord builds up *Jerusalem*,
And gathers nations to his name :
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.
He form'd the stars, those heav'nly flames :
He counts their numbers, calls their names :
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep, where all our thoughts are drown'd.
Great is our Lord, and great his might ;
And all his glories infinite :

He crowns the meek, rewards the juſt,
And treads the wicked to the duſt.

PAUSE.

Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who ſpreads his clouds all round the ſky:
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops deſcend in vain.
He makes the graſs the hills adorn,
And clothes the ſmiling fields with corn;
The beaſts with food his hand ſupply,
And the young ravens when they cry.
What is the creature's ſkill or force,
The ſprightly man, the warlike horſe,
The nimble wit, the active limb,
All are too mean delights for him.
But ſaints are lovely in his ſight;
He views his children with delight;
He ſees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks and loves his image there.

PSALM CXLVII. *2d Part.* Long Metre.

Summer and Winter.

"LET *Zion*" praiſe the mighty God,
And make his honors known abroad;
" *For ſweet the joy our ſongs to raiſe,*
" *And glorious is the work of praiſe.*"
Our children are ſecure and bleſt,
Our ſhores have peace, our cities reſt;
He feeds our ſons with fineſt wheat,
And adds his bleſſing to their meat.
The changing ſeaſons he ordains,
The early and the latter rains:
His flakes of ſnow like wool he ſends,
And thus the ſpringing corn defends.

4 With hoary froſt he ſtrews the ground;
His hail deſcends with clatt'ring ſound;
Where is the man ſo vainly bold,
Who dares defy his dreadful cold?
5 He bids the ſouthern breezes blow;
The ice diſſolves, the waters flow;
But he hath nobler works and ways,
To call his people to his praiſe.
6 To all our realm his laws are ſhown;
His goſpel through the nation known;
He hath not thus reveal'd his word
To ev'ry land: praiſe ye the Lord.

PSALM CXLVII. Common Metre.

The ſeaſons of the year.

1 WIth ſongs and honours ſounding loud
Addreſs the Lord on high;
Over the heav'ns he ſpreads the cloud,
And waters veil the ſky.
2 He ſends his ſhow'rs of bleſſings down,
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the graſs the mountains crown,
And corn in vallies grow.
3 He gives the grazing ox his meat,
He hears the ravens cry:
But man, who taſtes the fineſt wheat,
Should raiſe his honours high.
4 His ſteady counſels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the ſun cut ſhort his race,
And wint'ry days appear.
5 His hoary froſt, his fleecy ſnow,
Deſcend and clothe the ground:
The liquid ſtreams forbear to flow,

In icy fetters bound.

6 When from his dreadful ſtores on high,
He pours the rattling hail,
The wretch who dares the God defy,
Shall find his courage fail.

7 He ſends his word and melts the ſnow,
The fields no longer mourn:
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the ſpring return.

8 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word:
With ſongs and honours ſounding loud,
Praiſe ye the ſov'reign Lord.

PSALM CXLVIII. Particular Metre.

Praiſe to God from all creatures.

1 YE tribes of *Adam* join
With heav'n, and earth, and ſeas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praiſe.
Ye holy throng
Of angels bright,
In worlds of light,
Begin the ſong.

2 Thou ſun, with dazzling rays,
And moon which rules the night,
Shine to your Maker's praiſe,
With ſtars of twinkling light.
His pow'r declare,
Ye floods on high,
And clouds which fly
In empty air.

3 The ſhining worlds above,
In glorious order ſtand,

Or in swift courses move
By his supreme command.
He spake the word,
And all their frame
From nothing came
To praise the Lord.

4 He mov'd their mighty wheels
In unknown ages past,
And each his word fulfils,
While time and nature last.
In diff'rent ways
His works proclaim
His wond'rous name,
And speak his praise.

PAUSE.

5 Let all the earth-born race,
And monsters of the deep,
The fish which cleave the seas,
Or in their bosom sleep;
From sea and shore
Their tribute pay,
And still display
Their Maker's pow'r.

6 Ye vapours, hail and snow,
Praise ye th' almighty Lord,
And stormy winds which blow
To execute his word.
When lightnings shine,
Or thunders roar,
Let earth adore
His hand divine.

7 Ye mountains near the skies,
With lofty cedars there,

And trees of humbler size,
Which fruit in plenty bear;
Beasts, wild and tame,
Birds, flies, and worms,
In various forms,
Exalt his name.

8 Ye kings and judges, fear
The Lord, the Sov'reign King;
And while you rule us here,
His heav'nly honours sing:
Nor let the dream
Of pow'r and state,
Make you forget
His pow'r supreme.

9 Virgins and youths engage
To sound his praise divine,
While infancy and age
Their feebler voices join:
Wide as he reigns,
His name be sung
By ev'ry tongue,
In endless strains.

10 Let all the nations fear
The God who rules above;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love.
While earth and sky
Attempt his praise,
His saints shall raise
His honours high.

PSALM CXLVIII. Long Metre.
Paraphrased.
Universal praise to God.

1 LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord
From distant worlds where creatures dwell;
Let heav'n begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

Note, This Psalm may be sung to a different metre, by adding the two following lines to each stanza.

Each of his works his name displays,
But they can ne'er fulfil his praise.

2 The Lord! how absolute he reigns!
Let ev'ry angel bend the knee;
Sing of his love in heav'nly strains,
And speak how fierce his terrors be.

3 High on a throne his glories dwell,
An awful throne of shining bliss;
Fly through the world, O sun, and tell
How dark thy beams compar'd to his.

4 Awake, ye tempests, and his fame
In sounds of dreadful praise declare;
And the sweet whisper of his name,
Fill ev'ry gentler breeze of air.

5 Let clouds, and winds, and waves agree
To join their praise with blazing fire,
Let the firm earth and rolling sea
In this eternal song conspire.

6 Ye flow'ry plains proclaim his skill;
Vallies lie low before his eye;
And let his praise from ev'ry hill
Rise tuneful to the neighb'ring sky.

7 Ye stubborn oaks, and stately pines,
Bend your high branches, and adore;
Praise him ye beasts, in diff'rent strains;
The lamb must bleat, the lion roar.

8 Birds, ye muſt make his praiſe your theme,
Nature demands a ſong from you:
While the dumb fiſh which cut the ſtream,
Leap up and mean his praiſes too.

9 Mortals can you refrain your tongue,
When nature all around you ſings?
O for a ſhout from old and young,
From humble ſwains and lofty kings.

10 Wide as his vaſt dominion lies,
Let the Creator's name be known;
Loud as his thunder, ſhout his praiſe,
And ſound it lofty to his throne.

11 Jehovah! 'tis a glorious word,
O may it dwell on ev'ry tongue!
But ſaints who beſt have known the Lord,
Are bound to raiſe the nobleſt ſong.

12 Speak of the wonders of that love
Which *Gabriel* plays on ev'ry chord:
From all below and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.

PSALM CXLVIII. Short Metre.

Univerſal praiſe.

1 LET ev'ry creature join
To praiſe th' eternal God;
Ye heav'nly hoſts, the ſong begin,
And ſound his name abroad.

2 Thou ſun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye ſtarry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praiſe.

3 He built thoſe worlds above,
And fix'd their wond'rous frame:
By his command they ſtand or move,

And ever ſpeak his name.
4 Ye vapours, when you riſe,
Or fall in ſhow'rs of ſnow ;
Ye thunders murm'ring round the ſkies,
His pow'r and glory ſhow.
5 Wind, hail, and flaſhing fire,
Agree to praiſe the Lord,
When ye in dreadful ſtorms conſpire
To execute his word.
6 By all his works above,
His honours be expreſt :
But ſaints who taſte his ſaving love,
Should ſing his praiſes beſt.

PAUSE 1.

7 Let earth and ocean know
They owe their Maker praiſe ;
Praiſe him ye wat'ry worlds below,
And monſters of the ſeas.
8 From mountains near the ſky,
Let his high praiſe reſound ;
From humble ſhrubs and cedars high,
And vales and fields around.
9 Ye lions of the wood,
And tamer beaſts which graze,
Ye live upon his daily food,
And he expects your praiſe.
10 Ye birds of lofty wing,
On high his praiſes bear ;
Or ſit on flow'ry boughs, and ſing
Your Maker's glory there.
11 Ye creeping ants and worms,
His various wiſdom ſhow,
And flies, in all your ſhining ſorms,

Praiſe him who dreſt you ſo.
12 By all the earth-born race,
His honors be expreſt;
But ſaints who know his heav'nly grace,
Should learn to praiſe him beſt.

PAUSE II.

13 Monarchs of wide command,
Praiſe ye th' eternal King;
Judges adore that ſov'reign hand,
Whence all your honours ſpring.
14 Let vig'rous youth engage
To ſound his praiſes high:
While growing babes and with'ring age
Their feebler voices try.
15 United zeal be ſhown,
His wond'rous fame to raiſe;
God is the Lord, his name alone
Deſerves our endleſs praiſe.
16 Let nature join with art,
And all pronounce him bleſt;
But ſaints who dwell ſo near his heart,
Should ſing his praiſes beſt.

PSALM CXLIX. Common Metre.

Praiſe God all his ſaints: or, ſaints judging the world.

1 ALL ye who love the Lord, rejoice,
And let your ſongs be new;
Amidſt the church with cheerful voice,
His later wonders ſhew.
2 The *Jews*, the people of his grace,
Shall their Redeemer ſing:
And *Gentile* nations join the praiſe,
While *Zion* owns her King.
3 The Lord takes pleaſure in the juſt,

Whom ſinners treat with ſcorn ;
The meek, who lie diſpis'd in duſt,
Salvation ſhall adorn.

4 Saints ſhould be joyful in their King,
Ev'n on a dying bed ;
And like the ſouls in glory ſing,
For God ſhall raiſe the dead.

5 Then his high praiſe ſhall fill their tongues,
Their hands ſhall wield the ſword :
And vengeance ſhall attend their ſongs,
The vengeance of the Lord.

6 When *Chriſt* his judgment-ſeat aſcends,
And bids the world appear,
Thrones are prepar'd for all his friends,
Who humbly lov'd him here.

7 Then ſhall they rule with iron rod
Nations who dar'd rebel :
And join the ſentence of their God,
On tyrants doom'd to hell.

8 The royal ſinners bound in chains,
New triumphs ſhall afford ;
Such honor for the ſaints remain ;
Praiſe ye and love the Lord.

PSALM CL. Common Metre.

A ſong of praiſe.

1 IN God's own houſe pronounce his praiſe
His grace he there reveals ;
To heav'n your joy and wonder raiſe,
For there his glory dwells.

2 Let all your ſacred paſſions move,
While you rehearſe his deeds ;
But the great work of ſaving love,
Your higheſt praiſe exceeds.

3 All that have motion, life and breath,
Proclaim your Maker bleſt;
Yet when my voice expires in death,
My ſoul ſhall praiſe him beſt.

The Chriſtian Doxology.

Long Metre.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honour, praiſe, and glory giv'n,
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

Common Metre.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or ſaints to love the Lord.

Com. Metre, *where the tune includes two ſtanzas.*

THE God of mercy be ador'd,
Who calls our ſouls from death,
Who ſaves by his redeeming Word,
And new-creating breath.
To praiſe the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let ſaints and angels join.

Short Metre.

YE angels round the throne,
And ſaints who dwell below,
Worſhip the Father, praiſe the Son,
And bleſs the Spirit too.

Particular Metre.

NOW to the great and ſacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal praiſe and glory giv'n,

Through all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heav'n.

TO God the Father's throne,
Perpetual honors raise;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise:
With all our pow'rs,
Eternal King,
Thy name we sing,
While faith adores.

HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

IN THREE BOOKS.

I. Collected from the *Scriptures.*

II. Composed on *Divine Subjects.*

III. Prepared for the *Lord's Supper.*

BY ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy, &c. for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us, &c.

Rev. v. 9.

Soliti essent [i. e. *Christiani*] convenire, carmenque, Christo quasi Deo dicere. Plin. *in Epist.*

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HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Book I.

Collected from the Holy Scriptures.

Hymn. I. Common Metre.

A new song to the Lamb that was slain. Rev. v. 6, 8, 9, 10, 12.

1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb
Amidst his Father's throne:
Prepare new honours for his name,
And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around;
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweetest sound.

3 Those are the pray'rs of all the saints,
And these the hymns they raise:
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

4 [Eternal Father, who shall look
Into thy secret will?
Who but the Son shall take that book,
And open ev'ry seal?

5 He ſhall fulfil thy great decrees,
The Son deſerves it well;
Lo, in his hand the ſov'reign keys
Of heav'n, of death, and hell!]
6 Now to the Lamb that once was ſlain,
Be endleſs bleſſings paid:
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on thy head:
7 Thou haſt redeem'd our ſouls with blood,
Haſt ſet the priſ'ners free,
Haſt made us kings and prieſts to God,
And we ſhall reign with thee.
8 The worlds of nature and of grace,
Are put beneath thy pow'r;
Then ſhorten theſe delaying days,
And bring the promis'd hour.

Hymn II. Long Metre.

The Deity and humanity of Chriſt. John i. 1, 3, 14. Col. i. 16. Eph. iii. 9, 10.

ERE the blue heav'ns were ſtretch'd abroad,
From everlaſting was the Word:
With God he was; the Word was God,
And muſt divinely be ador'd.
2 By his own pow'r were all things made;
By him ſupported all things ſtand;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.
3 Ere ſin was born, or *Satan* fell,
He led the hoſt of morning ſtars;
(Thy generation who can tell,
Or count the number of thy years?)
4 But lo, he leaves thoſe heav'nly forms,
The Word deſcends and dwells in clay,

That he may hold converſe with worms,
Dreſs'd in ſuch feeble fleſh as they!
5 Mortals with joy behold his face,
Th' eternal Father's only Son;
How full of truth! how full of grace,
When through his fleſh the Godhead ſhone!
6 Arch-angels leave their high abode,
To learn new myſt'ries here, and tell
The love of our deſcending God!
The glories of *Immanuel!*

HYMN III. Short Metre.

The nativity of Chriſt. Luke i. 30, &c. Luke ii. 20, &c.

1 BEHOLD, the grace appears,
The promiſe is fulfil'd;
Mary, the wond'rous virgin, bears,
And *Jeſus* is the child.
2 [The Lord, the higheſt God,
Calls him his only Son;
He bids him rule the lands abroad,
And gives him *David's* throne.
3 O'er *Jacob* ſhall he reign
With a peculiar ſway;
The nations ſhall his grace obtain,
His kingdom ne'er decay.]
4 To bring the glorious news,
An heav'nly form appears;
He tells the ſhepherds of their joys,
And baniſhes their fears.
5 *Go, humble ſwains*, ſaid he,
To David's city fly;
The promis'd infant born to-day,
Doth in a manger lie!

6 *With looks and hearts ſerene,*
Go viſit Chriſt *your King*;
And ſtrait a flaming troop was ſeen—
The ſhepherds heard them ſing:
7 *Glory to God on high!*
And heav'nly peace on earth;
Good-will to men, to angels joy,
At the Redeemer's birth!
8 [In worſhip ſo divine,
Let ſaints employ their tongues;
With the celeſtial hoſt we join,
And loud repeat their ſongs;
9 *Glory to God on high!*
And heav'nly peace on earth;
Good-will to men, to angels joy,
At our Redeemer's birth!]

HYMN IV. Referred to PSALM II.

HYMN V. Common Metre.

Submiſſion to afflictive providences. Job i. 21.

1 NAKED as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at firſt,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our duſt.
2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but ſhort favours borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.
3 'Tis God who lifts our comforts high,
Or ſinks them in the grave,
He gives, and (bleſſed be his name)
He takes but what he gave.
4 Peace, all our angry paſſions then,
Let each rebellious figh

Be silent at his sov'reign will,
And ev'ry murmur die.

5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread,
And we'll adore the justice too,
Which strikes our comforts dead.

HYMN VI. Common Metre.

Triumph over death. Job xix. 25, 26, 27.

1 GREAT God, I own thy sentence just,
And nature must decay;
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow-clay.

2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs;
My *Jesus*, my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Saviour comes.

3 The mighty Conqu'ror shall appear
High on a royal seat,
And death (the last of all his foes)
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.

4 Though greedy worms devour my skin,
And gnaw my wasting flesh,
When God shall build my bones again,
He'll clothe them all afresh:

5 Then shall I see thy lovely face,
With strong immortal eyes,
And feast upon thy unknown grace,
With pleasure and surprise.

HYMN VII. Common Metre.

The invitation of the gospel; or, spiritual food and cloathing. Isa. lv. 1, 2, &c.

1 LET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice,

The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry starving souls,
Who feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind:

3 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye who pant for living streams,
And pine away and die;
Here you may quench your raging thirst,
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 [Ye perishing and naked poor,
Who work with mighty pain,
To weave a garment of your own,
Which will not hide your sin:

7 Come naked, and adorn your souls
In robes prepar'd by God,
Wrought by the labours of his Son,
And dy'd in his own blood.]

8 Dear God! the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,
And boundless as our sins!

9 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day:
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,

And drive our wants away.

HYMN VIII. Common Metre.

e safety and protection of the church. Isa. xxvi. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

HOW honourable is the place
Where we adoring ſtand,
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land!
Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell;
The walls of ſtrong ſalvation made,
Defy th' aſſaults of hell.
Lift up the everlaſting gates,
The doors wide open fling:
Enter ye nations, who obey
The ſtatutes of our King.
Here ſhall you taſte unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace;
You who have known *Jehovah*'s name,
And ventur'd on his grace.
Truſt in the Lord, for ever truſt,
And baniſh all your fears:
Strength in the *Lord Jehovah* dwells,
Eternal as his years.
What though the rebels dwell on high?
His arm ſhall bring them low;
Low as the caverns of the grave,
Their lofty heads ſhall bow.
On *Babylon* our feet ſhall tread,
In that rejoicing hour;
The ruins of her walls ſhall ſpread

The premiſes of the covenant of grace. Iſa. lv. 1, 2. Zec. xiii. 1. Mic. vii. 19. Ezek. xxxvi. 25, &c.

1 IN vain we laviſh out our lives
To gather empty wind;
The choiceſt bleſſings earth can yield,
Will ſtarve an hungry mind.

2 Come, and the Lord ſhall feed our ſouls
With more ſubſtantial meat,
With ſuch as ſaints in glory love,
With ſuch as angels eat.

3 Our God will ev'ry want ſupply,
And fill our heart with peace;
He gives by cov'nant and by oath,
The riches of his grace.

4 Come, and he'll cleanſe our ſpotted ſouls,
And waſh away our ſtains;
In the dear fountain which his Son
Pour'd from his dying veins.

5 [Our guilt ſhall vaniſh all away,
Though black as hell before;
Our ſins ſhall ſink beneath the ſea,
And ſhall be found no more.

6 And leſt pollution ſhould o'erſpread
Our inward pow'rs again,
His Spirit ſhall bedew our ſouls
Like purifying rain.]

7 Our heart, that ſtony ſtubborn thing,
Which terrors cannot move,
Which ſcorns the threatnings of his wrath,
Shall be diſſolv'd by love:

8 Or he can take the ſtone away,
Which ſhould not be refin'd,
And from the treaſures of his grace,

Bestow a softer mind.
9 There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,
And deep engrave his law,
And ev'ry motion of our souls
To sweet obedience draw.
10 Thus will he pour salvation down,
And we shall render praise;
We, the dear people of his love,
And he our God of grace.

HYMN X. Short Metre.

The blessedness of gospel-times: or, the revelation of Christ to Jews and Gentiles. Isa. v. 2, 7, 8, 9. 19. Matth. xiii. 16, 17.

1 HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on *Zion*'s hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!
2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
"*Zion*, behold thy Saviour King,
"He reigns and triumphs here."
3 How happy are our ears,
Which hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets wa'ted for,
And sought, but never found!
4 How blessed are our eyes,
Which see this heav'nly light:
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But dy'd without the sight.
5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

Hymn XI. Long Metre.

The humble enlightened, and carnal reason humbled: or, the sovereignty of grace. Luke x. 21, 22.

1 THERE was an hour when *Christ* rejoic'd,
And spoke his joy in words of praise;
"Father, I thank thee, mighty God,
"Lord of the earth, and heav'ns, and seas,
2 "I thank thy sov'reign pow'r and love,
"Which crowns my doctrine with success;
"And makes the babes in knowledge learn
"The heights, and breadths, and lengths of
3 "But all this glory lies conceal'd [grace.
"From men of prudence and of might:
"The prince of darkness blinds their eyes,
"And their own pride resists the light.
4 "Father, 'tis thus, because thy will
"Chose and ordain'd it should be so;
"'Tis thy delight t' abase the proud,
"And lay the haughty scorner low.
5 "There's none can know the Father right,
"But those who learn it from the Son,
"Nor can the Son be well receiv'd
"But where the Father makes him known."
6 Then let our soul's adore our God,
Who deals his graces as he please;
Nor gives to mortals an account,
Or of his actions, or decrees.

Hymn XII. Common Metre.

Free grace revealing Christ. Luke x. 21.

1 JESUS the man of constant grief,
A mourner all his days;
His spirit once rejoic'd aloud,
And turn'd his joy to praise.

2 *Father, I thank thy wond'rous love,*
Which hath reveal'd thy Son
To men unlearned; and to babes
Has made thy gospel known.

3 *The myst'ries of redeeming grace*
Are hidden from the wise,
While pride and carnal reas'ning join
To swell and blind their eyes.

4 Thus doth the Lord of heav'n and earth,
His great decrees fulfil,
And orders all his works of grace,
By his own sov'reign will.

HYMN XIII. Long Metre.

The titles and kingdom of Christ. Isa. xi. 2, 6, 7.

1 THE lands which long in darkness lay,
Now have beheld a heav'nly light;
Nations which sat in death's cold shade,
Are blest with beams divinely bright.

2 The virgin's promis'd Son is born;
Behold th' expected Child appear:
What shall his names or titles be?
The Wonderful, the Counseller.

3 [This Infant is the Mighty God,
Come to be suckled and ador'd;
Th' eternal Father, Prince of peace,
The Son of *David*, and his Lord.]

4 The government of earth and seas
Upon his shoulder shall be laid;
His wide dominion shall increase,

And honours to his name be paid.

5 *Jesus*, the holy Child, shall sit
High on his father *David's* throne,
Shall crush his foes beneath his feet,
And reign to ages yet unknown.

HYMN XIV. Long Metre.

The triumph of faith. Rom. viii. 33, &c.

1 WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God who justifies their souls,
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'Tis *Christ* who suffer'd in their stead;
And the salvation to fulfil,
Behold him rising from the dead!

3 He lives! he lives! and sits above,
For ever interceding there:
Who shall divide us from his love?
Or what should tempt us to despair?

4 Shall persecution or distress?
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
He who hath lov'd us bears us through,
And makes us more than conqu'rors too.

5 Faith hath an overcoming pow'r,
It triumphs in the dying hour:
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope,
Nor can we sink with such a prop.

6 Not all which men on earth can do,
Nor pow'rs on high, nor pow'rs below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from *Christ* our love.

HYMN XV. Long Metre.

Our own weakness, and Christ our strength. 2 Cor.

xii. 7, 9, 10.

1 LET me but hear my Saviour say,
Strength shall be equal to the day:
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

2 I glory in infirmity,
That *Christ*'s own pow'r may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong,
Grace is my shield, and *Christ* my song.

3 I can do all things, or can bear
All suff'rings, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While his left hand my head sustains.

4 But if the Lord be once withdrawn,
And we attempt the work alone,
When new temptations spring and rise,
We find how great our weakness is.

5 So *Sampson*, when his hair was lost,
Met the *Philistines* to his cost;
Shook his vain limbs with sad surprise,
Made feeble fight, and lost his eyes.

HYMN XVI. Common Metre.

Hosanna to Christ. Matth. xxi. 9. Luke xix. 38, 40.

1 *HOSANNA* to the royal Son
Of *David*'s ancient line!
His natures two, his person one,
Mysterious and divine.

2 The root of *David* here we find,
And offspring is the same:
Eternity and time are join'd
In our *Immanuel*'s name.

3 Blest'd He who comes to wretched men

With peaceful news from heav'n ;
Hosannas of the highest strain,
To *Christ* the Lord be giv'n !

4 Let mortals ne'er refuse to take
Th' *Hosanna* on their tongues,
Lest rocks and stones should rise, and break
Their silence into songs.

HYMN XVII. Common Metre.

Victory over death. 1 Cor. xv. 55, &c.

1 O FOR an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster death,
And all his frightful pow'rs !

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quiv'ring lip should sing,
Where is thy boasted victʼry grave ?
And where the monster's sting ?

3 If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure,
Death has no sting beside ;
The law gives sin its damning pow'r ;
But *Christ* my ransom dy'd.

4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conqu'rors while we die,
Through *Christ* our living head.

HYMN XVIII. Common Metre.

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. Rev. xiv. 13.

1 HEAR what the voice from heav'n proclaims
For all the pious dead :
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in *Jesus*, and are blest ;
How kind their slumbers are !

From ſuff'rings and from ſins releas'd,
And freed from ev'ry ſnare.

3 Far from this world of toil and ſtrife,
They're preſent with the Lord;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

Hymn XIX. Common Metre.

The ſong of Simeon: *or, death made deſirable.*
Luke i. 27, &c.

1 LORD, at thy temple we appear,
As happy *Simeon* came,
And hope to meet our Saviour here;
O make our joys the ſame.

2 With what divine and vaſt delight
The good old man was fill'd,
When fondly in his wither'd arms
He claſp'd the holy child:

3 "Now I can leave this world, he cry'd,
"Behold thy ſervant dies;
"I've ſeen thy great ſalvation, Lord,
"And cloſe my peaceful eyes.

4 "This is the light prepar'd to ſhine
"Upon the Gentile lands,
"Thine *Iſrael*'s glory, and their hope,
"To break their ſlaviſh bands."

5 [*Jeſus!* the viſion of thy face
Hath overpow'ring charms!
Scarce ſhall I feel death's cold embrace,
If *Chriſt* be in my arms.

6 Then while you hear my heart-ſtrings break,
How ſweet my minutes roll!
A mortal paleneſs on my cheek,
But glory in my ſoul.]

HYMN XX. Common Metre.

Spiritual apparel, viz. the robe of righteousness, and garments of salvation. Isa. lxi. 10.

1 AWAKE my heart, arise my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice;
In God the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

2 'Tis he adorn'd my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes his graces shine.

3 And, lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.

4 How far the heav'nly road exceeds
What earthly princes wear!
These ornaments, how bright they shine!
How white the garments are!

5 The Spirit wrought my faith and love,
And hope, and ev'ry grace;
But *Jesus* spent his life, to work
The robe of righteousness.

6 Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd
By the great sacred Three!
In sweetest harmony of praise
Let all thy pow'rs agree.

HYMN XXI. Common Metre.

A vision of the kingdom of Christ *among men.* Rev. xxi. 1, 2, 3, 4.

1 LO, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are pass'd away,

And the old rolling skies.

2 From the third heav'n where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The *New-Jerusalem* comes down
Adorn'd with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
"Of your descending King.

4 "The God of glory down to men
"Removes his blest abode;
"Men, the dear objects of his grace,
"And he the loving God.

5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tear
"From ev'ry weeping eye,
"And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
"And death itself shall die."

6 How long, dear Saviour, O! how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

Hymn XXII, & XXIII. *Referred to Psalm* CXXV.

Hymn XXIV. Long Metre.

The rich farmer dying. Psal. xlix. 6, 9. Eccl. viii. 8. Luke xii. 14, 15.

1 IN vain the wealthy mortals toil,
And heap their shining dust in vain;
Look down and scorn the humble poor,
And boast their lofty hills of gain.

2 Their golden cordials cannot raise
Their palsied hearts or aching heads,
Nor bribe approaching death
From gilt'ring roofs and downy beds.

3 The lingering, th' unwilling ſoul,
The diſmal ſummons muſt obey,
And bid a long, a ſad farewell
To the pale lump of lifeleſs clay.
4 Thence they are huddled to the grave,
Where kings and ſlaves have equal thrones;
Their bones without diſtinction lie
Among the heaps of meaner bones.

The reſt referred to Pſalm xlix.

HYMN XXV. Long Metre.

A viſion of the Lamb. Rev. v. 6, 7, 8, 9.

1 ALL mortal vanities be gone,
Nor tempt my eyes, nor tire my ears;
Behold, amid th' eternal throne,
A viſion of the Lamb appears.
2 [Glory his fleecy robe adorns,
Mark'd with the bloody death he bore:
Sev'n are his eyes, and ſev'n his horns,
To ſpeak his wiſdom and his pow'r.
3 Lo, he receives a ſealed book
From him who ſits upon the throne:
Jeſus, my Lord, prevails to look
On dark decrees, and things unknown.]
4 All the aſſembling ſaints around,
Fall worſhipping before the Lamb,
And, in new ſongs of goſpel ſound,
Addreſs their honours to his name.
5 [The joy, the ſhout, the harmony
Flies o'er the everlaſting hills:
Worthy art thou alone, they cry,
To read the book, to looſe the ſeals.
6 Our voices join the heav'nly ſtrain,
And with tranſporting pleaſure ſing,

" Worthy the Lamb who once was slain,
To be our teacher and our king.
7 His words of prophecy reveal
Eternal counsels, deep designs:
His grace and vengeance shall fulfil
The peaceful and the dreadful lines.
8 Thou hast redeem'd our souls from hell
With thine invaluable blood;
And wretches, who did once rebel,
Are now made fav'rites of their God.
9 Worthy for ever is the Lord.
Who dy'd for treasons not his own,
By ev'ry tongue to be ador'd,
And dwell upon his Father's throne."

HYMN XXVI. Common Metre.

Hope of heaven by the resurrection of Christ.

1 Pet. i. 3, 4, 5.

1 BLESS'D be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord:
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty ador'd.
2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.
3 What though our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust?
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his follwers must.
4 There's an inheritance divine,
Reserv'd against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot waste away.

5 Saints by the pow'r of God are kept
'Till the salvation come:
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
'Till *Christ* shall call us home.

HYMN XXVII. Common Metre.

Assurance of heaven: or, a saint prepared to die.
2 Tim. iv. 6, 7, 8, 17.

1 [DEAR Heav'nly Love my body now,
And bear my spirit home;
Why do my minutes move so slow,
Nor my salvation come?

2 With heav'nly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord,
Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,
And wait the sure reward.]

3 God has laid up in heav'n for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge, at that great day,
Will place it on my head.

4 Nor has the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone;
But all who love and long to see
Th' appearance of his Son.

5 *Jesus*, the Lord, shall guard me safe
From ev'ry ill design;
And to his heav'nly kingdom take
This feeble soul of mine.

6 God is my everlasting aid;
And hell shall rage in vain;
To him be highest glory paid,
And endless praise. *Amen.*

HYMN XXVIII. Common Metre,

The triumph of Christ *over the enemies of his ch.*

Isa. lxiii. 1, 2, 3.

1 WHAT mighty man, or mighty God,
Comes travelling in state,
Along the *Idumean* road,
Away from *Bozrah*'s gate?

2 The glory of his robes proclaim
'Tis some victorious King:
"'Tis I the Just, tu' Almighty One,
"That your salvation bring."

3 Why, mighty Lord, thy saints inquire,
Why thine apparel red?
And all thy vesture stain'd like those
Who in the wine-press tread?

4 "I by myself have trod the press,
"And crush'd my foes alone;
"My wrath has struck the rebels dead
"My fury stampt them down.

5 "'Tis *Edom*'s blood which dyes my robes
"With joyful scarlet-stains;
"The triumph that my raiment wears,
"Sprung from their bleeding veins.

6 "Thus shall the nations be destroy'd,
"That dare insult my saints;
"I have an arm t' avenge their wrongs,
"An ear for their complaints."

HYMN XXIX. Common Metre.

The triumph of Christ: or, the ruin of Antichrist.

Isa. lxiii. 4, 5, 6, 7.

1 "I LIFT my banner (hail the Lord)
"Where Antichrist has stood;
"The city of my gospel-foes
"Shall be a field of blood.

2 "My heart has studied just revenge,

" And now the day appears!
" The day of my redeem'd is come,
" To wipe away their tears.
3 " Quite weary is my patience grown,
" And bids my fury go:
" Swift as the lightning it shall move,
" And be as fatal too.
4 " I call for helpers, but in vain:
" Then has my gospel none?
" Well, mine own arm has might enough,
" To crush my foes alone.
5 " Slaughter and the devouring sword,
" Shall walk the streets around;
" *Babel* shall reel beneath my stroke,
" And dagger to the ground."
6 Thine honours, O victorious King,
Thine own right hand shall raise,
While we thy awful vengeance sing,
And our Deliv'rer praise.

Hymn XXX. Long Metre.

Prayer for deliverance answered. Isa. xxvi. 8---20.

1 IN thy own ways, O God of love,
We wait the visits of thy grace;
Our souls' desire is to thy name,
And the remembrance of thy face.
2 My thoughts are searching, Lord, for thee,
'Mongst the black shades of lonesome night;
My earnest cries salute the skies
Before the dawn restores the light.
3 Look how rebellious men deride
The tender patience of my God!
But they shall see thy lifted hand,
And feel the scourges of thy rod.

4 Hark! th' Eternal rends the sky,
A mighty voice before him goes,
A voice of music to his friends,
But threat'ning thunder to his foes.

5 Come, children to your father's arms,
Hide in the chambers of my grace,
'Till the fierce storm be overblown,
And my revenging fury cease.

6 My sword shall boast its thousands slain,
And drink the blood of haughty kings;
While heav'nly peace around my flock,
Stretches its soft and shady wings.

Hymn XXXI. Referred to the 1st Psalm.

Hymn XXXII. Common Metre.

Strength from heaven. Isa. xl. 27, 28, 29, 30.

1 Whence do our mournful thoughts arise?
And where's our courage fled?
Has restless sin, and raging hell,
Struck all our comforts dead?

2 Have we forgot th' almighty name
Which form'd the earth and sea?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?

3 Treasures of everlasting might
In our Jehovah dwell;
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.

4 Mere mortal pow'r shall fade and die,
And youthful vigour cease;
But we, who wait upon the Lord,
Shall feel our strength increase.

5 The saints shall mount on eagle's wings,
And taste the promis'd bliss,

'Till their unwearied feet arrive
Where perfect pleasure is.

Hymn XXXIII, XXXIV, XXXV, XXXVI, XXXVII, XXXVIII. Referred to Psalms 131, 134–67, 73, 90 *and* 84.

HYMN XXXIX. Common Metre.

God's tender care of his church. Isa. xlix. 13, &c.

1 NOW shall my inward joys arise,
And burst into a song;
Almighty love inspires my heart,
And pleasures tune my tongue.

2 God on his thirsty *Zion* hill,
Some mercy-drops has thrown,
And solemn vows have bound his love
To show'r salvation down.

3 Why do we then indulge our fears,
Surpicions and complaints?
Is he a GOD! and shall his grace
Grow weary of his saints?

4 Can a kind woman e'er forget
The infant of her womb,
And 'mong a thousand tender thoughts
Her sucking have no room?

5 *Yet,* saith the Lord, *should nature change,*
And mothers monsters prove,
Zion shall dwells upon the heart
Of everlasting love.

6 *Deep on the palms of both my hands*
I have engrav'd her name,
My hands shall raise her ruin'd walls,
And build her broken frame.

HYMN XL. Long Metre.

The business and blessedness of glorified saints. Rev.

vii. 13, 14, 15, &c.

1 *WHAT happy men, or angels these,*
That all their robes are spotless white?
Whence did this glorious troop arrive
At the pure realms of heav'nly light?

2 From tort'ring racks, and burning fires,
Through seas of their own blood they came:
But nobler blood has wash'd their robes,
Flowing from *Christ* the dying Lamb.

3 Now they approach th' almighty throne
With loud *Hosannas* night and day;
Sweet anthems to the great *Three-One*,
Measure their bleſt eternity.

4 No more shall hunger pain their souls:
He bids their parching thirst be gone,
And spreads the shadow of his wings,
To screen them from the scorching sun.

5 The Lamb, who fills the middle throne,
Shall shed around his milder beams;
There shall they feast on his rich love,
And drink full joys from living streams.

6 Thus shall their mighty bliss renew,
Through the vast round of endless years,
And the full hand of sov'reign grace
Heals all their wounds, and wipes their tears.

HYMN XLI. Common Metre.

The same: or, the martyrs glorified. Rev. vii. 13.

1 *THESE glorious minds how bright they shine!*
Whence all their white array? How came they
To the bright seats
Of everlasting day?

2 From tort'ring pains to endless joys,
On fiery wheels they rode,

And ſtrangely waſh'd their raiment white
In *Jeſus'* dying blood.

4 Now they approach a ſpotleſs God,
And bow before his throne;
Their warbling harps and ſacred ſongs
Adore the Holy One.

4 The unveil'd glories of his face
Among his ſaints reſide,
While the rich treaſure of his grace
Sees all their wants ſupply'd.

5 Tormenting thirſt ſhall leave their ſouls,
And hunger flee as faſt;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their ſweet repaſt.

6 The Lamb ſhall lead his heav'nly flock
Where living fountains riſe,
And love divine ſhall wipe away
The ſorrows of their eyes.

HYMN XLII. Common Metre.

Divine wrath and mercy. From Nah. i. 1, 2, &c.

1 ADORE and tremble, for our God
Is a *conſuming fire*; *
His jealous eyes his wrath inflame,
And raiſe his vengeance high'r.

2 Almighty vengeance, how it burns!
How bright his fury glows!
Vaſt magazines of plagues and ſtorms,
Lie treaſur'd for his foes.

3 Thoſe heaps of wrath by ſlow degrees
Are forc'd into a flame,
But kindled, O! how fierce they blaze!
And rend all nature's frame.

* Heb. xii, 29.

4 At his approach the mountains flee,
And ſeek a wat'ry grave;
The frighted ſea makes haſte away,
And ſhrinks up ev'ry wave.

5 Through the wide air the weighty rocks,
Are twiſt as hailſtones hurl'd:
Who dares engage the fiery rage,
Which ſhakes the ſolid world?

6 Yet, mighty God, thy ſov'reign grace
Sits regent on the throne,
The refuge of thy choſen race,
When wrath comes ruſhing down.

7 Thy hand ſhall on rebellious kings
A fiery tempeſt pour,
While we, beneath thy ſhelt'ring wings,
Thy juſt revenge adore.

HYMN *XLIII. Referred to Pſalm* C.

HYMN *XLIV. Referred to Pſalm CXXXIII.*

HYMN XLV. Common Metre.

The laſt judgment. Rev. xxi. 5, 6, 7, 8.

1 SEE where the great incarnate God
Fills a majeſtic throne!
While from the ſkies his awful voice
Bears the laſt judgment down.

2 [" I am the firſt, and I the laſt,
" Through endleſs years the ſame;
" *I AM*—is my memorial ſtill,
" And my eternal name.

3 " Such favours as a God can give,
" My royal grace beſtows;
" Ye thirſty ſouls, come taſte the ſtreams
" Where life and pleaſure flows.]

4 [" The ſaint who triumphs o'er his ſins,

" I'll own him for a ſon ;
" The whole creation ſhall reward
" The conqueſts he has won.
5 " But bloody hands, and hearts unclean,
" And all the lying race,
" The faithleſs and the ſcoffing crew,
" Who ſpurn at offer'd grace ;
6 " They ſhall be taken from my ſight,
" Bound with an iron chain,
" And headlong plung'd into the lake
" Where fire and darkneſs reign."]
7 O may I ſtand before the Lamb
When earth and ſeas are fled !
And hear the Judge pronounce my name,
With bleſſings on my head.
8 May I with thoſe for ever dwell,
Who here were my delight,
While ſinners baniſh'd down to hell,
No more offend my ſight.

HYMN *XLVI, and XLVII. Referred to Pſalm* cxlviii, *and* iii.

HYMN ALVIII. Long Metre.

The Chriſtian race. Iſa. xl. 28-----31.

1 AWAKE, our ſouls (away our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone)
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
2 True, 'tis a ſtrait and thorny road,
And mortal ſpirits tire and faint ;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the ſtrength of ev'ry ſaint.
3 The mighty God, whoſe matchleſs pow'r
Is ever new, and ever young,

And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall melt away, and drop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

HYMN XLIX. Common Metre.

The works of Moses *and the Lamb.* Rev. xv. 3.

1 HOW strong thine arm is, mighty God!
Who would not fear thy name?
Jesus, how sweet thy graces are!
Who would not love the Lamb?

2 He has done more than *Moses* did,
Our Prophet and our King;
From bonds of hell he freed our souls,
And taught our lips to sing.

3 In the *Red-Sea* by *Moses'* hand,
Th' *Egyptian* host was drown'd;
But his own blood hides all our sins,
And guilt no more is found.

4 When through the desart *Israel* went,
With manna they were fed;
Our Lord invites us to his flesh,
And calls it living bread.

5 *Moses* beheld the promis'd land,
Yet never reach'd the place;
But *Christ* shall bring his foll'wers home,
To see his Father's face.

6 Then shall our love and joy be full,

And feel a warmer flame,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of *Moses* and the Lamb.

HYMN L. Common Metre.

Light and salvation by Jesus Christ. Luke i. 6 &c. John i. 29, 32.

1 NOW be the God of *Israel* bless'd,
Who makes his truth appear;
His mighty hand fulfils his word,
And all the oaths he sware.

2 Now he bedews old *David*'s root
With blessings from the skies;
He makes the branch of promise shoot,
The promis'd horn arise.

3 [*John* was the prophet of the Lord,
To go before his face,
The herald which our Saviour God
Sent to prepare his ways.

4 He makes the great salvation known,
He speaks of pardon'd sins;
While grace divine, and heav'nly love,
In its own glory shines.

5 "Behold the Lamb of God, he cries,
"Who takes our guilt away;
"I saw the Spirit o'er his head
"On his baptizing day.]

6 "Ev'ry vale exalted high,
"Sink ev'ry mountain low;
"The proud must stoop, and humble souls
"Shall his salvation know.

7 "The heathen realms, with *Isr'el*'s land
"Shall join in sweet accord:
"And all that's born of man shall see

" The glory of the Lord.
8 " Behold the Morning-Star arise,
" Ye who in darkness sit :
" He marks the path which leads to peace,
" And guides our doubtful feet."

HYMN LI. Short Metre.

Preserving grace. Jude 24, 25.

1 TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies,
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and pow'r belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

HYMN LII. Long Metre.

Baptism. Mat. xxviii. 19. Acts ii. 38.

1 'TWAS the commission of our Lord,
Go teach the nations, and baptize ;
The nations have receiv'd the word,
Since he ascended to the skies.

2 He ſits upon th' eternal hills,
With grace and pardon in his hands,
And ſends his cov'nant with the ſeals,
To bleſs the darkſome *Gentile* lands.

3 *Repent, and be baptiz'd*, he ſaith,
For the remiſſion of your ſins ;
And thus our ſenſe aſſiſts our faith,
And ſhews us what his goſpel means.

4 Our ſouls he waſhes in his blood,
(As water makes the body clean ;)
And the good Spirit, from our God,
Deſcends like purifying rain.

5 Thus we engage ourſelves to thee,
And ſeal our cov'nant with the Lord ;
O may the great eternal Three,
In heav'n our ſolemn vows record.

Hymn LIII. Long Metre.

The holy ſcriptures. Heb. i. 1. 2 Tim. iii. 15, 16. Pſa. cxlvii. 19, 20.

1 GOD, who in various methods told
His mind and will to ſaints of old,
Sent his own Son, with truth and grace,
To teach us in theſe latter days.

2 Our nation reads the written word,
That book of life, that ſure record ;
The bright inheritance of heav'n,
Is by the ſweet conveyance giv'n.

3 God's kindeſt thoughts are here expreſs'd,
Able to make us wiſe and bleſt ;
The doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for reproof, and comfort too.

4 Ye people all, who read his love
In long epiſtles from above,

(He hath not sent his sacred word
To ev'ry land) praise ye the Lord.

HYMN LIV. Long Metre.

Saints beloved in Christ. Eph. i. 3, &c.

1 JESUS, we bless thy Father's name:
Thy God and ours are both the same;
What heav'nly blessings from his throne
Flow down to sinners through his Son!

2 Christ *be my first elect*, he said,
Then chose our souls in *Christ*, our Head,
Before he gave the mountains birth,
Or laid foundations for the earth.

3 Thus did eternal love begin
To raise us up from death and sin;
Our characters were then decreed:
Blameless in love—an holy seed.

4 Predestinated to be sons,
Born by degrees, but chose at once;
A new regenerated race,
To praise the glory of his grace.

5 With *Christ*, our Lord, we share a part
In the affections of his heart;
Nor shall our souls be thence remov'd,
'Till he forgets his first-belov'd.

HYMN LV. Common Metre.

Sickness and recovery. Isa. xxxviii. 9, &c.

1 WHEN we are rais'd from deep dis-[tress,
Our God deserves a song;
We take the pattern of our praise,
From *Hezekiah*'s tongue.

2 The gates of the devouring grave
Are open'd wide in vain,
If he who holds the keys of death,

Commands them faſt again.

3 Pains of the fleſh are won't t' abuſe
Our minds with ſlaviſh fears;
Our days are paſt, and we ſhall loſe
The remnant of our years.

4 We chatter with a ſwallow's voice,
Or like a dove we mourn,
With bitterneſs inſtead of joys,
Afflicted, and forlorn.

5 *Jehovah* ſpeaks the healing word,
And no diſeaſe withſtands;
Fevers and plagues obey the Lord,
And fly at his commands.

6 If half the ſprings of life ſhould break,
He can our frame reſtore;
He caſts our ſins behind his back,
And they are found no more.

HYMN LVI. Common Metre.

Babylon falling. Rev. xv. 3. xvi. 19. *and* xvii. 6.

1 WE ſing the glories of thy love,
We ſound thy dreadful name!
The Chriſtian church unites the ſongs
Of *Moſes* and the Lamb.

2 Great God, how wond'rous are thy works
Of vengeance and of grace!
Thou King of ſaints, almighty Lord,
How juſt and true thy ways!

3 Who dare refuſe to fear thy name,
Or worſhip at thy throne?
Thy judgments ſpeak thine holineſs
Through all the nation known.

4 Great *Babylon*, which rules the earth,
Drunk with the martyrs' blood,

Her crimes ſhall ſpeedily awake
The fury of our God.
The cup of wrath is ready mix'd,
And ſhe muſt drink the dregs;
Strong is the Lord, her ſov'reign Judge,
And ſhall fulfil the plagues.

HYMN LVII. Common Metre.

Original ſin. Rom. v. 12, &c. Pſalm li. 5. Job xiv. 4.

1 BACKWARD with humble ſhame we look
On our original;
How is our nature daſh'd and broke
In our firſt father's fall!
2 To all that's good—averſe and blind,
But prone to all that's ill;
What dreadful darkneſs veils our mind!
How obſtinate our will!
3 [Conceiv'd in ſin (O wretched ſtate)
Before we draw our breath,
The firſt young pulſe begins to beat
Iniquity and death.
4 How ſtrong in our degen'rate blood
The old corruption reigns,
And, mingling with the crooked flood,
Wanders through all our veins!]
5 [Wild and unwholeſome as the root,
Will all the branches be;
How can we hope for living fruit,
From ſuch a deadly tree?
6 What mortal pow'r from things unclean
Can pure productions bring?
Who can command a vital ſtream

Can make our nature clean,
While *Chriſt* and grace prevail above
The tempter, death and ſin.

8 The ſecond *Adam* ſhall reſtore
The ruins of the firſt;
Hoſanna to that ſov'reign pow'r
Which new-creates our duſt.

HYMN LVIII. Long Metre.

The devil vanquiſhed. Rev. xii. 7.

1 LET mortal tongues attempt to ſing
The wars of heav'n, when *Michael* ſtood
Chief gen'ral of th' eternal King,
And fought the battles of our God.

2 Againſt the dragon and his hoſt
The armies of the Lord prevail;
In vain they rage, in vain they boaſt,
Their courage ſinks, their weapons fail.

3 Down to the earth was *Satan* thrown,
Down to the earth his legions fell:
Then was the trump of triumph blown,
And ſhook the dreadful deeps of hell.

4 Now is the hour of darkneſs paſt,
Chriſt has aſſum'd his reigning pow'r;
Behold the great accuſer caſt
Down from the ſkies to riſe no more.

5 'Twas by thy blood, immortal Lamb,
Thine armies trod the tempter down:
'Twas by thy word and pow'rful name
They gain'd the battle and renown.

6 Rejoice ye heav'ns; let ev'ry ſtar
Shine with new glories round the ſky:
Saints, while you ſing the heav'nly war,
Raiſe your deliv'rer's name on high.

Hymn LIX. Long Metre.

Babylon *fallen.* Rev. xviii. 20, 21.

1 IN *Gabriel's* hand a mighty ſtone
Lies, a fair type of *Babylon*;
Prophets rejoice, and all ye ſaints,
God ſhall avenge your long complaints.

2 He ſaid, and dreadful as he ſtood,
He ſunk the millſtone in the flood:
Thus terribly ſhall Bab'lon *fall—*
Sink—and no more be found at all.

Hymn LX. Long Metre.

The promiſed Meſſiah *born.* Luke i. 46. &c.

1 OUR ſouls ſhall magnify the Lord,
In God the Saviour we rejoice;
While we repeat the virgin's ſong,
May the ſame Spirit tune our voice.

2 [The Higheſt ſaw her low eſtate,
And mighty things his hand has done:
His overſhadowing pow'r and grace
Makes her the mother of a Son.

3 Let ev'ry nation call her bleſs'd,
And endleſs years prolong her fame;
But God alone muſt be ador'd;
Holy and rev'rend is his name.]

4 To thoſe who fear and truſt the Lord,
His mercy ſtands for ever ſure:
From age to age his promiſe lives,
And the performance is ſecure.

5 He ſpake to *Abrah'm* and his ſeed—
In thee ſhall all the earth be bleſs'd:
The mem'ry of that ancient word
Lay long in his eternal breaſt.

6 But now no more ſhall *Iſrael* wait,

No more the Gentiles lie forlorn;
Lo, the desire of nations comes;
Behold the promis'd seed is born!

HYMN LXI. Long Metre.

Christ *coming to judgment.* Rev. i. 5, 6, 7.

1 NOW to the Lord who makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honours paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

2 'Twas he who cleans'd our foulest sins,
And wash'd us in his richest blood;
'Tis he who makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

3 To *Jesus*, our atoning Priest,
To *Jesus*, our superior King,
Be everlasting pow'r confest,
And ev'ry tongue his glory sing.

4 Behold, on flying clouds he comes!
And ev'ry eye shall see him move;
Though with our sins we pierc'd him once;
Now he displays his pard'ning love.

5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day:
Come, Lord, nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariots long delay.

HYMN LXII. Common Metre.

Christ Jesus, the Lamb of God, worshipped by all the creation. Rev. v. 11, 12, 13.

1 COME let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb who dy'd (they cry)

To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was slain for us.

3 *Jesus* is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all who dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to raise thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 Let all creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name,
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

Hymn LXIII. Long Metre.

Christ's humiliation and exaltation. Rev. v. 12.

1 WHAT equal honours shall we bring
To thee, O Lord, our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes which angels sing,
Are far inferiour to thy name?

2 Worthy is he who once was slain,
The Prince of life, who groan'd and dy'd,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his almighty Father's side.

3 Pow'r and dominion are his due,
Who stood condemn'd at *Pilate*'s bar;
Wisdom belongs to *Jesus* too,
Though he was charg'd with madness here.

4 All riches are his native right,
Yet he sustain'd amazing loss:
To him ascribe eternal might,
Who left his weakness on the cross.

5 Honour immortal muſt be paid,
Inſtead of ſcandal and of ſcorn;
While glory ſhines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.
6 Bleſſings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curſe for wretched men:
Let angels ſound his ſacred name,
And ev'ry creature ſay, *Amen.*

HYMN LXIV. Short Metre.

Adoption. 1 John iii. 1, &c. Gal. vi. 6.

1 BEHOLD what wond'rous grace,
The Father has beſtow'd
On ſinners of a mortal race,
To call them—*ſons of God!*
2 'Tis no ſurpriſing thing,
That we ſhould be unknown:
The *Jewiſh* world knew not their King,
God's everlaſting Son.
3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we muſt be made;
But when we ſee our Saviour here,
We ſhall be like our Head.
4 A hope ſo much divine,
May trials well endure—
May purge our ſouls from ſenſe and ſin,
As *Chriſt* the Lord, is pure.
5 If in my Father's love,
I ſhare a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove,
To reſt upon my heart.
6 We would no longer lie
Like ſlaves beneath the throne;
Our faith ſhall Abba, Father, cry,

And thou the kindred own.

HYMN LXV. Long Metre.

The day of judgment. Rev. xi., 15.

1 LET the sev'nth angel sound on high,
Let shouts be heard through all the sky!
Kings of the earth, with glad accord,
Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.

2 Almighty God, thy pow'r assume,
Who wast, and art, and art to come;
Jesus, the Lamb, who once was slain,
For ever live, for ever reign.

3 The angry nations fret and roar,
That they can slay the saints no more;
On wings of vengeance flies our God,
To pay the long arrears of blood.

4 Now must the rising dead appear;
Now the decisive sentence hear;
Now the dear martyrs of the Lord
Receive an infinite reward.

HYMN LXVI. Long Metre.

Christ, *the King, at his table.* Solomon's Song i. 2, 3, 4, 5, 12, 13, 17.

1 LET him embrace my soul, and prove
Mine int'rest in his heav'nly love;
The voice which tells me—*Thou art mine*—
Exceeds the blessings of the vine.

2 On thee th' anointing Spirit came,
And spread the savour of thy name;
That oil of gladness and of grace,
Draws virgin souls to meet thy face.

3 *Jesus* allure me by thy charms!
My soul shall fly into thine arms!
Our wand'ring feet thy favours bring

To the fair chambers of the King.

4 [Wonder and pleaſure tune our voice,
To ſpeak thy praiſes and our joys;
Our mem'ry keeps this love of thine,
Beyond the taſte of richeſt wine.]

5 Though in ourſelves deform'd we are,
And black as *Kedar*'s tents appear;
Yet when we put thy beauties on,
Fair as the courts of *Solomon*.

6 [While at his table ſits the King,
He loves to ſee us ſmile and ſing;
Our graces are our beſt perfume,
And breathe like ſpikenard round the room.]

7 As myrrh new bleeding from the tree,
Such is a dying *Chriſt* to me;
And while he makes my ſoul his gueſt,
My boſom, Lord, ſhall be thy reſt.

8 [No beams of cedar or of fir,
Can with thy courts on earth compare:
And here we wait until thy love
Raiſe us to nobler ſeats above.]

Hymn LXVII. Short Metre.

Seeking the paſtures of Chriſt the Shepherd. Solomon's Song, i. 7.

1 THOU, whom my ſoul admires above
All earthly joy, and earthly love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know
Where do thy ſweeteſt paſtures grow?

2 Where is the ſhadow of that Rock,
Which from the ſun defends thy flock?
Fain would I feed among thy ſheep,
Among them reſt, among them ſleep.

3 Why ſhould thy bride appear like one

Who turns aside to paths unknown?
My constant feet would never rove,
Would never seek another love.

4 [The footsteps of thy flock I see;
Thy sweetest pastures here they be;
A wond'rous feast thy love prepares,
Bought with thy wounds, and groans, and
5 His dearest flesh he makes my food, [tears.
And bids me drink his richest blood;
Here, to these hills, my soul will come,
'Till my Beloved lead me home.]

HYMN LXVIII. Long Metre.

The banquet of love. Solomon's Song ii. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.

1 BEHOLD the rose of *Sharon* here,
The lilly which the vallies bear:
Behold the Tree of Life, which gives
Refreshing fruit and healing leaves.

2 Among the thorns so lillies shine:
Among wild gourds the noble vine;
So in my eyes my Saviour proves,
Amidst a thousand meaner loves.

3 Beneath his cooling shade I sat,
To shield me from the burning heat;
Of heav'nly fruit he spreads a feast,
To feed my eyes, and please my taste.

4 [Kindly he brought me to the place
Where stood the banquet of his grace;
He saw me faint, and o'er my head
The banner of his love he spread.

5 With living bread and gen'rous wine,
He cheers this sinking heart of mine;
And op'ning his own heart to me,

He shew'd his thoughts how kind they be!]

6 O never let my Lord depart,
Lie down and rest upon my heart;
I charge my sins not once to move,
Disturb, nor wake, nor grieve my Love.

HYMN LXIX. Long Metre.

Christ appearing to his Church, and seeking her company. Solomon's Song ii. 8----13.

1 THE voice of my Beloved sounds
Over the rocks and rising grounds;
O'er hills of guilt, and seas of grief,
He leaps, he flies to my relief.

2 Now through the veil of flesh I see,
With eyes of love he looks at me:
Now in the gospel's clearest glass
He shows the beauties of his face.

3 Gently he draws my heart along,
Both with his beauties and his tongue;
"Rise, saith my Lord, make haste away,
"No mortal joys are worth thy stay.

4 "The *Jewish* wintry state is gone,
"The mists are fled, the spring comes on,
"The sacred turtle-dove we hear
"Proclaim the new, the joyful year.

5 "The immortal vine of heav'nly root,
"Buds forth and buds, and gives her fruit:"
Lo, we are come to taste the wine;
Our souls rejoice and bless the Vine.

6 And when we hear our *Jesus* say---
"Rise up my love, make haste away!"
Our hearts would fain outfly the wind,
And leave all earthly love behind.

HYMN LXX. Long Metre.

Chriſt *inviting, and the Church anſwering the invitation.* Solomon's Song ii. 14, 16, 17.

1 [HARK! the Redeemer from on hig
Sweetly invites his fav'rites nigh;
From caves of darkneſs and of doubt,
He gently ſpeaks and calls us out.

2 "My dove, who hideſt in the rock,
"Thine heart almoſt with ſorrow broke,
"Liſt up thy face, forget thy fear,
"And let thy voice delight mine ear.

3 "Thy voice to me ſounds ever ſweet:
"My graces in thy count'nance meet;
"Though the vain world thy face deſpiſe,
"'Tis bright and comely in mine eyes."

4 Dear Lord, our thankful heart receives
The hope thine invitation gives:
To thee our joyful lips ſhall raiſe
The voice of pray'r, and that of praiſe.]

5 [I am my Love's, and he is mine;
Our hearts, our hopes, our paſſions join;
Nor let a motion, or a word,
Nor thought ariſe to grieve my Lord.

6 My ſoul to paſtures fair he leads,
Among the lilies where he feeds;
Among the ſaints (whoſe robes are white,
Waſh'd in his blood) is his delight.

7 'Till the day break, and ſhadows flee,
'Till the ſweet dawning light I ſee,
Thine eyes to me-ward often turn,
Nor let my ſoul in darkneſs mourn.

8 Be like a hart on mountains green;
Leap o'er the hills of ſpice and ſin;
Nor guilt, nor unbelief divide

My Love, my Saviour from my ſide.]

HYMN LXXI. Long Metre.

Chriſt *found in the ſtreet, and brought to the church.*

Solomon's Song iii. 1----5.

1 OFTEN I ſeek my Lord by night,
Jeſus my love, my ſoul's delight;
With warm deſire and reſtleſs thought
I ſeek him oft, but find him not.

2 Then I ariſe and ſearch the ſtreet,
'Till I my Lord, my Saviour meet;
I aſk the watchmen of the night,
"Where did you ſee my ſoul's delight?"

3 Sometimes I find him in my way,
Directed by an heav'nly ray;
I leap for joy to ſee his face,
And hold him faſt in my embrace.

4 [I bring him to my mother's home,
(Nor does my Lord refuſe to come)
To *Zion*'s ſacred chambers, where
My ſoul firſt drew the vital air.

5 He gives me there his bleeding heart,
Pierc'd for my ſake with deadly ſmart;
I give my ſoul to him, and there
Our loves their mutual tokens ſhare.]

6 I charge you all, ye earthly joys,
Approach not to diſturb my joys;
Nor fire, nor hell, come near my heart,
To ſnatch my Saviour to depart.

HYMN LXXII. Long Metre.

The Converſation of Chriſt, and ſpouſals of the church.

Solomon's Song iii. 6.

1 DAUGHTERS of *Jeruſalem*, behold
The glorious King and all his gold,

Which the glad church with joys unknown,
Plac'd on the head of *Solomon*.

2 *Jesus*, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept the well deserv'd renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

3 Let ev'ry act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee;
Like the dear hour when from above
We first receiv'd thy pledge of love.

4 The gladness of that happy day!
Our hearts would wish it long to stay;
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.

5 O! let each minute as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
'Till we are rais'd to sing thy name
At the great supper of the Lamb.

6 O that the months would roll away,
And bring that coronation-day!
The King of grace shall fill the throne,
With all his Father's glories on.

Hymn LXXIII. Long Metre.

The Church's beauty in the eyes of Christ. Solomon's Song iv. 1, 10, 11, 7, 8, 9.

1 KIND is the speech of *Christ* our Lord,
Affection sounds in ev'ry word:
"Lo, thou art fair, my love," he cries,
"Not the young doves have sweeter eyes.

2 ["Sweet are thy lips, thy pleasing voice
"Salutes my ear with secret joys;
"No spice so much delights the smell,
"Nor milk, nor honey tastes so well.]

3 "Thou art all fair, my bride, to me;
"I will behold no spot in thee:"
What mighty wonders love performs,
And puts a comeliness on worms!

4 Defil'd and loathsome as we are,
He makes us white, and calls us fair;
Adorns us with that heav'nly dress,
His graces and his righteousness.

5 "My sister and my spouse," he cries,
"Bound to my heart by various ties,
"Thy pow'rful love my heart retains
"In strong delight, and pleasing chains."

6 He calls me from the leopard's den,
From this wild world of beasts and men;
To *Zion*, where his glories are;
Not *Lebanon* is half so fair.

7 Nor dens of prey, nor flow'ry plains,
Nor earthly joys, nor earthly pains,
Shall hold my feet, or force my stay,
When *Christ* invites my soul away.

HYMN LXXIV. Long Metre.

The Church the garden of Christ. Solomon's Song iv. 12, 13, 15, *and* v. 1.

1 WE are a garden wall'd around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground;
A little spot, inclos'd by grace,
Out of the world's wide wilderness.

2 Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand,
Planted by God the Father's hand;
And all his springs in *Zion* flow,
To make the young plantation grow.

3 Awake, O heav'nly wind, and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume;

Spirit divine, descend and breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath.
4 Make our best spices flow abroad,
To entertain our Saviour God:
And faith, and love, and joy appear,
And ev'ry grace be active here.]
5 [Let my Beloved come and taste
His pleasant fruits at his own feast:—
I come, my spouse, I come, he cries,
With love and pleasure in his eyes.
6 Our Lord into his garden comes,
Well pleas'd to smell our poor perfumes,
And calls us to a feast divine,
Sweeter than honey, milk or wine.
7 *Eat of the tree of life, my friends;*
The blessings which my Father sends;
Your taste shall all my dainties prove,
And drink abundance of my love.
8 *Jesus*, we will frequent thy board,
And sing the bounties of our Lord:
But the rich food on which we live,
Demands more praise than tongues can give.]

HYMN LXXV. Common Metre.

The description of Christ the Beloved. Solomon's Song v. 9----16.

1 THE wond'ring world inquire to know
Why I should love my *Jesus* so:
"What are his charms, say they, above
"The objects of a mortal love?"
2 Yes, my Beloved to my sight
Shews a sweet mixture, red and white:
All human beauties, all divine,
In my Beloved meet and shine.

3 White is his soul, from blemish free;
Red with the blood he shed for me;
The ruby of ten thousand stars;
A fountain of ten thousand stars.

4 [His head the purest gold excels;
There sov'reign wisdom dwells;
And glory like a crown adorns
Those temples once beset with thorns.

5 Compassion in his heart is found,
Close by the signals of his wound:
His sacred side no more shall bear
The cruel scourge, the piercing spear.]

6 [His hands are fairer to behold
Than diamonds set in rings of gold;
Those heav'nly hands, which on the tree
Were nail'd, and torn, and bled for me.

7 Tho' once he bow'd his feeble knees,
Loaded with sins and agonies,
Now on the throne of his command
His legs like marble pillars stand.]

8 [His eyes are majesty and love—
The eagle temper'd with the dove;
No more shall trickling sorrows roll
Thro' those dear windows of his soul.]

9 His mouth which pour'd out long complaints,
Now smiles and cheers his fainting saints;
His countenance more graceful is
Than *Lebanon* with all its trees.

10 All over glorious is my Lord,
Must be belov'd, and yet ador'd;
His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him too.

HYMN LXXVI. Long Metre.

Christ dwells in heaven, but visits on earth.

Solomon's Song vi 1, 2, 3, 12.

1 WHEN strangers stand and hear me tell
What beauties in my Saviour dwell;
Where he is gone they fain would know,
That they might seek and love him too.

2 My best Beloved keeps his throne
On hills of light, in worlds unknown;
But he descends and shows his face
In the young gardens of his grace.

3 [In vineyards planted by his hand,
Where fruitful trees in order stand;
He feeds among the fragrant beds,
Where lilies show their spotless heads.

4 He has engross'd my warmest love,
No earthly charms my soul can move:
I have a mansion in his heart,
Nor death, nor hell, shall make us part.]

5 [He takes my soul ere I'm aware,
And shows me where his glories are;
No tongue of *Seraph*
The heav'nly rapture can describe.

6 O may my spirit daily rise
On wings of faith above the skies,
'Till death shall make my last remove,
To dwell for ever with my Love.

Hymn LXXVII. Long Metre.

The love of Christ to the Church. Solomon's Song vii 5, 6, 9, 12, 13.

1 TO [illegible] grace,
[illegible] the King, and thus he says,
How fair my [illegible] are in my sight!
My love, how pleasant for delight!

2 Kind is thy language, ſov'reign Lord,
There's heav'nly grace in ev'ry word;
From that dear mouth a ſtream divine
Flows ſweeter than the choiceſt wine.
3 Such wond'rous love awakes the lip
Of ſaints, who were almoſt aſleep,
To ſpeak the praiſes of thy name,
And make our cold affections flame.
4 Theſe are the joys he lets us know
In fields and villages below:
Gives us a reliſh of his love,
But keeps his nobleſt feaſt above.
5 In paradiſe, within the gates,
An higher entertainment waits;
Fruits new and old laid up in ſtore,
Where we ſhall feed, but thirſt no more.

Hymn LXXVIII. Long Metre.

The ſtrength of Chriſt's love, and the ſoul's jealouſy of her own. Solomon's Song viii. 5, 6, 7, 13.

1 [WHO is this fair one in diſtreſs,
That travels from the wilderneſs,
And preſs'd with ſorrows and with ſins,
On her beloved Lord ſhe leans?
2 This is the ſpouſe of *Chriſt* our God,
Bought with the treaſures of his blood:
And her requeſt, and her complaint,
Is but the voice of ev'ry ſaint.]
3 "O let my name engraven ſtand,
Both on thy heart and on thy hand;
Seal me upon thine arm, and wear
That pledge of love for ever there.
4 Stronger than death thy love is known,
Which floods of wrath could never drown;

And earth and hell in vain combine
To quench a fire ſo much divine.
But I am jealous of my heart,
Leſt it ſhould once from thee depart;
Then let thy name be well impreſs'd
As a fair ſignet on my breaſt.
'Till thou haſt brought me to thy home,
Where fears and doubts can never come,
Thy count'nance let me often ſee,
And often thou ſhalt hear from me.
Come, my Beloved, haſte away,
Cut ſhort the hours of thy delay;
Fly, like a youthful hart or roe,
Over the hills where ſpices grow."

HYMN LXXIX. Long Metre.

Morning Hymn. Pſalm. xix 5, 8. and lxxiii. 24, 25.

GOD of the morning, at whoſe voice
The cheerful ſun makes haſte to riſe,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the ſkies.
From the fair chambers of the eaſt,
The circuit of his race begins—
And without wearineſs or reſt,
Round the whole earth he flies and ſhines.
Oh, like the ſun may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on, and keep my heav'nly way.
[But I ſhall rove and loſe the race,
If God, my ſun, ſhould diſappear,
And leave me in this world's wild maze,
To follow ev'ry wand'ring ſtar.]

5 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes;
Thy threat'nings juſt, thy promiſe ſure,
Thy goſpel makes the ſimple wiſe.
6 Give me thy counſels for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliſs;
All my deſires and hopes beſide,
Are faint and cold compar'd to this.

HYMN LXXX. Long Metre.

An Evening Pſalm. Pſal. iv. 8. and iii. 5, 6, and cxliii. 8.

1 THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days,
And ev'ry ev'ning ſhall make known
Some freſh memorial of his grace.
2 Much of my time has run to waſte,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But he forgives my follies paſt,
He gives me ſtrength for days to come.
3 I lay my body down to ſleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful ſtations round my bed.
4 In vain the ſons of earth or hell
Tell me a thouſand frightful things;
My God in ſafety makes me dwell
Beneath the ſhadow of his wings.
5 Faith in his name forbids my fear:
O may thy preſence ne'er depart,
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindneſs of thy heart.
6 Thus when the night of death ſhall come,
My fleſh ſhall reſt beneath the ground,

And wait thy voice to rouſe my tomb,
With ſweet ſalvation in the ſound.]

HYMN LXXXI. Long Metre.

A ſong for Morning and Evening. Lam. iii. 23. Iſa. xlv. 7.

1 MY God, how endleſs is thy love!
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new;
And morning mercies, from above,
Gently diſtil like early dew.

2 Thou ſpreadſt the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my ſleeping hours;
Thy ſov'reign word reſtores the light,
And quickens all my drowſy pow'rs.

3 I yield my pow'rs to thy command;
To thee I conſecrate my days;
Perpetual bleſſings from thine hand,
Demand perpetual ſongs of praiſe.

HYMN LXXXII. Long Metre.

GOD far above creatures. Job iv. 17, 21.

1 SHALL the vile race of fleſh and blood
Contend with their Creator, GOD?
Shall mortal worms preſume to be
More holy, wiſe, or juſt than he?

2 Behold he puts his truſt in none
Of all the Spirits round his throne;
Their natures, when compar'd with his,
Are neither holy, juſt nor wiſe.

3 But how much meaner things are they
Who ſpring from duſt, and dwell in clay!
Touch'd by the finger of thy wrath,
We faint and vaniſh like the moth.

4 From night to day—from day to night,
We die by thouſands in thy ſight;

Bury'd in dust whole nations lie,
Like a forgotten vanity.
5 Almighty Pow'r, to thee we bow;
How frail are we! how glorious thou!
No more the sons of earth shall dare
With an eternal God compare.

HYMN LXXXIII. Common Metre.

Afflictions and death under providence. Job v. 6.

1 NOT from the dust affliction grows,
Nor troubles rise by chance;
But we are born to cares and woes;
A sad inheritance!
2 As sparks break out from burning coals,
And still are upwards borne;
So grief is rooted in our souls,
And man grows up to mourn.
3 Yet with my God I leave my cause,
And trust his promis'd grace;
He rules me by his well known laws
Of love and righteousness.
4 Nor all the pains which e'er I bore,
Shall spoil my future peace—
For death and hell can do no more
Than what my Father please.

HYMN LXXXIV. Long Metre.

Salvation, righteousness, and strength in Christ.
Isa. xiv. 21---25.

1 *JEHOVAH* speaks—let *Israel* hear,
Let all the earth rejoice and fear,
While God's eternal Son proclaims
His sov'reign honours, and his names.
2 "I am the last, and I the first,
"The Saviour God, and God the just;

" There's none but me pretends to shew
" Such justice and salvation too
3 " [Ye who in shades of darkness dwell,
" (Just on the verge of death and hell)
" Look up to me from distant lands;
" Light, life, and heav'n, are in my hands.
4 " I by my holy name have sworn,
" Nor shall the word in vain return;
" To me shall all things bend the knee,
" And ev'ry tongue shall swear to me]
5 " In me alone shall men confess
" Lies all their strength and righteousness:
" But such as dare despise my name,
" I'll clothe them with eternal shame.
6 " In me, the Lord, shall all the seed
" Of *Isr'el*, from their sins be freed;
" And by their shining graces prove
" Their int'rest in my pard'ning love."

Hymn LXXXV. Short Metre.

The same.

1 THE Lord on high proclaims
His Godhead from his throne;
Mercy and justice are the names
By which I will be known.
2 *Ye dying souls, who sit*
In darkness and distress,
Look from the borders of the pit
To my recov'ring grace.
3 Sinners shall hear the sound—
Their thankful tongues shall own,
Our righteousness and strength are found
In thee, the Lord, alone.

4 In thee shall *Isr'el* trust,
And see their guilt forgiv'n;
God will pronounce the sinners just,
And take the saints to heav'n.

HYMN LXXXVI. Common Metre.

God holy, just and sovereign. Job ix. 2---10.

1 HOW should the sons of *Adam*'s race
Be pure before their God!
If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.

2 To vindicate my words and thoughts,
I'll make no more pretence;
Not one of all my thousand faults
Can bear a just defence.

3 Strong is his arm, his heart is wise;
What vain presumers dare
Against their Maker's hand to rise,
Or tempt th' unequal war?

4 Mountains, by his almighty wrath,
From their own seats are torn;
He shakes the earth from south to north,
And all her pillars mourn.

5 He bids the sun forbear to rise,
Th' obedient sun forbears;
His hand with sackcloth spreads the skies,
And seals up all the stars.

6 He walks upon the stormy sea—
Flies on the stormy wind;
There's none can trace his wond'rous way,
Or his dark footsteps find.]

HYMN LXXXVII. Long Metre.

God dwells with the humble and penitent. Isa. lvii. 15, 16.

1 THUS saith the high and lofty One,
" I sit upon my holy throne;
" My name is GOD, I dwell on high;
" Dwell in my own eternity.
2 " But I descend to worlds below,
" On earth I have a mansion too;
" The humble spirit and contrite,
" Is an abode of my delight.
3 " The humble soul my words revive,
" I bid the mourning sinner live;
" Heal all the broken hearts I find,
" And ease the sorrows of the mind.
4 " [When I contend against their sin,
" I make them know how vile they've been:
" But should my wrath for ever smoke,
" Their souls would sink beneath my stroke."
5 O may thy pard'ning grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint, despair and die;
Thus shall our better thoughts approve
The methods of thy chast'ning love.]

HYMN LXXXVIII. Long Metre.

Life the day of grace and hope. Eccl. ix. 4, 5, &c.

1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward,
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.
2 [Life is the hour which God has giv'n
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heav'n;
The day of grace, when mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.]
3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their mem'ry and their sense are gone,

Alike unknowing and unknown.

4 [Their hatred and their love are loſt,
Their envy bury'd in the duſt;
They have no ſhare in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the ſun.]

5 Then what my thoughts deſign to do,
My hands with all your might purſue,
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith nor hope beneath the ground.

6 There are no acts of pardon paſt
In the cold grave to which we haſte;
But darkneſs, death, and long deſpair,
Reign in eternal ſilence there.

HYMN LXXXIX. Long Metre.

Youth and judgment. Eccl. xi. 9.

1 YE ſons of *Adam* vain and young,
Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue,
Taſte the delights your ſouls deſire,
And give a looſe to all your fire.

2 Purſue the pleaſures you deſign,
And cheer your hearts with ſongs and wine,
Enjoy the day of mirth: but know
There is a day of judgment too.

3 God from on high beholds your thoughts,
His book records your ſecret faults;
The works of darkneſs you have done,
Muſt all appear before the ſun.

4 The vengeance to your follies due,
Should ſtrike your hearts with terror thro':
How will you ſtand before his face,
Or anſwer for his injur'd grace?

5 Almighty God, turn off their eyes
From theſe alluring vanities,

And let the thunder of thy word
Awake their souls to fear the Lord.

Hymn XC. Common Metre.

The same.

1 LO, the young tribes of *Adam* rise,
And through all nature rove,
Fulfil the wishes of their eyes,
And taste the joys they love.

2 They give a loose to wild desires;
But let the sinners know
The strict account which God requires
Of all the works they do.

3 The Judge prepares his throne on high,
The frighted earth and seas
Avoid the fury of his eye,
And flee before his face.

4 How shall I bear that dreadful day,
And stand the fiery test?
I'd give all mortal joys away,
To be for ever blest.

Hymn XCI. Long Metre.

Advice to youth. Eccl. xii. 1, 7. Isa. lxv. 20.

1 NOW in the heat of youthful blood
Remember your Creator, God:
Behold the months come hast'ning on,
When you shall say—*my joys are gone.*

2 Behold the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.

3 The dust returns to dust again;
The soul, in agonies of pain,

Aſcends to God; not there to dwell,
But hears her doom, and ſinks to hell.

4 Eternal King, I fear thy name,
Teach me to know how frail I am;
And when my ſoul muſt hence remove,
Give me a manſion in thy love.

HYMN XCII. Short Metre.

Chriſt *the wiſdom of God.* Prov. viii. 1, 22--32.

1 SHALL wiſdom cry aloud,
And not her ſpeech be heard?
The voice of God's eternal Word,
Deſerves it no regard?

2 "I was his chief delight,
"His everlaſting Son,
"Before the firſt of all his works,
"Creation was begun.

3 "[Before the flying clouds,
"Before the ſolid land,
"Before the fields, before the floods,
"I dwelt at his right hand.

4 "When he adorn'd the ſkies,
"And built them, I was there,
"To order when the ſun ſhould riſe,
"And marſhal ev'ry ſtar.

5 "When he pour'd out the ſea,
"And ſpread the flowing deep,
"I gave the flood a firm decree,
"In its own bounds to keep.

6 "Upon the empty air
"The earth was balanc'd well:
"With joy I ſaw the manſion where
"The ſons of men ſhould dwell.]

7 "My buſy thoughts at firſt

"On their salvation ran,
"Ere sin was born, or *Adam*'s dust
"Was fashion'd to a man.
8 "Then come, receive my grace
"Ye children, and be wise:
"Happy the man, who keeps my ways;
"The man who shuns them, dies."

HYMN XCIII. Long Metre.

Wisdom obeyed or resisted. Prov. viii. 34---36.

1 THUS saith the wisdom of the Lord—
"Blest is the man who hears my word,
"Keeps daily watch before my gates,
"And at my feet for mercy waits.
2 "The soul which seeks me, shall obtain
"Immortal wealth and heav'nly gain;
"Immortal life is his reward—
"Life—and the favour of the Lord.
3 "But the vile wretch who flies from me,
"Doth his own soul an injury;
"Fools who against my grace rebel,
"Seek death—and love the road to hell."

HYMN XCIV. Common Metre.

Justification by faith, not by works. Rom. iii. 19--22.

1 VAIN are the hopes, the foms of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature are unclean,
And all their actions guilt.
2 Let *Jew* and *Gentile* stop their mouths,
Without a murm'ring word,
And the whole race of *Adam* stand,
Guilty before the Lord.
3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now,

Since—to convince, and to condemn—
Is all the law can do.

4 *Jesus*, how glorious is thy grace,
When in thy name we trust!
Our faith receives a righteousness
Which makes the sinner just.

HYMN XCV. Common Metre.

Regeneration. John i. 13, *and* iii 3, &c.

1 NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites which God has giv'n,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heav'n.

2 The sov'reign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like some heav'nly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh,
New-models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quicken'd souls awake, and rise
From the long sleep of death;
On heav'nly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

HYMN XCVI. Common Metre.

Election excludes boasting. 1 Cor. i. 26----31.

1 BUT few among the carnal wise,
But few of noble race
Obtain the favour of thine eyes,
Almighty King of grace.

2 He takes the men of meanest name
For sons and heirs of God;
And thus he pours abundant shame

On honorable blood.

3 He calls the fool, and makes him know
The myst'ries of his grace,
To bring aspiring wisdom low,
And all its pride abase.

4 Nature has all its glory lost,
When brought before his throne;
No flesh shall in his presence boast,
But in the Lord alone.

HYMN XCVII. Long Metre.

Christ *our wisdom, righteousness, &c.* 1 Cor. i. 30.

1 BURY'D in shadows of the night,
We lie 'till *Christ* restores the light;
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

2 Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears,
'Till his atoning blood appears:
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing—*The Lord our righteousness.*

3 Our very frame is mix'd with sin;
His Spirit makes our natures clean:
Such virtues from his suff'rings flow,
At once to cleanse and pardon too.

4 *Jesus* beholds where *Satan* reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains;
He sets the pris'ners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.

5 Poor helpless worms in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, pow'r, and righteousness;
Thou art our mighty *ALL*, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

HYMN XCVII. Short Metre.

The same.

1 HOW heavy is the night
Which hangs upon our eyes,
'Till *Christ* with his reviving light
Over our souls arise!

2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heav'n;
But in his righteousness array'd,
We see our sins forgiv'n.

3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways;
His hands infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.

4 The pow'rs of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the cursed chain.

5 Lord, we adore thy ways
To bring us near to God,
Thy sov'reign pow'r, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.

HYMN XCIX. Common Metre.

Stones made children of Abraham. Mat. iii. 9.

1 VAIN are the hopes which rebels place
Upon their birth and blood,
Descended from a pious race,
(Their fathers now with God.)

2 He from the caves of earth and hell
Can take the hardest stones,
And fill the house of *Abraham* well,
With new created sons.

3 Such wond'rous pow'r he doth possess,
Who form'd our mortal frame,
Who call'd the world from emptiness;

The world obey'd, and came.

HYMN C. Long Metre.

Believe and be saved. John iii. 16, 17, 18.

1 NOT to condemn the sons of men,
Did *Christ*, the Son of God, appear:
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword, nor thunder there.

2 Such was the pity of our God,
He lov'd the race of man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word,
Trust in his mighty name and live;
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

4 But vengeance and damnation lies
On rebels, who refuse his grace;
Who God's eternal Son despise,
The hottest hell shall be their place.

HYMN CI. Long Metre.

Joy in heaven for a repenting sinner. Luke xv. 7, 10.

1 WHO can describe the joys which rise
Through all the courts of paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born!

2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he form'd anew:
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

HYMN CII. Long Metre.

The Beatitudes. Matt. v. 2—12.

1 [BLEST are the humble souls who see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.]

2 [Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of *Christ* divinely flows
An healing balm, for all their woes.]

3 [Blest are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.]

4 [Blest are the souls who thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness;
They shall be well supply'd and fed
With living streams and living bread.]

5 [Blest are the men whose bowels move,
And melt with sympathy and love;
From *Christ*, the Lord, they shall obtain
Like sympathy and love again.]

6 [Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling pow'r of sin;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.]

7 [Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife;
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.]

8 [Blest are the sufferers, who partake
Of pain and shame for *Jesus'* sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,

Glory and joy are their reward.]

HYMN CIII. Common Metre,

Not ashamed of the gospel. 2 Tim. i. 12.

1 I'M not asham'd to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 *Jesus*, my God, I know his name;
His name is all my trust:
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
'Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new *Jerusalem*
Appoint my soul a place.

HYMN CIV. Common Metre.

A state of nature and grace. 1 Cor. vi. 10, 11.

1 NOT the malicious or profane,
The wanton or the proud,
Nor thieves, nor sland'rers shall obtain
The kingdom of our God.

2 Surprising grace! and such were we,
By nature and by sin,
Heirs of immortal misery,
Unholy and unclean.

3 But we are wash'd in *Jesus'* blood,
We're pardon'd thro' his name;
And the good Spirit of our God,
Has sanctify'd our frame.

4 O for a perfevering pow'r
To keep thy juft commands!
We would defile our hearts no more,
No more pollute our hands.

HYMN CV. Common Metre.

Heaven invifible and holy. 1 Cor. ii. 9, 10. Rev. xxi. 27.

1 NOR eye hath feen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor fenfe, nor reafon known,
What joys the Father has prepar'd
For thofe who love the Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heav'n to come:
The beams of glory in his word,
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the fky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lips, nor envious eye,
Can fee or tafte the bliffs.

4 Thofe holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, fin, and fhame;
None fhall obtain admittance there,
But foll'wers of the Lamb.

5 He keeps the Father's book of life,
There all their names are found;
The hypocrite in vain fhall ftrive
To tread the heav'nly ground.

HYMN CVI. Short Metre.

Dead to fin by the crofs of Chrift. Rom. vi. 1, 2, 6.

1 SHALL we go on to fin,
Becaufe thy grace abounds?
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?

2 Forbid it, mighty God!
Nor let it e'er be ſaid,
That we, whoſe ſins are crucify'd,
Should raiſe them from the dead.

3 We will be ſlaves no more,
Since *Chriſt* has made us free,
Has nail'd our tyrants to the croſs,
And bought our liberty.

HYMN CVII. Long Metre.

The fall and recovery of man: or, Chriſt *and* Satan *at enmity.* Gen. iii. 1, 15, 17. Gal. iv. 4. Col. ii. 15.

1 DECEIV'D by ſubtle ſnares of hell,
Adam our head, our father, fell,
When *Satan* in the ſerpent hid,
Propos'd the fruit which God forbid.

2 Death was the threat'ning; death began
To take poſſeſſion of the man;
His unborn race receiv'd the wound,
And heavy curſes ſmote the ground.

3 But *Satan* found a worſe reward;
Thus ſaith the vengeance of the Lord,
Let everlaſting hatred be
Betwixt the woman's ſeed and thee.

4 *The woman's ſeed ſhall be my Son,*
He ſhall deſtroy what thou haſt done:
Shall break thy head, and only feel
Thy malice raging at his heel.

5 [He ſpake, and bid four thouſand years
Roll on; at length his Son appears;
Angels, with joy deſcend to earth,
And ſing the young Redeemer's birth.

6 Lo, by the ſons of hell he dies;
But as he hung 'twixt earth and ſkies,

He gave their prince a fatal blow,
And triumph'd o'er the pow'rs below.]

HYMN CVIII. Short Metre.

Christ *unseen and beloved.* 1 Pet. i. 8.

1 NOT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord,
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.

2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heav'n begins below.

HYMN CIX. Long Metre.

The value of Christ *and his righteousness.* Phil. iii. 7, 8, 9.

1 NO more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

2 Now for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain, I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for *Jesus'* sake;
O may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake.

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;

But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

HYMN CX. Common Metre.

Death and immediate glory. 2 Cor. v. 1, 5, 8.

1 THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal and on high,
And here my spirit waiting stands,
'Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolv'd and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heav'nly Father's call.

3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
Who form'd thee fit for heav'n;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit giv'n.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see,
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

HYMN CXI. Common Metre.

Salvation by grace. Tit. iii. 3, 7.

1 LORD, we confess our num'rous faults,
How great our guilt has been!
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.

2 But, O my soul, for ever praise,
For ever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways

Of folly, ſin, and ſhame.

3 ['Tis not by works of righteouſneſs
Which our own hands have done;
But we are ſav'd by ſov'reign grace,
Abounding through his Son].

4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin;
'Tis by the water and the blood
Our ſouls are waſh'd from ſin.

5 'Tis through the purchaſe of his death
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is ſent down to breathe
On ſuch dry bones as we.

6 Raiſ'd from the dead, we live anew;
And, juſtify'd by grace,
We ſhall appear in glory too,
And ſee our Father's face.

HYMN CXII. Common Metre.

Looking to Jeſus. John iii. 14---16.

1 SO did the *Hebrew* prophet raiſe
The brazen ſerpent high;
The wounded felt immediate eaſe,
The camp forbore to die.

2 *Look upward in the dying hour,*
And live, the prophet cries;
But *Chriſt* performs a nobler cure,
When faith lifts up our eyes.

3 High on the croſs the Saviour hung,
High in the heav'ns he reigns:
Here ſinners, by th' old ſerpent ſtung,
Look, and forget their pains.

4 When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives;

The *Jew* beholds the glorious hope,
Th' expiring *Gentile* lives.

HYMN CXIII. Common Metre.

Abraham's *blessing on the Gentiles.* Gen. xvii. 7. Rom. xv. 8. Mark x. 14.

1 HOW large the promise! how divine,
To *Abrah'm* and his seed!
I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need.

2 The words of this extensive love
From age to age endure;
The angel of the cov'nant proves,
And seals the blessing sure.

3 *Jesus* the ancient faith confirms,
To our great fathers giv'n;
He takes young children to his arms,
And calls them *heirs of heav'n.*

4 Our God, how faithful are his ways;
His love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of his grace
Blots out the children's name.

HYMN CXIV. Common Metre.

The same. Rom. xi. 16, 17.

1 GENTILES by nature, we belong
To the wild olive wood;
Grace took us from the barren tree,
And grafts us in the good.

2 With the same blessings grace endows
The *Gentile* as the *Jew*;
If pure and holy be the root,
Such are the branches too.

3 Then let the children of the saints
Be dedicate to God;

Pour out thy Spirit on them, Lord,
And wash them in thy blood.

4 Thus to the parents and their seed,
Shall thy salvation come,
And num'rous households meet at last
In one eternal home.

HYMN CXV. Common Metre.

Conviction of sin by the law. Rom. vii. 8, 9, 14, 24.

1 LORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread!
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.

2 My hopes of heav'n were firm and bright,
But since the precept came
With a convincing pow'r and light,
I find how vile I am.

3 [My guilt appear'd but small before,
'Till terribly I saw
How perfect, holy, just and pure,
Was thine eternal law.

4 Then felt my soul the heavy load,
My sins reviv'd again,
I had provok'd a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.]

5 I'm like a helpless captive sold,
Under the pow'r of sin;
I cannot do the good I would,
Nor keep my conscience clean.

6 My God, I cry with ev'ry breath,
For some kind pow'r to save,
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

HYMN CXVI. Long Metre.

Love to God and our neighbour. Matth. xxii. 37---40.

1 THUS ſaith the firſt and great command,
"Let all thy inward pow'rs unite
"To love thy Maker and thy God,
"With utmoſt vigour and delight.
2 "Then ſhall thy neighbour next in place
"Share thine affection and eſteem,
"And let thy kindneſs to thyſelf,
"Meaſure and rule thy love to him."
3 This is the ſenſe which *Moſes* ſpoke,
This did the prophets preach and prove;
For want of this the law is broke,
And the whole law's fulfil'd by love.
4 But O, how baſe our paſſions are!
How cold our charity and zeal!
Lord, fill our ſouls with heav'nly fire,
Or we ſhall ne'er perform thy will.

HYMN CXVII. Long Metre.

Election ſovereign and free. Rom. ix. 21, 22, 23, 24.

1 [BEHOLD the potter and the clay,
He forms his veſſe's as he pleaſes;
Such is our God; and ſuch are we,
The ſubjects of his juſt decrees.
2 Doth not the workman's pow'r extend
O'er all the maſs, which part to chuſe,
And mould it for a nobler end,
And which to leave for viler uſe?
3 May not the ſov'reign Lord on high,
Diſpenſe his favours as he will,
Chuſe ſome to life while others die,
And yet be juſt and gracious ſtill?]
4 [What if to make his terror known,

He lets his patience long endure,
Suff'ring vile rebels to go on,
And seal their own destruction sure?
5 What if he means to show his grace,
And his electing love employs
To mark out some of mortal race,
And form them fit for heav'nly joys?]
6 Shall man reply against the Lord,
And call his Maker's ways unjust,
The thunder of whose dreadful word
Can crush a thousand worlds to dust?
7 But, O my soul, if truth so bright
Should dazzle and confound thy sight,
Yet still his written will obey,
And wait the great decisive day.
8 Then he shall make his justice known,
And the whole world before his throne,
With joy or terror shall confess
The glory of his righteousness.

HYMN CXVIII. Short Metre.

Moses *and* Christ: *or, sins against the law and gospel.* John i. 17. Heb. iii. 3, 5, 6. x. 28.

1 THE law by *Moses* came,
But peace, and truth, and love,
Were brought by *Christ*, a nobler name,
Descending from above.
2 Amidst the house of God
Their diff'rent works were done:
Moses a faithful servant stood,
But *Christ*, a faithful Son.
3 Then to his new commands
Be strict obedience paid;
O'er all his Father's house he stands

The Sov'reign and the head.

4 The man who durſt deſpiſe
The law which *Moſes* brought,
Behold how terribly he dies
For his preſumptuous fault!

5 But ſorer vengeance falls
On that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when *Jeſus* calls,
And dare reſiſt his grace.

HYMN CXIX. Common Metre.

The different ſucceſs of the goſpel. 1 Cor. i. 23, 24. 2 Cor. ii. 15. 1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.

1 *CHRIST* and his croſs are all our theme;
The myſt'ries that we ſpeak,
Are ſcandal in the *Jew*'s eſteem,
And folly to the *Greek*:

2 But ſoul- enlighten'd from above,
With joy receive the word;
They ſee what wiſdom, pow'r and love,
Shine in their dying Lord.

3 The vital ſavour of his name
Reſtores their fainting breath;
But unbelief perverts the ſame
To guilt, deſpair, and death.

4 'Till God diffuſe his graces down,
Like ſhow'rs of heav'nly rain,
In vain *Apollos* ſows the ground,
And *Paul* may plant in vain.

HYMN CXX. Common Metre.

Faith of things unſeen. Heb. xi. 1, 8, 10.

1 FAITH is the brighteſt evidence
Of things beyond our ſight,
Breaks through the clouds of fleſh and ſenſe

And dwells in heav'nly light;
2 It sets times past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.
3 By faith we know the worlds were made
By God's almighty word;—
Abrah'm to unknown countries led,
By faith obey'd the Lord.
4 He sought a city, fair and high,
Built by th' eternal hand;
And faith assures us, though we die,
That heav'nly building stands.

HYMN CXXI. Common Metre.

Children devoted to GOD. Gen. xvii. 7, 10. Acts xvi. 14, 15, 33

(For those who practise Infant Baptism.)

1 THUS saith the mercy of the Lord,
"I'll be a God to thee:
"I'll bless thy num'rous race—and they
"Shall be a seed for me."
2 *Abrah'm* believ'd the promis'd grace,
And gave his sons to God;
But water seals the blessing now,
Which once was seal'd with blood.
3 Thus *Lydia* sanctify'd her house,
When she receiv'd the word,
Thus the believing jailor gave
His household to the Lord.
4 Thus Infant saints, eternal King,
Thine ancient truth embrace;
To thee their infant offspring bring,
And humbly claim the grace.

Hymn CXXII. Long Metre.

Believers buried with Christ *in baptism.* Rom. vi. 3, 4, &c.

1 DO we not know that solemn word,
That we are bury'd with the Lord;
Baptiz'd into his death, and then
Put off the body of our sin?

2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
Rais'd from corruption, guilt and death:
So from the grave did *Christ* arise,
And lives to God above the skies.

3 No more let sin or *Satan* reign
Over our mortal flesh again;
The various lusts we serv'd before,
Shall have dominion now no more.

Hymn CXXIII. Common Metre.

The repenting prodigal. Luke xv. 13, &c.

1 BEHOLD the wretch whose lust and swine
Had wasted his estate,
He begs a share among the swine,
To taste the husks they eat.

2 "I die with hunger here," he cries,
"I starve in foreign lands;
"My father's house has large supplies,
"And bounteous are his hands.

3 "I'll go, and with a mournful tongue
"Fall down before his face:
"*Father*, I've done thy justice wrong,
"*Nor can deserve thy grace.*"

4 He said—and hasten'd to his home,
To seek his father's love;
The father saw the rebel come,
And all his bowels move.

5 He ran, and fell upon his neck—
Embrac'd and kiss'd his son;
The rebel's heart with sorrow brake,
For follies he had done.

6 "Take off his clothes of shame and sin
(The father gives command)
"Dress him in garments white and clean,
"With rings adorn his hand.

7 "A day of feasting I ordain,
"Let mirth and joy abound:
"My son was dead, and lives again,
"Was lost, and now is found."

HYMN CXXIV. Long Metre.

The first and second Adam. Rom. v. 12, &c.

1 DEEP in the dust, before thy throne,
Our guilt and our disgrace we own;
Great God! we own th' unhappy name
Whence sprung our nature and our shame.

2 *Adam* the sinner; at his fall,
Death, like a conqu'ror, seiz'd us all;
A thousand new-born babes are dead
By fatal union to their head.

3 But while our spirits, fill'd with awe,
Behold the terrors of thy law,
We find the honours of thy grace,
Which lent to save our ruin'd race.

4 We sing thine everlasting Son,
Who join'd our nature to his own:
Adam the second, from the dust,
Raises the ruins of the first.

5 By the rebellion of one man,
Through all his seed the mischief ran;
And by one man's obedience now,

Are all his ſeed made righteous too.

6 Where ſin did reign, and death abound,
There have the ſons of *Adam* found
Abounding life; thus glorious grace
Reigns thro' the Lord our righteouſneſs.]

HYMN CXXV. Common Metre.

Chriſt's *compaſſion to the weak and tempted.* Heb. iv. 15, 16. *and* v. 9. Matth. xii. 20.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Prieſt above:
His heart is made of tenderneſs,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd with a ſympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what ſore temptations mean,
For he has felt the ſame.

3 But ſpotleſs, innocent and pure,
The great Redeemer ſtood,
While *Satan's* fiery darts he bore,
And did reſiſt to blood

4 He in the days of feeble fleſh
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And, in his meaſure feels afreſh
What ev'ry member bears.

5 [He'll never quench the ſmoaking flax,
But raiſe it to a flame:
The bruiſed reed he never breaks,
Nor ſcorns the meaneſt name.]

6 Then let our humble faith addreſs
His mercy and his pow'r,
We ſhall obtain deliv'ring grace,
In the diſtreſſing hour.

HYMN CXXVI. Long Metre.

Charity and uncharitable-ess. Rom. xiv. 17, 19. 1 Cor. x. 32.

1 NOT diff'rent food, nor diff'rent dress,
Compose the kingdom of our Lord:
But peace and joy, and righteousness,
Faith, and obedience to his word.

2 When weaker Christians we despise,
We do the gospel mighty wrong;
For God the gracious and the wise,
Receives the feeble with the strong.

3 Let pride and wrath be banish'd hence,
Meekness and love our souls pursue—
Nor shall our practice give offence
To saints, the *Gentile* or the *Jew*.

HYMN CXXVII. Long Metre.

Christ's *invitation to sinners.* Matt. xi. 28---30.

1 "COME hither, all ye weary souls,
"Ye heavy-laden sinners, come,
"I'll give you rest from all your toils,
"And raise you to my heav'nly home.

2 "They shall find rest who learn of me,
"I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
"But passion rages like the sea,
"And pride is restless as the wind.

3 "Blest is the man, whose shoulders take
"My yoke, and bear it with delight;
"My yoke is easy to his neck,
"My grace shall make the burden light."

4 *Jesus*, we come at thy command,
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal—
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

The Apostles' *commission.* Mark xvi. 15. Matt. xxviii. 18, &c.

1 "GO preach my gospel, saith the Lord,
Bid the whole earth my grace receive,
He shall be sav'd who trusts my word,
He shall be damn'd who won't believe.

2 [I'll make your great commission known,
And you shall prove my gospel true,
By all the works which I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,
Go cast out devils in my name;
Nor let my prophets be afraid,
Tho' *Greeks* reproach, and *Jews* blaspheme.]

4 Teach all the nations my commands,"
I'm with you 'till the world shall end;
All pow'r is trusted in my hands,
I can destroy, and I defend."

5 He spake, and light shone round his head,
On a bright cloud to heav'n he rode;
They to the furthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

HYMN CXXIX. Long Metre.

Submission and deliverance. Gen. xxii. 6, &c.

1 SAINTS, at your heav'nly Father's word,
Give up your comforts to the Lord;
He shall restore what you resign,
Or grant you blessings more divine.

2 So *Abrah'm*, with obedient hand,
Led forth his son at God's command;
The wood, the fire, the knife he took,
His arm prepar'd the dreadful stroke.

3 Abrah'm, *forbear*, the angel cry'd,

Thy faith is known, thy love is try'd;
Thy ſon ſhall live—and in thy ſeed
Shall the whole earth be bleſs'd indeed.

4 Juſt in the laſt diſtreſſing hour
The Lord diſplays deliv'ring pow'r
The mount of danger is the place
Where we ſhall ſee ſurpriſing grace.

HYMN CXXX. Long Metre.

Love and hatred. Phil. ii. 2. Eph. iv. 30, &c.

1 NOW by the bowels of my God,
His ſharp diſtreſs, his ſore complaints,
By his laſt groans, his dying blood,
I charge my ſoul to love the ſaints.

2 Clamour and wrath, and war be gone,
Envy and ſpite for ever ceaſe,
Let bitter words no more be known
Among the ſaints, the ſons of peace.

3 The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of noiſe and ſtrife;
Why ſhould we vex and grieve his love,
Who ſeals our ſouls to heav'nly life?

4 Tender and kind be all our thoughts,
Through all our lives let mercy run;
So God forgives our num'rous faults,
For the dear ſake of *Chriſt*, his Son.

HYMN CXXXI. Long Metre.

The Phariſee and Publican Luke xviii. 10, &c.

1 BEHOLD how ſinners diſagree,
The Publican and Phariſee;
One doth his righteouſneſs proclaim,
The other owns his guilt and ſhame.

2 *This* man at humble diſtance ſtands,
And cries for grace with lifted hands:

That boldly rises near the throne,
And talks of duties he has done.

3 The Lord their diff'rent language knows,
And diff'rent answers he bestows:
The humble soul with grace he crowns,
While on the proud his anger frowns.

4 Dear Father, let me never be
Join'd with the boasting Pharisee,
I have no merits of my own,
But plead the stiff rings of thy Son.

HYMN CXXXII. Long Metre.

Holiness and grace. Tit. ii. 10---13.

1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine ALL DIVINE.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God;
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be deny'd,
Passion and envy, lust and pride:
While justice, temp'rance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith digests the sacred word.

HYMN CXXXIII. Common Metre.

Love and charity. 1 Cor. xiii. 2---7, 13.

1 LET Pharisees of high esteem,
Their faith and zeal declare,
And brag their religion is a dream,

If love be wanting there.

2 Love ſuffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provok'd in haſte,
She lets the preſent injury die,
And long forgets the paſt.

3 [Malice and rage (thoſe fires of hell)
She quenches with her tongue;
Hopes and believes, and thinks no ill,
Tho' ſhe endures the wrong.]

4 [She ne'er deſires nor ſeeks to know
The ſcandals of the time;
Nor looks with pride on thoſe below,
Nor envies thoſe who climb.]

5 She lays her own advantage by,
To ſeek her neighbour's good:
So God's own Son came down to die,
And bought our lives with blood.

6 Love is the grace which keeps her pow'r
In all the realms above;
There faith and hope are known no more,
But ſaints for ever love.

Hymn CXXXIV. Long Metre.

Religion vain without love. 1 Cor. xiii. 1, 2, 3.

1 HAD I the tongues of *Greeks* and *Jews*,
And nobler ſpeech than angels uſe,
If love be abſent, I am found
Like tinkling braſs, an empty ſound.

2 Were I inſpir'd to preach and tell
All that is done in heav'n and hell;
Or, could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I diſtribute all my ſtore
To feed the bowels of the poor,

Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name—
4 If love to God, and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The works of love can e'er fulfil.

HYMN CXXXV. Long Metre.

The love of Christ *shed abroad in the heart.*
Eph. iii. 16, &c.

1 COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love, in ev'ry breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys which cannot be express'd.
2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, the breadth, and length
Of thine unmeasurable grace.
3 Now to the God, whose pow'r can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done
By all the church, through *Christ* his Son.

HYMN CXXXVI. Common-Metre.

Sincerity and hypocrisy: or, formality in worship.
John iv. 23. Psa. cxxix. 23, 24.

1 GOD is a Spirit, just and wise,
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to heav'n we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.
2 Nothing but truth before his throne,
With honour can appear:
The painted hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.
3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,

Their bended knees the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice,
Where not the heart is found.

4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

HYMN CXXXVII. Long Metre.

Salvation by grace in Christ. 2 Tim. i. 9, 10.

1 NOW to the pow'r of God supreme,
Be everlasting honours giv'n,
He saves from hell (we bless his name)
He calls our wand'ring feet to heav'n.

2 Not for our duties or deserts,
But of his own abounding grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praise.

3 'Twas his mere pleasure which begun
To rescue rebels, doom'd to die:
He gave us grace in *Christ*, his Son,
Before he spread the starry sky.

4 *Jesus*, the Lord, appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known—
Declares the great transactions past,
And brings immortal blessings down.

5 He dies!—and in that dreadful night,
Did all the pow'rs of hell destroy;
Rising, he brought our heav'n to light,
And took possession of the joy.

HYMN CXXXVIII. Common Metre.

Saints in the hands of Christ. John x. 28, 29.

1 FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust;

If I am found in *Jesus'* hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2 His honor is engag'd to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All which his heav'nly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death, nor hell, shall e'er remove
His fav'rites from his breast;
In the dear bosom of his love,
They must for ever rest.

HYMN CXXXIX. Long Metre.

Hope in the covenant. Heb. vi. 17---19.

1 HOW oft have sin and *Satan* strove
To rend my soul from thee, my God!
But everlasting is thy love,
And *Jesus* seals it with his blood.

2 The oath and promise of the Lord,
Join to confirm the wond'rous grace;
Eternal pow'r performs the word,
And fills all heav'n with endless praise.

3 Amidst temptations, sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
While tempests blow, and billows rise.

4 The gospel bears my spirit up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope,
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

HYMN CXL. Common Metre.

A living and a dead faith. Collected from several scriptures.

MIstaken souls! who dream of heav'n,
And make their empty boast

Of inward joys, and sins forgiv'n,
While they are slaves to lust.

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead:
None but a living pow'r unites
To *Christ*, the living Head.

3 'Tis faith which changes all the heart,
'Tis faith which works by love;
Which bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'Tis faith which conquers earth and hell,
By a celestial pow'r;
This is the grace which shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

5 [Faith must obey her Father's will,
As well as trust his grace;
A pard'ning God is jealous still,
For his own holiness.

6 When from the curse he sets us free,
He makes our natures clean;
Nor would he lend his Son to be
The minister of sin.

7 His Spirit purifies our frame,
And seals our peace with God;
Jesus and his salvation came
By water and by blood.]

HYMN CXLI. Short Metre.

The humiliation and exaltation of Christ. Isa. liii. 1---5, 10---12.

1 WHO has believ'd thy word,
Or thy salvation known?
Reveal thine arm, almighty Lord,
And glorify thy Son.

2 The *Jews* esteem'd him here
Too mean for their belief;
Sorrows his chief acquaintance were,
And his companion, grief.

3 They turn'd their eyes away,
And treated him with scorn;
But 'twas their griefs upon him lay—
Their sorrows he has borne.

4 'Twas for the stubborn *Jews*,
And *Gentiles* then unknown,
The God of justice pleas'd to bruise
His best-beloved Son.

5 "But I'll prolong his days,
"And make his kingdom stand;
"My pleasure," saith the God of grace,
"Shall prosper in his hand.

6 "[His joyful soul shall see
"The purchase of his pain,
"And by his knowledge, justify
"The guilty sons of men.]

6 "[Ten thousand captive slaves,
"Releas'd from death and sin,
"Shall quit their prisons and their graves,
"And own his pow'r divine.]

8 "[Heav'n shall advance my Son
"To joys which earth deny'd;
"Who saw the follies men had done,
"And bore their sins and dy'd."

HYMN CXLII. Short Metre.
The same. Isa. liii. 6---9---12.

1 LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God,
Each wand'ring in a diff'rent way;

But all—the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour,
When God our wand'rings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!

3 How glorious was the grace,
When *Chriſt* ſuſtain'd the ſtroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays
A ranſom for the flock.

4 His honour and his breath
Were taken both away;
Join'd with the wicked in his death,
And made as vile as they.

5 But God ſhall raiſe his head
O'er all the ſons of men;
And make him ſee a num'rous ſeed,
To recompence his pain.

6 "I'll give him," ſaith the Lord,
"A portion with the ſtrong;
"He ſhall poſſeſs a large reward,
"And hold his honours long."

HYMN CXLIII. Common Metre.

Characters of the children of God.
From ſeveral ſcriptures.

1 AS new-born babes deſire the breaſt,
To feed, and grow, and thrive,
So ſaints, with joy, the goſpel taſte,
And by the goſpel live.

2 [With inward guſt their heart approves
All which the word relates,
They love the men their Father loves,
And hate the works he hates.]

3 [Not all the flatt'ring baits on earth,

Can make them ſlaves to luſt,
They can't forget their heav'nly birth,
Nor grovel in the duſt.

4 Not all the chains which tyrants uſe,
Can bind their ſouls to vice:
Faith, like a conqu'ror, can produce
A thouſand victories.]

5 [Grace, like an uncorrupted ſeed,
Abides and reigns within;
Immortal principles forbid
The ſons of God to ſin]

6 [Not by the terrors of a ſlave
Do they perform his will,
But with the nobleſt pow'rs they have,
His ſweet commands fulfil.]

7 They find acceſs at ev'ry hour,
To God within the veil;
Hence they derive a quick'ning pow'r,
And joys which never fail.

8 O happy ſouls! O glorious ſtate
Of overflowing grace!
To dwell ſo near their Father's ſeat,
And ſee his lovely face!

9 Lord, I addreſs thy heav'nly throne:
Call me a child of thine;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son,
To form my heart divine.

10 There ſhed thy choiceſt love abroad,
And make my comforts ſtrong;
Then ſhall I ſay, *My Father, God,*
With an unwav'ring tongue.

HYMN CXLIV. Common Metre.

The witnessing and sealing Spirit. Rom. viii. 14-16. Eph. i. 13, 14.

1 WHY should the children of a King,
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heav'n?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiv'n?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come:
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

HYMN CXLV. Common Metre.

Christ *and* Aaron. *From* Heb. vii. 9.

1 *JESUS*, in thee our eyes behold
A thousand beauties more
Than the rich gems and polish'd gold,
The sons of *Aaron* wore.

2 They first their own burnt offrings brought,
To purge themselves from sin;
Thy life was pure without a spot,
And all thy nature clean.

3 [Fresh blood, as constant as the day,
Was on their altar spilt;
But thy one offring takes away
For ever all our guilt.

4 [Their priesthood ran through several hands,

For mortal was their race;
Thy never-changing office stands
Eternal as thy days.]

5 [Once in the circuit of a year,
With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the veil appears,
Before the golden throne.

6 *But* Christ *by his own pow'rful blood,*
Ascends above the skies,
And, in the presence of our God,
Shows his own sacrifice.]

7 *Jesus*, the King of glory, reigns
On *Zion*'s heav'nly hill;
Looks like a Lamb which has been slain,
And wears his priesthood still.

8 He ever lives to intercede
Before his Father's face:
Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt thy Father's grace.

HYMN CXLVI. Long Metre.

Characters of Christ, *borrowed from inanimate things in scripture.*

1 GO, worship at *Immanuel*'s feet,
See, in his face what wonders meet!
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

2 [The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of our Lord;
Nature, to make his beauties known,
Must mingle colours, not her own.]

3 [*Is he compar'd to Wine or Bread?*
Dear Lord, our souls would thus be fed:
That flesh, that dying blood of thine

Is bread of life—is heav'nly wine.]

4 [*Is he a Tree?* The world receives
Salvation from his healing leaves;
That righteous branch, that fruitful bough
Is *David*'s root and off-spring too.]

5 [*Is he a Rose?* Not *Sharon* yields
Such fragrancy in all her fields:
Or, if the *Lily* he assume,
The vallies bless the RICH PERFUME.

6 [*Is he a Vine?* His heav'nly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit:
O, let a lasting union join
My soul to *Christ* the living Vine.]

7 [*Is he the Head?* Each member lives,
And owns the vital pow'rs he gives;
The saints below, and saints above,
Join'd by his Spirit and his love.]

8 [*Is he a Fountain?* There I'll bathe,
And heal the plague of sin and death:
These waters all my soul renew,
And cleanse my spotted garments too.]

9 [*Is he a Fire?* He'll purge my dross:
But the true gold sustains no loss:
Like a refiner, shall he sit—
And tread the refuse with his feet.]

10 [*Is he a Rock?* How firm he proves!
The Rock of Ages never moves;
Yet the sweet streams, which from him flow,
Attend us all the desart through.]

11 [*Is he a Way?* He leads to God—
The path is drawn in lines of blood;
There would I walk, with hope and zeal,
Till I arrive at *Zion*'s hill.]

12 [*Is he a Door?* I'll enter in;
Behold the paſtures large and green;
A paradiſe—divinely fair;
None but the ſheep have freedom there.]
13 [*Is he deſign'd a Corner-Stone,*
For men to build their heav'n upon?
I'll make him my foundation too:
Nor fear the plots of hell below.]
14 [*Is he a Temple?* I adore
Th' indwelling majeſty and pow'r;
And ſtill, to his moſt holy place,
Where'er I pray, I'll turn my face.]
15 [*Is he a Star?* He breaks the night:
Piercing the ſhades with dawning light:
I know his glories from afar,
I know the bright, the Morning-Star.]
16 [*Is he a Sun?* His beams are grace:
His courſe is joy and righteouſneſs:
Nations rejoice, when he appears
To chaſe their clouds, and dry their tears.]
17 O let me climb thoſe higher ſkies,
Where ſtorms and darkneſs never riſe!
There he diſplays his pow'rs abroad,
And ſhines, and reigns th' incarnate GOD.
18 Nor earth, nor ſeas, nor ſun, nor ſtars,
Nor heav'n his full reſemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace,
'Till we behold him face to face.

HYMN CXLVII. Long Metre.

The names and titles of Chriſt.

1 THIS from the treaſures of his word,
I borrow titles for my Lord;
Nor art, nor nature can ſupply

Sufficient forms of majesty.

2 Bright image of the Father's face,
Shining with undiminish'd rays;
Th' eternal God's eternal Son,
The heir and partner of his throne.

3 The King of kings, the Lord most high,
Writes his own name upon his thigh;
He wears a garment dipp'd in blood,
And breaks the nations with his rod.

4 Where grace can neither melt nor move,
The Lamb resents his injur'd love,
Awakes his wrath without delay,
And *Judah's* Lion tears the prey.

5 But when for works of peace he comes,
What winning titles he assumes!
Light of the world, and life of men:
No; bears those characters in vain.

6 With tender pity in his heart,
He acts the Mediator's part;
A friend and brother he appears,
And well fulfils the names he wears.

7 At length the Judge his throne ascends,
Divides the rebels from his friends,
And saints in full fruition prove
His rich variety of love.

HYMN CXLVIII. Particular Metre.

The same.

1 WITH cheerful voice I sing
The titles of my Lord,
And borrow all the names
Of honor from his word:
Nature and art
Can ne'er supply

Sufficient forms
Of majesty.

2 In *Jesus* we behold
His Father's glorious face,
Shining for ever bright
With mild and lovely rays:
Th' eternal God's
Eternal Son,
Inherits and
Partakes the throne.

3 The sov'reign KING of kings,
The LORD of lords most high,
Writes his own name upon
His garment and his thigh:
His name is call'd
The Word of God;
He rules the earth
With iron rod.

4 Where promises and grace
Can neither melt nor move,
The angry Lamb resents
The injuries of his love;
Awakes his wrath
Without delay,
As lions roar
And tear the prey.

5 But when for works of peace
The great Redeemer comes,
What gentle characters,
What titles he assumes!
Light of the world,
And life of men:
Nor will he bear

Thoſe names in vain.

6 Immenſe compaſſion reigns
In our *Immanuel*'s heart,
When he deſcends to act
A Mediator's part.
He is a friend
And brother too;
Divinely kind,
Divinely true.

7 At length the Lord, the Judge,
His awful throne aſcends;
And drives the rebels far
From favourites and friends.
Then ſhall the ſaints
Completely prove
The heights and depths
Of all his love.

HYMN CXLIX. Long Metre.

The offices of Chriſt. From ſeveral ſcriptures.

1 JOIN all the names of love and pow'r,
Which ever men or angels bore,
All are too mean to ſpeak his worth,
Or ſet *Immanuel*'s glory forth.

2 But, O what condeſcending ways
He takes to teach his heav'nly grace!
My eyes with joy and wonder ſee
What forms of love he bears for me.

3 [The *Angel of the cov'nant* ſtands
With his commiſſion in his hands,
Sent from his Father's milder throne,
To make the great ſalvation known.]

4 [Great *Prophet*, let me bleſs thy name;
By thee the joyful tidings came,

Of wrath appeas'd, and ſins forgiv'n,
Of hell ſubdu'd, and peace with heav'n.]

5 [My bright *example*, and my *guide*,
I would be walking near thy ſide;
O let me never run aſtray,
Nor follow the forbidden way!

6 I love my *Shepherd*, he ſhall keep
My wand'ring ſoul among his ſheep;
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
And in his boſom bears the lambs.]

7 [My *Surety* undertakes my cauſe,
Anſw'ring his Father's broken laws:
Behold my ſoul at freedom ſet,
My *Surety* paid the dreadful debt.]

8 [*Jeſus*, my great *High Prieſt*, has dy'd,
I ſeek no ſacrifice beſide:
His blood did once for all atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.]

9 [My *Advocate* appears on high,
The Father lays his thunder by;
Not all that earth or hell can ſay,
Shall turn my Father's heart away.]

10 [My *Lord*, my *Conqu'ror*, and my *King*,
Thy ſceptre, and thy ſword I ſing;
Thine is the vict'ry—and I ſit
A joyful ſubject at thy feet.]

11 [Aſpire, my ſoul, to glorious deeds,
The Captain of ſalvation leads:
March on—nor fear to win the day,
Though death and hell obſtruct the way.]

2 Should death and hell, and pow'rs unknown,
Put all their forms of miſchief on,
I ſhall be ſafe; for *Chriſt* diſplays

Salvation in more lov'reign ways.

HYMN CL. Particular Metre. The same.

1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and pow'r,
Which ever mortals knew,
Which ever angels bore:
All are too mean
To speak his worth,
Too mean to set
My Saviour forth.

2 But, O what gentle terms,
What condescending ways,
Doth our Redeemer use,
To teach his heav'nly grace!
My eyes with joy
And wonder see,
What forms of love
He bears for me.

3 Array'd in mortal flesh,
He, like an angel, stands,
And holds the promises,
And pardons in his hands.
Commission'd from
His Father's throne,
To make his grace
To mortals known.

4 Great *Prophet* of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
The joyful news
Of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdu'd,

And peace with heav'n.

5 Be thou my *Counsellor*,
My *Pattern* and my *Guide*;
And through this desart land
Still keep me near thy side.
O let my feet
Ne'er run astray,
Nor rove in a luck
The crooked way!

6 I love my *Shepherd's* voice,
His watchful eye shall keep
My wand'ring soul among
The thousands of his sheep:
He feeds his flock,
He calls their names,
His bosom bears
The tender lambs.

7 To this dear *Surety's* hand
Will I commit my cause;
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws.
Behold my soul
At freedom set!
My *Surety* paid
The dreadful debt.

8 *Jesus*, my great *High Priest*,
Offer'd his blood and dy'd;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
His pow'r and blood
Did once atone,
And now it pleads
Before the throne.

9 *My Advocate* appears
For my defence on high;
The Father bows his ears;
And lays his thunder by.
Not all which hell
Or sin can say,
Shall turn his heart,
His love away.

10 My dear Almighty *Lord*,
My Conqu'ror and my *King*,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing.
Thine is the pow'r;
Behold I sit
In willing bonds
Beneath thy feet.

11 Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down;
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown.
A feeble saint
Shall win the day,
Though death and hell
Obstruct the way.

12 Should all the hosts of death,
And pow'rs of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on;
I shall be safe,
For *Christ* displays
Superior pow'r,
And guardian grace.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Book II.

Composed on Divine Subjects.

Hymn I. Long Metre.

A song of praise to God.

1 Nature, with all her pow'rs, shall sing
God the Creator, and the King;
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,
Deny the tribute of their praise.

2 Begin to make his glories known,
Ye seraphs who sit near his throne;
Tune your harps high, and spread the sound
To the creation's utmost bound.

3 All mortal things of meaner frame,
Exert your force, and own his name:
While with our souls, and with our voices,
We sing his honors and our joys.

4 To him be sacred all we have,
From the young cradle to the grave;
Our lips shall his loud wonders tell,
And ev'ry word, a miracle.

5 These western shores, our native land,
Lie fast in the Almighty's hand;

Our foes of vict'ry dream in vain.
And ſhake the captivating chain.

6 Raiſe monumental praiſes high
To him who thunders through the ſky,
And, with an awful nod or frown,
Shakes an aſpiring tyrant down.

7 Pillars of laſting braſs proclaim
The triumphs of th' eternal name;
While trembling nations read from far,
The honors of *the God of war*.

8 Thus let our flaming zeal employ
Our loftieſt thoughts, and loudeſt ſongs;
Let there be ſung with warmeſt joy
Hoſannas from ten thouſand tongues.

9 Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name;
The ſtrongeſt notes which angels raiſe,
Faint in the worſhip and the praiſe.

HYMN II. Common Metre,

The death of a ſinner.

1 MY thoughts on awful ſubjects roll,
Damnation and the dead;
What horrors ſeize the guilty ſoul
Upon a dying bed!

2 Ling'ring about theſe mortal ſhores,
She makes a long delay,
'Till, like a flood with rapid force,
Death ſweeps the wretch away.

3 Then ſwift and dreadful ſhe deſcends
Down to the fiery coaſt,
Among abominable fiends,
Herſelf a frightful ghoſt.

There end leſs crowds of ſinners lie,

And darkneſs makes their chains:
Tortur'd with keen deſpair they cry,
Yet wait for fiercer pains.

5 Not all their anguiſh and their blood
For their old guilt atones,
Nor the compaſſion of a God
Shall hearken to their groans.

6 Amazing grace which kept my breath,
Nor bid my ſoul remove,
'Till I had learn'd my Saviour's death,
And well inſur'd his love.

HYMN III. Common Metre.

The death and burial of a ſaint.

1 WHY do we mourn, departing friends?
Or ſhake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice which *Jeſus* ſends
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too,
As faſt as time can move?
Nor would we with the hours more ſlow,
To keep us from our Love.

3 Why ſhould we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear fleſh of *Jeſus* lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his ſaints he bleſs'd,
And ſoften'd ev'ry bed:
Where ſhould the dying members reſt,
But with the dying Head?

5 Thence he aroſe, aſcending high,
And ſhew'd our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our ſouls ſhall fly,
At the great riſing day.

6 Then let the laſt loud trumpet ſound,
And bid our kindred riſe;
Awake, ye nations under ground,
Ye ſaints, aſcend the ſkies.

HYMN IV. Long Metre.

Salvation in the croſs.

1 HERE, at thy croſs, my dying God,
I lay my ſoul beneath thy love,
Beneath the dreppings of thy blood,
Jeſus, nor ſhall it e'er remove.

2 Not all which tyrants think or ſay,
(With rage and light'ning in their eyes)
Nor hell ſhall fright my heart away,
Should hell with all its legions riſe.

3 Should worlds conſpire to drive me hence,
Moveleſs and firm this heart ſhould lie;
Reſolv'd (for that's my laſt defence)
If I muſt periſh, here to die.

4 But ſpeak, my Lord, and calm my fear;
Am I not ſafe beneath thy ſhade?
Thy vengeance will not ſtrike me here,
Nor *Satan* dare my ſoul invade.

5 Yes, I'm ſecure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes ſhall loſe their aim;
Hoſanna to my dying God,
And my beſt honours to his name.

HYMN V. Long Metre.

Longing to praiſe Chriſt *better.*

1 LORD, when my thoughts with wonder
O'er the ſharp ſorrows of thy ſoul, [roll
And read my Maker's broken laws,
Repair'd and honour'd by the croſs:
When I behold death, hell, and ſin,

Vanquish'd by that dear blood of thine,
And see the Man who groan'd and dy'd,
Sit glorious by his Father's side:
3 My passions rise and soar above,
I'm wing'd with faith, and fir'd with love;
Fain would I reach eternal things,
And learn the notes which *Gabriel* sings.
4 But my heart fails, my tongue complains
For want of their immortal strains;
And in such humble notes as these,
Must fall below thy victories.
5 Well, the kind minute must appear,
When we shall leave these bodies here—
These clogs of clay, and mount on high,
To join the songs above the sky.

HYMN VI. Common Metre.

A Morning Song.

1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy 'waking eyes:
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him who rolls the skies.
2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound;
Wide as the heav'ns on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.
3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.
4 [On a poor worm thy pow'r might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand;
Thy justice might have crush'd me dead,
But mercy held thy hand.

5 A thousand wretched souls are fled,
Since the last setting sun,
And yet thou lengthen'st out my thread—
And yet my moments run]

6 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

HYMN VII. Common Metre.

An Evening Song.

1 DREAD Sov'reign! let my ev'ning song
Like holy incense rise:
Assist the off'rings of my tongue,
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day,
Thy hand was still my guard;
And still to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepar'd.

3 Perpetual blessings from above,
Encompass me around;
But O, how few returns of love,
Hath my Creator found!

4 What have I done for him who dy'd
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiply'd,
Fast as my minutes roll!

5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renew'd by thee.

6 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,
I lay me down to rest,
As in th' embraces of my God,

Or on my Saviour's breast.

HYMN VIII. Common Metre.

A Hymn for Morning or Evening.

1 *HOSANNA*, with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand;
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.

2 That was a most amazing pow'r,
Which rais'd us with a word;
And ev'ry day, and ev'ry hour,
We lean upon the Lord.

3 The ev'ning rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room;
We wake, and we admire the bed
Which was not made our tomb.

4 The rising morning can't assure
That we shall end the day;
For death stands ready at the door,
To seize our lives away.

5 Our breath is forfeited by sin,
To God's revenging law;
We own thy grace, immortal King,
In ev'ry gasp we draw.

6 God is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings;
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night
Beneath his shady wings.

HYMN IX. Common Metre.

Godly sorrow arising from the sufferings of Christ.

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 [Thy body ſlain, ſweet *Jeſus*, thine,
And bath'd in its own blood,
While all expos'd to wrath divine,
The glorious Suff'rer ſtood !]

3 Was it for crimes which I had done
He groan'd upon the tree ?
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
And love beyond degree !

4 Well might the ſun in darkneſs hide,
And ſhut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, dy'd
For man, the creature's ſin.

5 Thus might I hide my bluſhing face,
While his dear croſs appears ;
Diſſolve my heart in thankfulneſs,
And melt my eyes in tears.

6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe ;
Here, Lord, I give myſelf away,
'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN X. Common Metre.

Parting with carnal joys.

1 MY ſoul forſakes her vain delight,
And bids the world farewell ;
Falſe as the dirt beneath my feet,
And miſchievous as hell.

2 No longer will I aſk your love,
Nor ſeek your friendſhip more ;
The happineſs which I approve,
Lies not within your pow'r.

3 There's nothing round this ſpacious earth,
Which ſuits my large deſire ;
To boundleſs joy, and ſolid mirth,

My nobler thoughts aſpire.
[Where pleaſure rolls its living flood,
From ſin and droſs refin'd,
Still ſpringing from the throne of God,
And fit to cheer the mind.
Th' Almighty Ruler of the ſphere,
The glorious and the great,
Brings his own all-ſufficence there,
To make our bliſs complete.]
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd climb the heav'nly road;
There ſits my Saviour dreſt in love,
And there my ſmiling God.

HYMN XI. Long Metre.

The ſame.

I SEND the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
Falſe as the ſmooth deceitful ſea,
And empty as the whiſtling wind.
Your ſtreams were floating me along,
Down to the gulf of black deſpair,
And while I liſten'd to your ſong,
Your ſtreams had e'en convey'd me there.
Lord, I adore thy matchleſs grace
Which warn'd me of that dark abyſs;
Which drew me from thoſe treach'rous ſeas,
And bid me ſeek ſuperiour bliſs.
Now to the ſhining realms above,
I ſtretch my hands and glance my eyes:
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper ſkies.
There from the boſom of my God,
Oceans of endleſs pleaſures roll;

There would I fix my laſt abode,
And drown the ſorrows of my ſoul.

HYMN XII. Common Metre.

Chriſt *is the ſubſtance of the Levitical prieſthood.*

1 THE true *Meſſiah* now appears,
The types are all withdrawn;
So fly the ſhadows and the ſtars,
Before the riſing dawn.

2 No ſmoaking ſweets, nor bleeding lambs,
Nor kid, nor bullock ſlain:
Incenſe and ſpice of coſtly names,
Would all be burnt in vain.

3 *Aaron* muſt lay his robes away,
His mitre and his veſt,
When God himſelf comes down to be
The off'ring and the prieſt.

4 He took our mortal fleſh to ſhow
The wonders of his love;
For us he paid his life below,
And prays for us above.

5 *Father*, he cries, *forgive their ſins,*
For I myſelf have dy'd;
And then he ſhows his open'd veins,
And pleads his wounded ſide.

HYMN XIII. Long Metre.

The creation, preſervation, diſſolution, and reſtoration of this world.

1 SING to the Lord, who built the ſkies,
The Lord who rear'd this ſtately frame;
Let all the nations ſound his praiſe,
And lands unknown repeat his name.

2 He form'd the ſeas, and form'd the hills,
Made ev'ry drop, and ev'ry duſt,

Nature and time, with all their wheels,
And put them into motion firſt.

3 Now from his high imperial throne,
He looks far down upon the ſpheres,
He bids the ſhining orbs roll on,
And round he turns the haſty years.

4 Thus ſhall this moving engine laſt,
'Till all his ſaints are gather'd in,
Then for the trumpet's dreadful blaſt,
To ſhake it all to duſt again.

5 Yet when the ſound ſhall tear the ſkies,
And light'nings burn the globe below,
Saints, you may lift your joyful eyes,
There's a new heav'n and earth for you.

HYMN XIV. Short Metre.

The Lord's day: or, delight in ordinances.

1 WELCOME, ſweet day of reſt,
Which ſaw the Lord ariſe;
Welcome to this reviving breaſt,
And theſe rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himſelf comes near,
And feaſts his ſaints to-day;
Here we may ſit and ſee him here,
And love, and praiſe, and pray.

3 One day amidſt the place
Where my dear God has been,
Is ſweeter than ten thouſand days
Of pleaſurable ſin.

4 My willing ſoul would ſtay
In ſuch a frame as this,
And ſit and ſing herſelf away
To everlaſting bliſs.

HYMN XV. Long Metre.

The enjoyment of Christ: *or, delight in worship.*

1 FAR from my thoʼts, vain world be gone;
Let my religious hours alone:
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see,
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire:
Come, my dear *Jesus* from above,
And feed my soul with heavʼnly love.

3 [The trees of life immortal stand
In beauteous rows at thy right hand,
And in sweet murmurs as their side,
Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.

4 Haste then, but with a smiling face,
And spread the table of thy grace:
Bring down a taste of truth divine,
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.]

5 Bless'd *Jesus*, what delicious fare,
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angel taste above,
Such charming grace, and living love.

6 Hail, *great Immanuel*, all divine!
In thee thy Fatherʼs glories shine:
O how bright, how sweet, how fair
Wilt thou appear to faith and prayer!

Hymn XVI. Long Metre.

Part the second.

1 LORD, what a heavʼn of saving grace,
Shines thro' the beauties of thy face,
And lights our passions to a flame;
Lord, how we love thy charming name.

2 When I can say, my God is mine,
When I can feel thy glories shine,

On the dear centre of my soul,
My God, my Saviour's breast.]

HYMN XXI. Long Metre.

A song of praise to God the Redeemer.

1 LET the old Heathens tune their song
Of great *Diana*, and of *Jove*;
But the sweet themes which move my tongue,
Is my Redeemer and his love.

2 Behold a God descends and dies,
To save my soul from gaping hell;
How the black gulf, where *Satan* lies,
Yawn'd to receive me when he fell!

3 How justice frown'd, and vengeance stood,
To drive me down to endless pain;
But the great Son propos'd his blood,
And heav'nly wrath grew mild again.

4 Infinite Lover, gracious Lord,
To thee be endless honours giv'n;
Thy wond'rous name shall be ador'd
Round the wide earth, and wider heav'n.

HYMN XXII. Long Metre.

With God is terrible majesty.

1 TERRIBLE God, who reign'st on high,
How awful is thy thund'ring hand!
Thy fiery bolts, how fierce they fly!
Nor can all earth or hell withstand.

2 Thus the old rebel angels knew;
And *Satan* fell beneath thy frown:
Thine arrows struck the traitor through,
And weighty vengeance sunk him down.

3 Thus *Sodom* felt, and feels it still,
And roars beneath th' eternal load;
With endless burnings who can dwell,

Or bear the fury of a God?

4 Tremble, ye ſinners, and ſubmit;
Throw down your arms before his throne
Bend your heads low beneath his feet,
Or his ſtrong hand ſhall cruſh you down.

5 And ye, bleſt ſaints, who love him too,
With rev'rence bow before his name;
Thus all his heav'nly ſervants do:
God is a bright and burning flame.

Hymn XXIII. Long Metre.

The ſight of God and Christ in heaven.

1 DESCEND from heav'n, immortal Dove
Stoop down and take us on thy wing
And mount, and bear us far above
The reach of theſe inferior things;

2 Beyond, beyond this lower ſky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where ſolid pleaſures never die,
And fruits immortal feaſt the ſoul.

3 O for a ſight, a pleaſing ſight
Of our Almighty Father's throne;
There ſits our Saviour, crown'd with light,
Cloth'd in a body like our own.

4 Adoring ſaints around him ſtand,
And thrones and pow'rs before him fall,
The GOD ſhines gracious through the man,
And ſheds ſweet glories on them all.

5 O what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they ſing!
And ſit on ev'ry heav'nly hill,
And ſpread the triumphs of their King.

6 When ſhall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I ſhall mount to dwell above,

And ſtand and bow among 'em there,
And view thy face, and ſing, and love?

HYMN XXIV. Long Metre.

The evil of ſin viſible in the fall of angels and men.

1 WHEN the great Builder arch'd the ſkies,
And form'd all nature with a word,
The joyful cherubs tun'd his praiſe,
And ev'ry bending throne ador'd.

2 High in the midſt of all the throng,
Satan, a tall arch-angel ſat,
Among the morning ſtars he ſung,
'Till ſin deſtroy'd his heav'nly ſtate.

3 ['Twas ſin that hurl'd him from his throne—
Grov'ling in fire the rebel lies;
How art thou ſunk in darkneſs down,
Sun of the morning, from the ſkies!

4 And thus our two firſt parents ſtood,
'Till ſin deſil'd the happy place;
They loſt their garden and their God,
And ruin'd all their unborn race.]

5 [So ſprung the plague from *Adam*'s bow'r,
And ſpread deſtruction all abroad,
Sin, the curs'd name, which in one hour,
Spoil'd ſix days labour of a God.]

6 Tremble, my ſoul, and mourn for grief,
That ſuch a foe ſhould ſeize thy breaſt;
Fly to thy Lord for quick relief;
O! may he ſlay this treacherous gueſt.

7 Then to thy throne, victorious King,
Then to thy throne our ſhouts ſhall riſe,
Thine everlaſting arm we ſing,
For ſin, the monſter, bleeds and dies.

HYMN XXV. Common Metre.

Complaining of ſpiritual ſloth.

1 MY drowſy pow'rs, why ſleep ye ſo?
Awake, my ſluggiſh ſoul;
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half ſo dull.

2 The little ants for one poor grain
Labour, and tug, and ſtrive;
Yet we who have an heav'n t' obtain,
How negligent we live!

3 We, for whoſe ſake all nature ſtands,
And ſtars their courſes move,
We, for whoſe guard the angel bands
Come flying from above.

4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our good:
How careleſs to ſecure that crown
He purchas'd with his blood!

5 Lord, ſhall we live ſo ſluggiſh ſtill,
And never act our parts?
Come, Holy Dove, from th' heav'nly hill,
And fit, and warm our hearts.

6 Then ſhall our active ſpirits move—
Upward our ſouls ſhall riſe:
With hands of faith, and wings of love,
We'll fly and take the prize.

HYMN XXVI. Long Metre.

GOD inviſible.

1 LORD, we are blind, poor mortals, blind,
We can't behold thy bright abode;
O 'tis beyond a creature-mind,
To glance a thought half way to God.

2 Infinite leagues beyond the ſky,
The great Eternal reigns alone,

Where neither wings nor ſouls can fly,
Nor angels climb the topleſs throne.

3 The Lord of glory builds his ſeat
Of gems incomparably bright,
And lays beneath his ſacred feet
Subſtantial beams of gloomy night.

4 Yet, glorious Lord, thy gracious eyes
Look through and cheer us from above;
Beyond our praiſe thy grandeur flies,
Yet we adore, and yet we love.

HYMN XXVII. Long Metre.

Praiſe ye him all his angels. Pſa. cxlviii.

1 GOD! th' eternal awful name,
Which the whole heav'nly army fears,
Which ſhakes the wide creation's frame,
And *Satan* trembles when he hears.

2 Like flames of fire his ſervants are,
And light ſurrounds his dwelling-place;
But, O ye fiery flames, declare
The brighter glories of his face.

3 'Tis not for ſuch poor worms as we,
To ſpeak ſo infinite a thing;
But your immortal eyes ſurvey
The beauties of your ſov'reign King.

4 Tell how he ſhews his ſmiling face,
And clothes all heav'n in bright array;
Triumph and joy run through the place,
And ſongs eternal as the day.

5 Speak, for you feel his burning love,
What zeal it ſpreads through all your frame!
That ſacred fire dwells all above,
For we on earth have loſt the name.

6 [Sing of his pow'r and juſtice too,

That infinite right hand of his,
Which vanquish'd *Satan* and his crew,
When thunder drove them down from bliss.

7 What mighty storms of poison'd darts,
Were hurl'd upon the rebels there!
What deadly jav'lins nail'd their hearts
Fast to the rocks of long despair.

8 [Shout to your King, ye heav'nly host;
You who beheld the sinking foe;
Firmly ye stood when they were lost;
Praise the rich grace which kept you so.]

9 Proclaim his wonders from the skies;
Let ev'ry distant nation hear:
And while you sound his lofty praise,
Let humble mortals bow and fear.

Hymn XXVIII. Common Metre.

Death and eternity.

1 STOOP down my thoughts which use to rise
Converse a while with death:
Think how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.

2 His quiv'ring lips hang feeble down,
His pulses faint and few—
Then speechless, with a doleful groan,
He bids the world *adieu*.

3 But Oh, the soul, which never dies!
At once it leaves the clay!
Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
And track its wond'rous way.

4 Up to the courts where angels dwell,
It mounts triumphant there;
Or devils plunge it down to hell,
In infinite despair.

5 And must my body faint and die?
And must this soul remove?
Oh, for some guardian angel nigh,
To bear it safe above.

6 *Jesus*, to thy dear faithful hand,
My naked soul I trust;
And my flesh waits for thy command,
To drop into my dust.

HYMN XXIX. Common Metre.

Redemption by price and power.

1 JESUS, with all thy saints above,
My tongue would bear her part.—
Would sound aloud thy saving love,
And sing thy bleeding heart.

2 Bless'd be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,
Who bought me with his blood,
And quench'd his Father's flaming sword,
In his own vital flood.

3 The Lamb who freed my captive soul
From *Satan*'s heavy chains,
And sent the lion down to howl,
Where hell and horror reigns.

4 All glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceasing praise.
While angels live to know his name,
Or saints to feel his grace.

HYMN XXX. Short Metre.

Heavenly joy on earth

1 COME we who love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind,

Be banish'd from the place;
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.]

3 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But favorites of the heav'nly King
May speak their joys abroad.

4 [The God who rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
Who rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas:]

5 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love;
He will send down his heav'nly pow'rs,
To carry us above.

6 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

7 Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

8 [The man of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.]

9 [The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

10 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;

We're marching through *Immanuel*'s ground,
To fairer worlds on high.]

HYMN XXXI. Long Metre.

Christ's presence makes death easy.

1 WHY should we start and fear to die?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.

4 *Jesus* can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

HYMN XXXII. Common Metre.

Frailty and folly.

1 HOW short and hasty is our life!
How vast our souls' affairs!
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.

2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story or a song,
We pass our lives away.

3 God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedless on—
And ever hast'ning to the tomb,

Stoop downwards as we run.

4 How we deserve the deepest hell,
Who slight the joys above;
What chains of vengeance should we see
Who break such cords of love.

5 Draw us, O God, with sov'reign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

HYMN XXXIII. Common Metre.

The blessed society in heaven.

1 RAISE thee, my soul, fly up and run
Through ev'ry heav'nly street,
And say—there's naught below the sun
That's worthy of thy feet.

2 [Thus will we mount on sacred wings,
And tread the courts above:
Nor earth, nor all her mightiest things,
Shall tempt our meanest love.]

3 There, on a high majestic throne,
Th' Almighty Father reigns,
And sheds his glorious goodness down
On all the blissful plains.

4 Bright, like the sun, the Saviour sits,
And spreads eternal noon:
No ev'nings there, nor gloomy nights,
To want the feeble moon.

5 Amidst the ever-shining skies,
Behold the sacred Dove,
While banish'd sin and sorrow flies
From all the realms of love.

6 The glorious tenants of the place
Stand bending round the throne,

And ſaints and ſeraphs ſing and praiſe
The infinite Three-One.

7 [But, O what beams of heav'nly grace
Tranſport them all the while!
Ten thouſand ſmiles from *Jeſus'* face,
And love in ev'ry ſmile!]

8 *Jeſus*, and when ſhall that dear day,
That joyful hour appear,
When I ſhall leave this houſe of clay,
To dwell among 'em there?

HYMN. XXXIV. Common Metre.

Breathing after the HOLY SPIRIT.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Kindle a flame of ſacred love,
In theſe cold hearts of ours.

2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of theſe trifling toys:
Our ſouls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal ſongs,
In vain we ſtrive to riſe;
Hoſannas languiſh on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and ſhall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love ſo faint, ſo cold to thee,
And thine to us ſo great!

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Come, ſhed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that ſhall kindle ours.

HYMN. XXXV. Common Metre.

Praise to God for creation and redemption.

1 LET those neglect thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy grace;
But our loud songs shall still record
The wonders of thy praise.

2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,
And send them to thy throne;
All glory to th' United Three,
The undivided One.

3 'Twas he (and we'll adore his name)
Who form'd us by a word;
'Twas he restor'd our ruin'd frame:
Salvation to the Lord.

4 *Hosanna!* let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound;
Rocks, hills, and vales reflect the voice
In one eternal round.

HYMN XXXVI. Short Metre.

Christ's intercession.

1 WILL the Redeemer's gone
T' appear before a God,
To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne
With his atoning blood.

2 No fiery vengeance now,
No burning wrath comes down;
If justice calls for sinners' blood,
The Saviour shews his own.

3 Before his Father's eye,
Our humble suit he moves;
The Father lays his thunder by,
And looks, and smiles, and loves.

4 Now may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honours sing,

Jesus, the Priest, receives our songs,
And bears them to the King.

5 [We bow before his face,
And sound his glories high;
" *Hosanna* to the God of grace,
" Who lays his thunder by.]

6 " On earth thy mercy reigns,
" And triumphs all above;
" But, Lord, how weak our mortal strains
" To speak immortal love!

7 " [How jarring and how low
" Are all the notes we sing!
" Sweet Saviour, tune our songs anew,
" And they shall please the King"]

HYMN XXXVII. Common Metre.

The same.

LIFT up your eyes to th' heav'nly seat,
Where your Redeemer stays:
Kind Intercessor, there he sits,
And lives, and pleads, and prays.

'Twas well my soul was ty'd for thee,
And shed his vital blood,
Appeas'd stern justice on the tree,
And then arose to God.

Petitions now and praise may rise,
And saints their offrings bring,
The Priest, with his own sacrifice,
Presents them to the King.

[Let Papists trust what names they please,
Their saints and angels boast;
We've no such advocates as these,
Nor pray to th' heav'nly host.]

[*Jesus* alone shall bear my cries

Up to his Father's throne,
He dearest Lord perfumes my sighs,
And sweetens ev'ry groan.
6 Ten thousand praises to the King,
Hosanna in the highest;
Ten thousand thanks our spirits bring
To God, and to his *Christ*.

HYMN XXXVIII. Common Metre.

Love to GOD.

1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign
Where Love inspires the breast:
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strength has all the rest.
2 Knowledge puffs, 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear:
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If Love be absent there.
3 'Tis Love which makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move;
The devils know and tremble too,
But *Satan* cannot love.
4 This is the grace which lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.
5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
Let wings of love bear us away
To the our smiling God.

HYMN XXXIX. Common Metre.

The shortness and misery of life.

1 OUR days, alas! our mortal days
Are short and wretched too;

Evil and few, the patriarch says,
And well the patriarch knew.

2 'Tis but at best, a narrow bound,
Which heav'n allows to men;
And pains, and sins run through the round
Of threescore years and ten.

3 Well—if ye must be sad and few,
Run on my days in haste;
Moments of sin, and months of woe,
Ye cannot fly too fast.

4 Let heav'nly love prepare my soul,
And call her to the skies,
Where years of long salvation roll,
And glory never dies.

HYMN XL. Common Metre.

Our comfort in the covenant made with Christ.

1 OUR God, how firm his promise stands,
E'en when he hides his face!
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands,
His glory and his grace.

2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,
Since *Christ* and we are one?
Thy God is faithful to his saints,
Is faithful to his Son.

3 Beneath his smiles my heart has liv'd,
And part of heav'n possess'd;
I praise his name for grace receiv'd,
And trust him for the rest.

HYMN XLI. Long Metre.

A sight of God mortifies us to the world.

1 [UP to the hill where eagles build,
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,

But sin hangs heavy on my soul.

2 Thy wondrous blood, dear dying *Christ*,
Can make this world of guilt remove;
And thou canst bear me where thou fly'st,
On thy kind wings, celestial Dove.

3 O might I once mount up and see
The glories of th' eternal skies,
What little things these worlds would be!
How despicable to my eyes!]

4 Had I a glance of thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon;
Vanish, as though I saw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon.

5 Then they might fight, and rage, and rave,
I should perceive the noise no more
Than we can hear a shaking leaf,
When rattling thunders round us roar.

6 Great ALL in ALL, eternal King,
Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my powers shall bow and sing
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

HYMN XLII. Common Metre.

Delight in GOD.

1 MY God, what endless pleasures dwell
Above, at thy right hand!
Thy courts below, how amiable,
Where all thy graces stand!

2 The swallow near thy temples lies,
And chirps a cheerful note;
The lark mounts upward tow'rd the skies,
And tunes her warbling throat.

3 And we, when in thy presence, Lord,
We shout with joyful tongues;

Or ſitting round our Father's board,
We crown the feaſt with ſongs.
While *Jeſus* ſhines with quick'ning grace,
We ſing and mount on high;
But if a frown becloud his face,
We faint, and tire, and die.

Juſt as we ſee the loneſome dove
Bemoan her widow'd ſtate,
Wand'ring, ſhe flies through all the grove,
And mourns her loving mate.

Juſt ſo our thoughts from thing to thing,
In reſtleſs circles rove;
Juſt ſo we droop, and hang the wing,
When *Jeſus* hides his love.

HYMN XLIII. Long Metre.

Chriſt's *ſufferings and glory.*

NOW for a tune of lofty praiſe
To great *Jehovah*'s equal Son;
Awake, my voice, in heav'nly lays,
Tell the loud wonders he has done.

Sing how he left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes he wore above;
How ſw ft and joyful was his flight
On wings of everlaſting love.

[Down to this baſe, this ſinful earth,
He came to raiſe our nature high;
He came t' atone almighty wrath—
Jeſus, the God, was born to die.]

[Hell, and its lions roar'd around;
His precious blood the monſters ſpilt;
While weighty ſorrows preſs'd him down,
Large as the loads of all our guilt.]

Deep in the ſhades of gloomy death,

Th' almighty captive prisoner lay;
Th' almighty Captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.

6 Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,
Up to his throne of shining grace;
See what immortal glories fit
Round the sweet beauties of his face.

7 Among a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus the God, exalted reigns,
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes through the heav'nly plains.

HYMN XLIV. Long Metre.

Hell: or, the vengeance of God.

1 WITH holy fear, and humble song,
The dreadful God our souls adore;
Rev'rence and awe becomes the tongue
Which speaks the terrors of his pow'r.

2 Far in the deep, where darkness dwells,
The land of horror and despair,
Justice has built a dismal hell,
And laid her stores of vengeance there.

3 [Eternal plagues, and heavy chains,
Tormenting racks, and fiery coals,
And darts t' inflict immortal pains,
Dy'd in the blood of damned souls.

4 There *Satan*, the first sinner, lies,
And roars, and bites his iron bands;
In vain the rebel strives to rise,
Crush'd with the weight of both thy hands.]

5 There guilty ghosts of *Adam*'s race
Shriek out, and howl beneath thy rod;
Once they could scorn a Saviour's grace,
And so incens'd a dreadful God.

Tremble, my soul, and kiss the Son;
Sinner, obey thy Saviour's call;
Else your damnation hastens on,
And hell gapes wide to wait your fall.

Hymn XLV. Long Metre.

God's condescension to our worship.

1 THY favors, Lord, surprise our souls:
Will the Eternal dwell with us?
What canst thou find beneath the poles,
To turn thy chariot downward thus?
2 Still might he fill his starry throne,
And please his ears with *Gabriel's* songs;
But th' heav'nly Majesty comes down,
And bows to hearken to our tongues.
3 Great God, what poor returns we pay
For love so infinite as thine:
Words are but air, and tongues but clay,
But thy compassion's all divine.

Hymn XLVI. Long Metre.

God's condescension to human affairs.

1 UP to the Lord who reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.
2 [He who can shake the worlds he made,
Or with his word, or with his rod,
His goodness, how amazing great!
And what a condescending God.
3 God, who must stoop to view the skies,
And bow to see what angels do,
Down to the earth he casts his eyes,
And bends his footsteps downward too.]
4 He over-rules all mortal things,

And manages our mean affairs :
On humble ſouls the King of kings,
Beſtows his counſels and his cares.

5 Our ſorrows and our tears we pour
Into the boſom of our God :
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps to bear the heavy load.

6 In vain might lofty princes try
Such condeſcenſion to perform ;
For worms were never rais'd ſo high,
Above their meaneſt fellow-worm.

7 Oh, could our thankful hearts deviſe
A tribute equal to thy grace,
To the third heav'n our ſongs ſhould riſe,
And teach the golden harps thy praiſe.

Hymn XLVII. Long Metre.

Glory and grace in the perſon of Chriſt.

1 NOW to the Lord a noble ſong ;
Awake, my ſoul ; awake my tongue ;
Hoſanna to th' eternal name,
And all his boundleſs love proclaim.

2 See where it ſhines in *Jeſus'* face,
The brighteſt image of his grace ;
God, in the perſon of his Son,
Has all his mightieſt works outdone.

3 The ſpacious earth and ſpreading flood,
Proclaim the wiſe and pow'rful God,
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in ev'ry rolling ſtar ;

4 But in his looks a glory ſtands,
The nobleſt labour of thy hands :
The pleaſing luſtre of his eyes,
Outſhines the wonders of the ſkies.

5 Grace! 'tis a ſweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at *Jeſus'* name;
Ye angels dwell upon the ſound,
Ye heav'ns reflect it to the ground.

6 Oh, may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face;
Where all his beauties you behold,
And ſing his name to harps of gold.

HYMN XLVIII. Common Metre.

Love to the creatures is dangerous.

1 HOW vain are all things here below!
How falſe, and yet how fair!
Each pleaſure hath its poiſon too;
And ev'ry ſweet—a ſnare.

2 The brighteſt things below the ſky
Give but a flatt'ring light;
We ſhould ſuſpect ſome danger nigh,
Where we poſſeſs delight.

3 Our deareſt joys, and neareſt friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God.

4 The fondneſs of a creature's love,
How ſtrong it ſtrikes the ſenſe!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call 'em thence.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My ſoul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

HYMN XLIX. Common Metre.

Moſes dying in the embraces of God.

1 DEATH cannot make our ſouls afraid,
If God be with us there;
We may walk through the darkeſt ſhade,
And never yield to fear.

2 I could renounce my all below,
If my Creator bid;
And run, if I were call'd to go,
And die as *Moſes* did.

3 Might I but climb to *Piſgah*'s top,
And view the promis'd land,
My fleſh itſelf ſhould long to drop,
And pray for the command.

4 Claſp'd in my heav'nly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath,
And loſe my life among the charms
Of ſo divine a death.

HYMN L. Long Metre.

Comforts under ſorrows and pains.

1 NOW let the Lord my Saviour ſmile,
And ſhew my name upon his heart;
I would forget my pains a while,
And in the pleaſure loſe the ſmart.

2 But Oh! it ſwells my ſorrows high,
To ſee my bleſſed *Jeſus* frown:
My ſpirits ſink, my comforts die,
And all the ſprings of life are down.

3 Yet why, my ſoul, why theſe complaints?
Still while he frowns his bowels move;
Still on his heart he bears his ſaints,
And feels their ſorrows, and his love.

4 My name is printed on his breaſt;
His book of life contains my name,
I'd rather have it there impreſs'd,

Than in the bright records of fame.
5 When the laſt fire burns all things here,
Thoſe letters ſhall ſecurely ſtand,
And in the Lamb's fair book appear,
Writ by th' eternal Father's hand.
6 Now let my minutes ſmoothly run,
While here I wait my Father's will;
My riſing and my ſetting ſun,
Roll gently up and down the hill.

HYMN LI. Long Metre.

God the Son equal with the Father.

1 BRIGHT King of glory, dreadful God,
Our ſpirits bow before thy ſeat;
To thee we lift an humble thought,
And worſhip at thine awful feet.
2 [Thy pow'r hath form'd, thy wiſdom ſways
All nature with a ſov'reign word:
And the bright world of ſtars obeys
The will of their ſuperior Lord.]
3 [Mercy and truth unite in one,
And ſmiling ſit at thy right hand;
Eternal juſtice guards thy throne,
And vengeance waits thy dreaded command.]
4 A thouſand ſeraphs ſtrong and bright,
Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who among the ſons of light,
Pretends compariſon with thee?
5 Yet thou art one of human frame,
[Aſſum'd our nature, fleſh and blood,
Took on thee our debtors to claim
And put on equal with God.
6 Their glory ſhines with equal beams;
Their eſſence is for ever one;

Tho' they are known by diff'rent names,
The Father God, and God the Son.

7 Then let the name of *Chriſt* our King
With equal honours be ador'd;
His praiſe let ev'ry angel ſing,
And all the nations own the Lord,

HYMN LII. Common Metre.

Death dreadful, or delightful.

1 DEATH, 'tis a melancholy day
To thoſe who have no God,
When the poor ſoul is forc'd away
To ſeek her laſt abode.

2 In vain to heav'n ſhe lifts her eyes:
For guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the ſkies,
To darkneſs, fire, and pain.

3 Awake, and mourn, ye heirs of hell,
Let ſtubborn ſinners fear;
You muſt be driv'n from earth, and dwell
A long FOREVER there.

4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,
And flaſhes in your face;
And thou, my ſoul, look downward too,
And ſing recov'ring grace.

5 Hear a God of ſov'reign love,
Who promis'd heav'n to me,
And taught my thoughts to ſoar above,
Where happy ſpirits be.

6 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand,
Then come the joyful day;
Come death, and ſome celeſtial band,
To bear my ſoul away.

HYMN LIII. Common Metre.

The pilgrimage of the saints: or, earth and heaven.

1 LORD, what a wretched land is this,
Which yields us no supply;
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
Nor streams of living joy.

2 But prickling thorns through all the ground,
And mortal poisons grow,
And all the rivers which are found,
With dang'rous waters flow.

3 Yet the dear path to thine abode
Lies through this horrid land:
Lord, we would keep the heav'nly road,
And run at thy command.

4 Our souls shall tread the desart through,
With undiverted feet;
And faith and flaming zeal subdue
The terrors which we meet.

5 [A thousand savage beasts of prey,
Around the forest roam;
But *Judah*'s Lion guards the way,
And guides the strangers home.]

6 [Long nights and darkness dwell below,
With scarce a twinkling ray;
But the bright world to which we go,
Is everlasting day.]

7 By glimm'ring hopes, and gloomy fears,
We trace the sacred road;
Through dismal deeps, and dang'rous snares,
We make our way to God.

8 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still;
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And reach at *Zion*'s hill.

9 [See the kind angels at the gates,
Inviting us to come;
There *Jesus*, the Forerunner, waits
To welcome trav'lers home.]

10 [There, on a green and flow'ry mount,
Our weary souls shall sit,
And, with transporting joys recount
The labours of our feet.

11 No vain discourse shall fill our tongue,
Nor trifles vex our ear;
Infinite grace shall fill our song,
And God rejoice to hear.

12 Eternal glories to the King
Who brought us safely through;
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.]

HYMN LIV. Common Metre.

God's presence is light in darkness.

1 My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

2 In darkest shades if he appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's sweet morning-star,
And he my rising sun.

3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While *Jesus* shews his heart is mine,
And whispers—*I am his.*

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,

T' embrace my dearest Lord.
5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through ev'ry foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqu'ror through.

HYMN LV. Common Metre.

Frail life, and succeeding eternity.

1 THEE we adore, eternal name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame;
What dying worms are we!
2 [Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase;
And ev'ry beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.
3 The year rolls round and steals away
The breath which first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the grave.]
4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.
5 Good God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings!
6 Infinite joy or endless woe
Attends on ev'ry breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!
7 'Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dang'rous road;

And if our ſouls are hurry'd hence,
May they be found with God.

HYMN LVI. Common Metre.

Vain proſperity.

1 NO, I ſhall envy them no more,
Who grow profanely great,
Though they increaſe their golden ſtore,
And riſe to wond'rous height.

2 They taſte of all the joys which grow
Upon this earthly clod;
Well, they may ſearch the creature through,
For they have ne'er a God:

3 Shake off the thoughts of dying too,
And think your life your own;
But death comes haſt'ning on to you,
To mow your glory down.

4 Yes, you muſt bow your ſtately head,
Away your ſpirit flies,
And no kind angel near your bed,
To bear it to the ſkies.

5 Go now and boaſt of all your ſtores,
And tell how bright they ſhine;
Your heaps of glitt'ring duſt are yours,
And my Redeemer's mine.

HYMN LVII. Long Metre.

The pleaſures of a good conſcience.

1 LORD, how ſecure and bleſt are they
Who feel the joys of pardon'd ſin;
Safe amid ſtorms of wrath ſhake earth and ſea,
Their minds have heav'n and peace within.

2 The day glides ſweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love:
And ſoft and ſilent as the ſhades,

Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 [Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half ſo faſt away;
Their ſouls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as ſummer ev'nings be.

4 How oft they look to th' heav'nly hills,
Where groves of living pleaſures grow,
And longing hopes and cheerful ſmiles
Sit undiſturb'd upon their brow.]

5 They ſcorn to ſeek our golden toys,
But ſpend the day and ſhare the night
In numb'ring o'er the richer joys
Which heav'n prepares for their delight.

6 While wretched we, like worms and moles,
Lie grov'ling in the duſt below;
Almighty grace, renew our ſouls,
And we'll aſpire to glory too.

HYMN LVIII. Common Metre.

The ſhortneſs of life, and goodneſs of God.

1 TIME! what an empty vapour 'tis!
And days how ſwift they are!
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a ſhooting-ſtar.

2 [The preſent moments juſt appear,
Then ſlide away in haſte,
That we can never ſay—*they're here*,
But only ſay—*they're paſt*.

3 Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh;
The moment when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.]

4 Yet, mighty God, our fleeting days

Thy lasting favours share,
Yet with the bounties of thy grace
Thou loadst the rolling year.

5 'Tis sov'reign mercy finds us food,
And we are cloth'd with love;
While grace stands pointing out the road,
Which leads our souls above.

6 His goodness runs an endless round;
All glory to the Lord;
His mercy never knows a bound;
And be his name ador'd.

7 Thus we begin the lasting song:
And when we close our eyes,
Let the next age thy praise prolong
'Till time and nature dies.

HYMN LIX. Common Metre.

Paradise on earth.

1 GLORY to God who walks the sky,
And sends his blessing through;
Who tells his saints of joys on high,
And gives a taste below.

2 [Glory to God who stoops his throne,
That dust and worms may see't,
And brings a glimpse of glory down
Around his sacred feet.

3 When *Christ*, with all his graces crown'd,
Sheds his kind beams abroad,
'Tis a young heav'n on earthly ground,
And glory in the bud.

4 A blooming paradise of joy
In this wild desart springs,
And ev'ry sense I strait employ
On sweet celestial things.

5 White lilies all around appear,
And each his glory shows;
The rose of *Sharon* blossoms here,
The fairest flow'r which blows.

6 Chearful I feast on heav'nly fruit,
And bring the pleasures down—
Pleasures which flow hard by the foot
Of the eternal throne.]

7 But ah! how soon my joys decay,
How soon my sins arise,
And snatch the heav'nly scene away
From these lamenting eyes!

8 When shall the time, dear *Jesus*, when
The shining day appear,
That I shall leave those clouds of sin,
And guilt and darkness here?

9 Up to the fields above the skies,
My hasty feet would go;
There everlasting flow'rs arise,
And joys unwith'ring grow.

HYMN LX. Long Metre.

The truth of God the Promiser.

1 PRAISE, everlasting praise be paid
To him who earth's foundation laid;
Praise to the God, whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as he pleases.

2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word,
And there as strong as his decrees,
He sets his kindest promises.

3 [Firm are the words his prophets give,
Sweet words on which his children live;
Each of them is the voice of God,

Who ſtake, and ſpread the ſkies abroad.
4 [Each of them pow'rful as that hand,
Which bid the new-made world go round;
And ſtronger than the ſolid pole,
On which the wheel of nature rolls.]
5 Whence ſpring theſe doubts and fears arife?
Why thus ſtarting ſorrows drown our eyes?
Slowly, alas, our mind receives
The comforts which our Maker gives.
6 Oh, for a ſtrong, a lafting faith,
To credit what th' Almighty ſaith:
T' embrace the meſſage of his Son,
And call the joys of heav'n our own.
7 Then ſhould the earth's old pillars ſhake,
And all the wheels of nature break;
Our hearty ſouls ſhould fear no ruine
Than ſolid rocks when billows roar.
8 Our everlaſting hopes ariſe
Above the ruin'd ſkies,
Where the eternal Builder reigns,
And his own creatures his pow'r ſuſtains.

HYMN LXI. Long Metre.

A thought of death and glory.

1 MY ſoul, come, meditate the day,
And think how near it ſtands,
When thou muſt quit this houſe of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.
2 [And you, mine eyes, look down and view
The hollow gaping tomb:
This gloomy priſon waits for you,
Whene'er the ſummons come.]
3 Oh! could we die with thoſe who die,
And place us in their ſtead;

Then would our ſpirits learn to fly,
And converſe with the dead:
4 Then ſhould we ſee the ſaints above,
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our ſouls ſhould love
To dwell with mortal worms.
5 [How we ſhould ſcorn theſe clothes of fleſh,
Theſe fetters, and this load,
And long for ev'ning to undreſs,
That we may reſt with God.]
6 We ſhould almoſt forſake our clay
Before the ſummons come,
And pray and with our ſouls away
To their eternal home.

HYMN LXII. Common Metre.

*God the Thunderer: or, the laſt judgment, and hell.**

1 SING to the Lord, ye heav'nly hoſts,
And thou, O earth, adore:
Let death and hell through all their coaſts,
Stand trembling at his pow'r.
2 His ſounding chariot ſhakes the ſky,
He makes the clouds his throne;
There all his ſtores of lightning lie,
'Till vengeance dart them down.
3 His noſtrils breathe out fiery ſtreams,
And from his awful tongue
A ſov'reign voice divides the flames,
And thunder roars along.
4 Think, O my ſoul, the dreadful day
When this incenſed God

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* *Made in a ſudden great ſtorm of thunder,* Auguſt *the* 20*th,* 1697.

Shall rend the ſky, and burn the ſea,
And fling his wrath abroad!
5 What ſhall the wretch, the ſinner do?
He once defy'd the Lord;
But he ſhall dread the Thund'rer now,
And ſink beneath his ſword.
6 Tempeſts of angry fire ſhall roll,
To blaſt the rebel worm,
And beat upon his naked ſoul
In one eternal ſtorm.

HYMN LXIII. Common Metre.

A funeral thought.

1 HARK! from the tombs, a doleful ſound,
My ears attend the cry—
"Ye living men, come, view the ground
"Where you muſt ſhortly lie.
2 "Princes, this clay muſt be your bed,
"In ſpite of all your tow'rs;
"The rich, the wiſe, the rev'rend head,
"Muſt lie as low as ours."
3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we ſtill ſecure!
Still walking downwards to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more!
4 Grant us the pow'rs of quick'ning grace,
To fit our ſouls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying fleſh,
We'll riſe above the ſky.

HYMN LXIV. Long Metre.

GOD the glory and defence of Zion.

1 HAPPY the church, thou conſecrated place,
The ſeat of thy Creator's grace;
Thine holy courts are his abode;

Thou earthly palace of our God.

2 Thy walls are ſtrength, and at thy gate
A guard of heav'nly warriors wait;
Nor ſhall thy deep foundations move,
Fix'd on his counſels and his love.

3 Thy foes in vain deſigns engage,
Againſt his throne in vain they rage;
Like riſing waves with angry roar,
Which daſh and die upon the ſhore.

4 Then let our ſouls in *Zion* dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of *Rome*, or hell;
His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.

5 God is our ſhield, and God our ſun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he ſheds new beams of grace,
And reflects his brighteſt praiſe.

HYMN LXV. Common Metre.

The hope of heaven our ſupport under trials on earth.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To manſions in the ſkies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth againſt my ſoul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can ſmile at *Satan*'s rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge come,
And ſtorms of ſorrow fall;
May I but ſafely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all:

4 There I ſhall bathe my weary ſoul
In ſeas of heav'nly reſt,

And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

HYMN LXVI. Common Metre.

A prospect of heaven makes death easy.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flow'rs:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

3 [Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand drest in living green;
So to the *Jews* old *Canaan* stood,
While *Jordan* roll'd between.

4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
Thro' fear to launch away.]

5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts which rise,
And see the *Canaan* which we love,
With unbeclouded eyes!

6 Could we but climb where *Moses* stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Nor *Jordan*'s stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN LXVII. Common Metre.

GOD's eternal dominion.

1 GREAT God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,

And pay their praise to thee:

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made:
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Nature and time quite naked lie
To thine immediate view.
From the formation of the sky,
To the great burning-day.

4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears;
Great God! there's nothing new.

5 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vex'd with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thoughts move on
Thine undisturb'd affairs.

6 Great God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

HYMN LXVIII. Common Metre.

The humble worship of heaven.

1 FATHER, I long, I faint to see
The place of thine abode;
I'd leave thy earthly courts and flee
Up to thy seat, my God.

2 Here I behold thy distant face,
And 'tis a pleasing sight;
But, to abide in thine embrace,
Is infinite delight.

3 I'd soar with all the joys of sense,
To gaze upon thy throne;

Pleaſure ſprings freſh for ever thence,
Unſpeakable, unknown.

4 [There all the heav'nly hoſts are ſeen,
In ſhining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigour in,
With wonder, and with love.

5 Then at thy feet, with awful fear,
Th' adoring armies fall:
With joy they ſhrink to *nothing* there,
Before th' eternal All.

6 There I would vie with all the hoſt,
In duty and in bleſs;
While *leſs than nothing* I could boaſt,
And *vanity* confeſs.]

7 The more thy glories ſtrike mine eyes,
The humbler I ſhall lie;
Thus while I ſink, my joys ſhall riſe
Immeaſurably high.

HYMN LXIX. Common Métre.

The faithfulneſs of GOD *in the promiſes.* [theme,

1 [BEGIN, my tongue, ſome heav'nly
And ſpeak ſome boundleſs thing.
The mighty works, or mightier name
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wond'rous faithfulneſs,
And ſound his pow'r abroad—
Sing the ſweet promiſe of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 Proclaim ſalvation from the Lord,
For wretched dying men;
His hand has writ the ſacred word
With an immortal pen.

4 Engrav'd, as in eternal braſs,

The mighty promiſe ſhines;
Nor can the pow'rs of darkneſs raze
Thoſe everlaſting lines.]

5 [He who can daſh whole worlds to death,
And make them when he pleaſe,
But ſpeaks, and that almighty breath
Fulfils his great decrees.

6 His very word of grace is ſtrong
As that which built the ſkies;
The voice which rolls the ſtars along,
Speaks all the promiſes.

7 He ſaid—*Let the wide heav'n be ſpread,*
And heav'n was ſtretch'd abroad;
Abrah'm, *I'll be thy God,* he ſaid,
And he was *Abrah'm's* God.

8 Oh, might I hear thy heav'nly tongue
But whiſper, *thou art mine!*
Thoſe gentle words ſhould raiſe my ſong
To notes almoſt divine.

9 How would my leaping heart rejoice,
And think my heav'n ſecure;
I'd truſt the all creating voice,
And faith deſires no more.]

HYMN LXX. Long Metre.

GOD's dominion over the ſea. Pſa. cvii. 23, &c.

1 GOD of the ſeas, thy thund'ring voice
Makes all the roaring waves rejoice!
And one ſoft word of thy command
Can ſink them ſilent in the ſand.

2 If but a *Moſes* wave thy rod,
The ſea divides and owns its God;
The ſtormy floods their Maker knew,
And led his choſen armies through.

3 The ſcaly flocks amidſt the ſea
To thee, their Lord, a tribute pay;
The meaneſt fiſh which ſwims the flood,
Leaps up, and means a praiſe to God.

4 [The larger monſters of the deep,
On thy commands attendance keep;
By thy permiſſion, ſport and play,
And cleave along their foaming way.

5 If God his voice of tempeſt rears,
Leviathan lies ſtill and fears;
Anon he lifts his noſtrils high,
And ſpouts the ocean to the ſky.]

6 How is thy glorious pow'r ador'd,
Amidſt theſe wat'ry nations, Lord!
Yet the bold men who trace the ſeas,
Bold men refuſe their Maker praiſe.

7 [What ſcenes of miracles they ſee,
And never tune a ſong to thee!
While on the flood they ſafely ride,
They curſe the hand which ſmooths the tide.

8 Anon they plunge in wat'ry graves,
And ſome drink death among the waves;
Yet the ſurviving crew blaſpheme,
Nor own the God who reſcu'd them.]

9 Oh, for ſome ſignal of thy hand!
Shake all the ſeas, Lord, ſhake the land;
Great Judge, deſcend, leſt men deny
That there's a God who rules the ſky.

Hymn LXXI. Common Metre.

Praiſe to God from all creatures.

1 THE glories of my Maker, God,
My joyful voice ſhall ſing,
And call the nations to adore

Their Former and their King.

2 'Twas his right hand which ſhap'd our clay,
And wrought this human frame;
But from his own immediate breath
Our nobler ſpirits came.

3 We bring our mortal pow'rs to God,
And worſhip with our tongues;
We claim ſome kindred with the ſkies,
And join th' angelic ſongs.

4 Let grov'ling beaſts of ev'ry ſhape,
And fowls of ev'ry wing,
And rocks, and trees, and fires, and ſeas,
Their various tribute bring.

5 Ye planets, to his honour ſhine,
And wheels of nature, roll;
Praiſe him in your unweary'd courſe
Around the ſteady pole.

6 The brightneſs of our Maker's name
The wide creation fills,
And his unbounded grandeur flies
Beyond the heav'nly hills.

HYMN LXXII. Common Metre.

The LORD's day: or, the reſurrection of Chriſt.

1 BLESS'D morning, whoſe young dawning rays
Beheld our riſing God;
Which ſaw him triumph o'er the duſt,
And leave his laſt abode.

2 In the cold priſon of a tomb
The dead Redeemer lay,
'Till the revolving ſkies had brought
The third—th' appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our God in vain;

The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

4 To thy great name, almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay,
And loud *Hosannas* shall proclaim
The triumphs of the day.

5 [Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King;
Let heav'n and earth, and rocks and seas,
With loud *Hosannas* ring.]

HYMN LXXIII. Common Metre.

Doubts scattered: or, spiritual joys restored.

1 HENCE, from my soul, sad thoughts be gone,
And leave me to my joys;
My tongue shall triumph in my God,
And make a joyful noise.

2 Darkness and doubts had veil'd my mind,
And drown'd my head in tears,
'Till sov'reign grace, with shining rays,
Dispel'd my gloomy fears.

3 Oh, what immortal joys I felt,
And raptures all divine,
When *Jesus* told me—*I was his,*
And my Beloved mine!

4 In vain the tempter frights my soul,
And breaks my peace in vain;
One glimpse, dear Saviour, of thy face,
Revives my joys again.

HYMN LXXIV. Short Metre.

Repentance from a sense of divine goodness: or a complaint of ingratitude.

1 IS this the kind return,
And these the thanks we owe?

Thus to abuſe eternal love,
Whence all our bleſſings flow!
2 To what a ſtubborn frame
Has ſin reduc'd our mind!
What ſtrange rebellious wretches we,
And God as ſtrangely kind.
3 On us he bids the ſun
Shed his reviving rays;
For us the ſkies their circles run,
To lengthen out our days.
4 The brutes obey their God,
And bow their necks to men;
But we more baſe, more brutiſh things,
Reject his eaſy reign.]
5 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our ſouls afreſh;
Break, ſov'reign grace, theſe hearts of ſtone,
And give us hearts of fleſh.
6 Let old ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks ariſe.

HYMN LXXV. Common Metre.

Spiritual and eternal joy: or, the beatific ſight of CHRIST.

1 FROM thee, my God, my joys ſhall riſe,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the ſkies,
And all created bounds.
2 The holy triumphs of my ſoul
Shall death itſelf out-brave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

3 There, where my bleſſ'd *Jeſus* reigns
In heav'n's unmeaſur'd ſpace,
I'll ſpend a long eternity,
In pleaſure and in praiſe.

4 Millions of years my wond'ring eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove;
And endleſs ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love.

5 Sweet *Jeſus*, ev'ry ſmile of thine
Shall freſh endearments bring;
And thouſand taſtes of new delights
Proceed all thy graces ſpring.

6 Haſte, my Beloved, fetch my ſoul
Up to thy bleſt abodes;
Fly, for my ſpirit longs to ſee
My Saviour and my God.

HYMN LXXVI. Common Metre.

The reſurrection and aſcenſion of Chriſt.

1 *HOSANNA* to the Prince of light,
Who clothed himſelf in clay,
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our *Immanuel* roſe;
He took the tyrant's ſting away,
And ſpoil'd our helliſh foes.

3 See how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With ſhouts of triumph in his fleſh,
And vict'ry in his eyes!

4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And ſcatters bleſſings down;
Our *Jeſus* fills the middle ſeat

Of the celestial throne.

5 [Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach this bleſt abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.

6 Bright angels, strike your loudeſt strings,
Your sweeteſt voices raiſe;
Let heav'n and all created things,
Sound our *Immanuel*'s praiſe.]

HYMN LXXVII. Long Metre.

The Christian warfare.

1 [STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armour on;
March to the gates of endleſs joy,
Where thy great Captain Saviour's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resiſt thy courſe,
But hell and sin are vanquiſh'd foes;
Thy *Jeſus* nail'd them to the croſs,
And sung the triumph when he roſe.]

3 [What tho' the prince of darkneſs rage,
And waſte the fury of his ſpite?
Eternal chains confine him down
To fiery deeps and endleſs night.

4 What though thine inward luſts rebel?
'Tis but a ſtruggling gaſp for life;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall ſlay thy sins, and end the ſtrife.]

5 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Preſs forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for conqu'rors wait.

6 There shall I wear a ſtarry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,

While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

HYMN LXXVIII. Common Metre.

Redemption by Christ.

1 WHEN the first parents of our race
Rebell'd, and lost their God,
And the infection of their sin
Had tainted all our blood:

2 Infinite pity touch'd the heart
Of the eternal Son,
Descending from the heav'nly court,
He left his Father's throne.

3 Aside the Prince of glory threw
His most divine array;
And wrapp'd his Godhead in a veil
Of our inferior clay.

4 His living pow'r, and dying love,
Redeem'd unhappy men;
And rais'd the ruins of our race
To life and God again.

5 To thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul
We joyfully resign;
Blest *Jesus*, take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine.

6 Thine honour shall for ever be
The business of our days:
For ever shall our thankful tongues
Speak thy deserved praise.

HYMN LXXIX. Common Metre.

Praise to the Redeemer.

1 PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,
We, wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,

Or ſpark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpleſs grief;
He ſaw—and (O! amazing love,)
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the ſhining ſeats above,
With joyful haſte he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal fleſh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 He ſpoil'd the pow'rs of darkneſs thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jeſus has freed our captive ſouls
From everlaſting pains.

5 [In vain the baffled prince of hell
His curſed projects tries;
We, who were doom'd his endleſs ſlaves,
Are rais'd above the ſkies.]

6 Oh, for this love, let rocks and hills
Their laſting ſilence break,
And all harmonious human tongues,
The Saviour's praiſes ſpeak.

7 [Yes, we will praiſe thee, deareſt Lord,
Our ſouls are all on flame;
Hoſanna round the ſpacious earth,
To thine adored name.

8 Angels, aſſiſt our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raiſe your higheſt notes,
His love can ne'er be told.]

HYMN LXXX Short Metre.

God's awful power and goodneſs.

1 O H, the almighty Lord,
How matchleſs is his pow'r

Tremble, O earth, beneath his word,
While all the heav'ns adore.

2 Let proud imperious kings
Bow low before his throne;
Crouch to his feet, ye haughty things,
Or he will tread you down.

3 Above the skies he reigns,
And with amazing blows
He deals insufferable pains
On his rebellious foes.

4 Yet, everlasting God,
We love to speak thy praise;
Thy sceptre's equal to thy rod,
The sceptre of thy grace.

5 The arms of mighty love
Defend our *Zion* well,
And heav'nly mercy walls us round
From *Babylon* and hell.

6 Salvation to the King
Who sits enthron'd above:
Thus we adore the God of might,
And bless the God of love.

HYMN LXXXI. Common Metre.

Our sin the cause of Christ's death.

1 AND now the scales have left mine eyes,
Now I begin to see:
O, the curs'd deeds my sins have done!
What murd'rous things they be.

2 Were these the traitors, dearest Lord,
Which thy fair body tore?
Monsters, which stain'd those heav'nly limbs
With floods of purple gore!

3 Was it for crimes which I had done,

My dearest Lord was slain,
When justice seiz'd God's only Son,
And put his soul to pain?

4 Forgive my guilt, O Prince of peace,
I'll wound my God no more:
Hence from my heart, ye sins, be gone,
For *Jesus* I adore.

5 Furnish me, Lord, with heav'nly arms,
From grace's magazine,
And I'll proclaim eternal war
With ev'ry darling sin.

HYMN LXXXII. Common Metre.

Redemption and protection from spiritual enemies.

1 ARISE, my soul, my joyful pow'rs,
And triumph in my God;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

2 He rais'd me from the deeps of sin,
The gates of gaping hell,
And fix'd my standing more secure
Than 'twas before I fell.

3 The arms of everlasting love,
Beneath my soul he plac'd,
And on the Rock of Ages set
My slipp'ry footsteps fast.

4 The city of my bless'd abode
Is wall'd around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark stands
To shield the sacred place,

5 *Satan* may vent his sharpest spite,
And all his legions roar;
Almighty mercy guards my life,
And bounds his raging pow'r.

6 Arise, my soul, awake my voice,
And tunes of pleasure sing;
Loud *Hallelujahs* shall address
My Saviour and my King.

HYMN LXXXIII. Common Metre.

The passion and exaltation of Christ.

1 THUS saith the Ruler of the skies,
Awake, my dreadful sword;
Awake, my wrath, and smite the Man,
My Fellow, saith the Lord.

2 Vengeance receiv'd the dread command,
And armed down the skies:
Jesus submits to his Father's hand,
And bows his head, and dies.

3 But, Oh, the wisdom and the grace
Which join'd with vengeance now!
He dies to save our guilty race,
And yet he lives too.

4 A person so divine was he,
Who yielded to be slain,
That he could give his soul away,
And take his life again.

5 Live, glorious Lord, and reign on high,
Let every nation sing,
And angels sound, with endless joy,
The Saviour, and the King.

HYMN LXXXIV. Short Metre.

The same.

1 COME all harmonious tongues,
Your noblest music bring;
'Tis *Christ* the everlasting God,
And *Christ* the man we sing.

2 Tell how he took our flesh,

To take away our guilt;
Sing the dear drops of facred blood,
Which hellifh monfters fpilt.

3 [Alas! the cruel fpear
Went deep into his fide;
And the rich flood of purple gore
Their murd'rous weapons dy'd.]

4 The waves of fwelling grief
Did o'er his bofom roll,
And mountains of almighty wrath
Lay heavy on his foul.]

5 Down to the fhades of death
He bow'd his awful head;
Yet he arofe to live and reign
When death itfelf is dead.

6 No more the bloody fpear,
The crofs and nails, no more;
For hell itfelf fhakes at his name,
And all the heav'ns adore.

7 There the Redeemer fits
High on his Father's throne;
The Father lays his vengeance by,
And fmiles upon his Son.

8 There his full glories fhine
With uncreated rays,
And blefs his faints' and angels' eyes
To everlafting days.

HYMN LXXXV. Common Metre.

Sufficiency of pardon.

1 WHY does your face, ye humble fouls,
Thefe mournful colours wear?
What doubts are thefe which wafte your ftrength,
And nourifh your defpair?

2 What though your num'rous ſins exceed
The ſtars which fill the ſkies,
And, aiming at th' eternal throne,
Like pointed mountains riſe?

3 What though your mighty guilt beyond
The wide creation ſwell,
And has its curs'd foundation laid
Low as the depths of hell?

4 See here an endleſs ocean flows
Of never-failing grace;
Behold a dying Saviour's veins
The ſacred flood increaſe!

5 It riſes high, and drowns the hills,
Has neither ſhore nor bound:
Now, if we ſearch to find our ſins,
Our ſins can ne'er be found.

6 Awake, our hearts adore the grace
Which buries all our faults,
And pard'ning blood, which ſwells above
Our forfeits and our thoughts.

HYMN LXXXVI. Common Metre.

Freedom from ſin and miſery in heaven.

1 OUR ſins, alas! how ſtrong they be!
And like a violent ſea
They break our duty, Lord, to thee,
And hurry us away.

2 The waves of trouble, how they riſe!
How loud the tempeſts roar!
But death ſhall land our weary ſouls
Safe on the heav'nly ſhore.

3 There, to fulfil his ſweet commands,
Our ſpeedy feet ſhall move;
No ſin ſhall clog our winged zeal,

Or cool our burning love.

4 There ſhall we ſit, and ſing, and tell
The wonders of his grace,
'Till heav'nly raptures fire our hearts,
And ſmile in ev'ry face.

5 For ever his dear ſacred name
Shall dwell upon our tongues,
And *Jeſus* and *ſalvation* be
The cloſe of ev'ry ſong.

HYMN LXXXVII. Common Metre.

The divine glories above our reaſon.

1 HOW wond'rous great, how glorious
Muſt our Creator be, [bright
Who dwells amid the dazzling light
Of vaſt infinity!

2 Our ſoaring ſpirits upward riſe
Tow'rd the celeſtial throne:
Fain would we ſee the bleſſed *Three*,
And the almighty *One*.

3 Our reaſon ſtretches all its wings,
And climbs above the ſkies;
But ſtill how far beneath thy feet
Our grov'ling reaſon lies!

4 [Lord, here we bend our humble ſouls,
And awfully adore:
For the weak pinions of our minds,
Can ſtretch a thought no more.]

5 Thy glories infinitely riſe
Above our lab'ring tongue;
In vain the higheſt ſeraph tries
To form an equal ſong.

6 In humble notes our faith adores
The great myſterious King,

While angels strain their nobler pow'rs,
And sweep th' immortal string.]

HYMN LXXXVIII. Common Metre.

Salvation.

1 SALVATION! Oh, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Bury'd in sorrow and in sin,
At death's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see an heav'nly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky,
Conspire to raise the sound.

HYMN LXXXIX. Common Metre.

Christ's *victory over* Satan.

1 *HOSANNA* to our conqu'ring King,
The prince of darkness flies,
His troops rush headlong down to hell,
Like lightning from the skies.

2 There, bound in chains, the lions roar,
And fright the resc'u'd sheep;
But heavy bars confine their pow'r
And malice to the deep.

3 *Hosanna* to our conqu'ring King,
All hail, incarnate love!
Ten thousand songs and glories wait
To crown thy head above.

4 Thy victories, and thy deathless fame
Through the wide world shall run;
And everlasting ages sing

The triumphs thou hast won.

HYMN XC. Common Metre.

Faith in Christ *for pardon and sanctification.*

1 HOW full our hate by nature is!
Our sin, how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his flowery chains.

2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
Sounds from the sacred word:
Ho, ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord.

3 My soul obeys th' almighty call,
And runs to this relief:
I would believe thy promise, Lord,
O, help my unbelief.

4 [To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
My reigning sins subdue;
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
With all his hellish crew.]

6 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall:
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My *Jesus* and my all.

HYMN XCI. Common Metre.

The glory of Christ *in heaven.*

1 O H, the delights, the heav'nly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where *Jesus* sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace!

2 Sweet majesty, and awful love
Sit smiling on his brow;
And all the glorious ranks above,
At humble distance bow.

3 [Princes to his imperial name
Bend their bright sceptres down:
Dominions, thrones, and pow'rs rejoice
To see him wear the crown.

4 Arch-angels sound his lofty praise
Through ev'ry heav'nly street,
And lay their highest honours down
Submissive at his feet.]

5 Those feet, those blessed feet of his,
Which once rude iron tore,
High on a throne of light they stand,
And all the saints adore.

6 His head, the dear majestic head,
Which cruel thorns did wound,
See what immortal glories there,
And circle it around.

7 This is the Man, th' exalted Man,
Whom we, unseen, adore:
But when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts shall love him more.

8 [Lord, how our souls are all on fire
To see thy bleit abode!
Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise,
To our incarnate God.]

9 And while our faith enjoys this sight
We long to leave our clay;
And with thy fiery chariots, Lord,
To fetch our souls away.

HYMN XCII. Common Metre.

The Church saved, and her enemies disappointed.

1 SHOUT to the Lord and let your joys
Through all the nations run;
Ye western skies resound the noise
Beyond the rising sun

2 Thee, mighty God, our souls admire,
Thee, our glad voices sing,
And join with the celestial choir,
To praise th' eternal King.

3 Thy pow'r the whole creation rules,
And on the starry skies
Sits smiling at the weak designs
Thine envious foes devise.

4 Thy scorn derides their feeble rage,
And, with an awful frown,
Flings vast confusion on their plots,
And shakes their *Babel* down.

5 [Their secret fires in caverns lay,
And we the sacrifice;
But gloomy caverns strove in vain
To 'scape all-searching eyes.

6 Their dark designs were all reveal'd:
Their treasons all betray'd:
Praise to the Lord, who broke the snare
Their curs'd hands had laid]

7 In vain the busy sons of hell
Still new rebellions try;
Their souls shall pine with envious rage,
And vex away, and die.

8 Almighty grace defend our land
From their malicious pow'r;
Then let us, with united songs,
Almighty grace adore.

HYMN XCIII. Short Métre.

God all, and in all. Psa. lxxiii. 25.

1 MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I've none but thee in heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 [Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradise when thou art here;
If thou depart, 'tis hell.]

3 [The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heav'n to rest in thine embrace,
And no where else but there.]

4 [To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
Thy throne around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where *Jesus* is.]

5 [Not all the harps above
Can make a heav'nly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.]

6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

7 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my pulses move,
And centre of my soul.

8 [To thee my spirits fly
With restless, warm desire:
And yet how far from thee I lie!

Dear *Jesus*, raise me high'r.]

HYMN XCIV. Common Metre.

God my only happiness. Psalm lxxiii. 25.

1 MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting ALL,
I've none but thee in heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 [What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.]

3 [In vain the bright, the burning sun
Scatters his feeble light:
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon;
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

4 And while upon my restless bed
Among the shades I roll,
If my Redeemer shews his head,
'Tis morning with my soul.]

5 To thee I owe my wealth and friends,
And health, and life abode:
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

6 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compar'd to thee?
Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends to me?

7 Were I poss'ssor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own;
Without thy graces, and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

8 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore,

Grant me the virtues of thy face,
And I desire no more.

HYMN XCV. Common Metre.

Look on him whom they pierced, and mourn.

1 INFINITE grief! amazing woe!
Behold my bleeding Lord:
Hell and the *Jews* conspir'd his death,
And th' impious *Roman* sword.

2 Oh, the sharp pangs of smarting pain
My dear Redeemer bore,
When knotty whips, and ragged thorns,
His sacred body tore.

3 But knotty whips, and ragged thorns,
In vain do I accuse;
In vain I blame the *Roman* bands,
And the more spiteful *Jews*.

4 'Twere you, my sins, my cruel sins
His chief tormentors were:
Each of my crimes became a nail,
And unbelief the spear.

5 'Twere you that pull'd the vengeance down
Upon his guiltless head;
Break, break, my heart, O burst my eyes,
And let my sorrows bleed.

6 Strike, mighty grace, my flinty soul,
'Till melting waters flow,
And deep repentance drown mine eyes
In undissembled woe.

HYMN XCVI. Common Metre.

Distinguishing love: or, angels punished, and man saved.

1 DOWN headlong from their native skies,
The rebel angels fell,
And thunder-bolts of flaming wrath

Purſu'd them deep to hell.

2 Down from the top of earthly bliſs,
Rebellious man was hurl'd—
And *Jeſus* ſtoop'd beneath the grave,
To reach a ſinking world.

3 Oh, love of infinite degree!
Unmeaſurable grace!
Muſt heav'n's eternal Darling die,
To ſave a trait'rous race?

4 Muſt angels ſink for ever down,
And burn in quenchleſs fire,
While God forſakes his ſhining throne,
To raiſe us wretches higher?

5 Oh, for this love, let earth and ſkies
With *Hallelujahs* ring,
And the full choir of human tongues
All *Hallelujahs* ſing.

HYMN XCVII. Long Metre.

The ſame.

1 FROM heav'n the ſinning angels fell,
And wrath and darkneſs chain'd them down;
But man, vile man, forſook his bliſs,
And mercy lifts him to a crown.

2 Amazing work of ſov'reign grace,
Which could diſtinguiſh rebels ſo;
Our guilty treaſons call'd aloud
For everlaſting fetters too.

3 To thee, to thee, almighty love,
Our ſouls, ourſelves, our all we pay;
Millions of tongues ſhall ſound thy praiſe
On the bright hills of heav'nly day.

HYMN XCVIII. Common Metre.

Hardneſs of heart complained of.

1 MY heart, how dreadful hard it is!
How heavy here it lies!
Heavy and cold within my breaſt,
Juſt like a rock of ice.

2 Sin, like a raging tyrant, ſits
Upon this ſtony throne,
And ev'ry grace lies bury'd deep
Beneath this heart of ſtone.

3 How ſeldom do I riſe to God,
Or taſte the joys above!
This mountain preſſes down my faith,
And chills my flaming love.

4 When ſaving mercy courts my ſoul
With all its heav'nly charms,
This ſtubborn, this relentleſs thing,
Would thruſt it from my arms.

5 Againſt the thunders of thy word,
Rebellious I have ſtood;
My heart, it ſhakes not at the word
And terrors of a God.

6 Dear Saviour, ſteep this rock of mine
In thine own crimſon ſea!
None but a bath of blood divine,
Can melt this ſtone away.

HYMN XCIX. Common Metre.

The book of God's decrees

1 LET the whole race of creatures lie
Abas'd before their God;
Whate'er his ſov'reign voice has form'd,
He governs with a nod.

2 Ten thouſand ages ere the ſkies
Were into motion brought:
All the long years and worlds to come

Stood present to his thought.
3 There's not a sparrow, or a worm,
But's found in his decrees;
He raises monarchs to their thrones,
And sinks them as he please.]
4 If light attend the course I run,
'Tis he provides those rays:
And 'tis his hand which hides my sun,
If darkness cloud my days.
5 Yet I would not be much concern'd,
Nor vainly long to see
In volumes of his deep decrees,
What months are writ for me.
6 When he reveals the book of life,
Oh, may I read my name
Among the chosen of his love,
The follwers of the Lamb.

HYMN. C. Long Metre.

The presence of Christ *the life of the soul.*

1 HOW full of anguish is the thought,
How it distracts and tears my heart,
If God, at last, my sov'reign Judge,
Should frown, and bid my soul *Depart!*
2 Lord, when I quit this earthly stage,
Where shall I fly but to thy breast?
For I have sought no other home:
For I have learn'd no other rest.
3 I cannot live contented here
Without some glimpses of thy face:
And heav'n without thy presence there,
Would be a dark and tiresome place.
4 When earthly cares engross the day,
And hold my thoughts aside from thee,

The shining hours of cheerful light
Are long and tedious years to me.
5 And if no ev'ning visits paid
Between my Saviour and my soul,
How dull the night! how sad the shade!
How mournfully the minutes roll!
6 This flesh of mine might learn as soon
To live, yet part with all my blood;
To breathe when vital air is gone,
Or thrive and grow without my food.
7 [*Christ* is my light, my life, my care,
My blessed hope, my heav'nly prize—
Dearer than all my passions are,
My limbs, my bowels, or my eyes.
8 The strings which twine about my heart
Tortures and racks may tear them off;
But they can never, never part
With their dear hold of *Christ*, my love.]
9 [My God! and can a humble child
Who loves thee with a flame so high,
Be ever from thy face exil'd
Without the pity of thine eye?
10 Impossible!—for thine own hands
Have ty'd my heart so fast to thee;
And in thy book the promise stands,
That where thou art, thy friends must be.]

Hymn CI. Common Metre.

The World's three chief temptations.

1 WHEN in the light of faith divine,
We look on things below,
Honour and gold, and sensual joy,
How vain and dang'rous too!
2 [Honour's a puff of noisy breath;

Yet men expose their blood,
And venture everlasting death,
To gain that airy good.

3 While others starve the nobler mind,
And feed on shining dust,
They rob the serpent of his food,
T' indulge a sordid lust]

4 The pleasures which allure our sense
Are dang'rous snares to souls;
There's but a drop of flatt'ring sweet,
And dash'd with bitter bowls.

5 God is my all-sufficient good,
My portion and my choice:
In him my vast desires are fill'd,
And all my pow'rs rejoice.

6 In vain the world accosts my ear,
And tempts my heart anew;
I cannot buy your bliss so dear,
Nor part with heav'n for you.

HYMN CII. Long Metre.

An happy resurrection.

1 NO, I'll repine at death no more,
But with a cheerful gasp resign
To the cold dungeon of the grave
These dying, with'ring limbs of mine.

2 Let worms devour my wasting flesh,
And crumble all my bones to dust,
My God shall raise my frame anew
At the revival of the just.

3 Break, sacred morning, through the skies,
Bring that delightful, sacred day;
Cut short the hours, dear Lord, and come:
Thy long'ring wheels, how long they stay!

4 [Our weary ſpirits faint to ſee
The light of thy returning face,
And hear the langu-g: of thoſe lips,
Where God has ſhed his richeſt grace.]
5 [Haſte then upon the wings of love,
Reuſe all the pious ſleeping clay,
That we may join in heav'nly joys,
And ſing the triumph of the day.]

HYMN CIII. Common Metre.
Chriſt's *commiſſion.* John iii. 16, 17.

1 COme, happy ſouls, approach your God
With new melodious ſongs;
Come, tender to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.
2 So ſtrange, ſo boundleſs was the love
Which pity'd dying men,
The Father ſent his equal Son
To give them life again.
3 Thy hands, dear *Jeſus*, were not arm'd
With a revenging rod,
No hard commiſſion to perform
The vengeance of a God;
4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forſook the throne,
When *Chriſt* on the kind errand came,
And brought ſalvation down.
5 Here, ſinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your ſorrows dry;
Truſt in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you ſhall never die.
6 See, deareſt Lord, our willing ſouls
Accept thine offer'd grace;
We bleſs the great Redeemer's love,

And give the Father praise

HYMN CIV. Short Metre.

The saints

1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune,
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how eternal love,
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bid him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terror clothes his brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When *Christ* was sent with pardons down
To rebels, doom'd to die.

5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrows cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

6 Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

HYMN CV. Common Metre.

Repentance flowing from the patience of GOD.

1 AND are we wretches yet alive?
And dare we yet rebel?
'Tis soundless, 'tis amazing love
Which bears us up from hell!

2 The burden of our weighty guilt
Would ſink us down to flames,
And threat'ning vengeance rolls above,
To cruſh our feeble frames.

3 Almighty goodneſs cries—*Forbear!*
And ſtrait the thunder ſtays:
And dare we now provoke his wrath,
And weary out his grace?

4 Lord, we have long abus'd thy love,
Too long indul'd our ſin;
Our aching hearts e'en bleed to ſee
What rebels we have been.

5 No more, ye luſts, ſhall ye command,
No more will we obey;
Stretch out, O God, thy conqu'ring hand,
And drive thy foes away.

HYMN CVI. Common Metre.

Repentance at the croſs.

1 OH, if my ſoul were form'd for woe,
How would I vent my ſighs!
Repentance ſhould like rivers flow
From both my ſtreaming eyes.

2 'Twas for my ſins, my deareſt Lord
Hung on the curſed tree,
And groan'd away a dying life
For *thee*, my ſoul, for *thee*.

3 Oh! how I hate thoſe luſts of mine
Which crucify'd my God!
Thoſe ſins which pierc'd and nail'd his fleſh
Faſt to the fatal wood.

4 Yes, my Redeemer, they ſhall die,
My heart has ſo decreed;
Nor will I ſpare the guilty things

Which made my Saviour bleed.

5 While with a melting broken heart,
My murder'd Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murd'rers too.

HYMN CVII. Common Metre.

The everlasting absence of God intolerable.

1 THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely chief of all my joys,
Thou sov'reign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound—*Depart?*

3 [The thunder of that dismal word
Would so torment mine ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.]

4 [What! to be banish'd for my life,
And yet forbid to die?
To linger in eternal pain,
Yet death for ever fly?]

5 Oh, wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love.

6 *Jesus*, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from thee,
My spirit cannot rest.

7 O tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands,

Shew me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

8 [Give me one kind, assuring word,
To sink my fears again,
And cheerfully my soul shall wait
Her threescore years and ten.]

HYMN CVIII. Common Metre.

Access to the throne of grace by a Mediator.

1 COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there
Upon a throne of love.

2 Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,
And hot devouring flame;
Our God appear'd consuming fire,
And vengeance was his name.

3 Rich were the drops of *Jesus'* blood,
Which calm'd his frowning face,
Which sprinkled o'er the burning throne,
And turn'd the wrath to grace.

4 Now we may bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double flaming sword.

5 The peaceful gates of heav'nly bliss,
Are open'd by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' almighty throne.

6 To thee, ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high:
And glory to th' eternal King
Who lays his fury by.

HYMN CIX. Long Metre.

The darkneſs of providence.

1 LORD, we adore thy vaſt deſigns,
Th' obſcure abyſs of providence,
Too deep to ſound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble ſenſe.

2 Now thou array'ſt thine awful face
In angry frowns, without a ſmile:
We, through the cloud, believe thy grace,
Secure of thy compaſſion ſtill

3 Through ſeas and ſtorms of deep diſtreſs
We ſail by faith, and not by ſight;
Faith guides us in the wilderneſs,
Through all the terrors of the night.

4 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
Reſolve to ſcourge us here below,
Still let us lean upon our God,
Thine arm ſhall bear us ſafely through.

HYMN CX. Short Metre.

Triumph over death, in hope of the reſurrection.

1 AND muſt this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And muſt theſe active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth and worms
Shall but refine this fleſh,
'Till my triumphant ſpirit comes
To put it on afreſh.

3 God my Redeemer lives,
And often from the ſkies
Looks down and watches all my duſt,
'Till he ſhall bid it riſe.

4 Array'd in glorious grace,
Shall theſe vile bodies ſhine,

And ev'ry shape, and ev'ry face
Look heav'nly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe
To *Jesus'* dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his pow'r above.

6 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these, our humble songs,
'Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

HYMN CXI. Common Metre.

Thanksgiving for victory.

1 *ZION* rejoice, and *Judah* sing,
The Lord assumes his throne;
Come, let us own the heav'nly King,
And make his glories known.

2 The great, the wicked, and the proud,
From their high seats are hurl'd;
Jehovah rides upon a cloud,
And thunders through the world.

3 He reigns upon th' eternal hills,
Distributes mortal crowns;
Empires are fix'd beneath his smiles,
And totter at his frowns.

4 Navies, which rule the ocean wide,
Are vanquish'd by his breath,
And legions, arm'd with pow'r and pride,
Descend to wat'ry death.

5 Let tyrants make no more pretence
To vex our happy land;
Jehovah's name is our defence;
Our buckler is his hand.

HYMN CXII. Long Metre.

Angels miniſtering to Chriſt *and ſaints.*

1 GReat God! to what a glorious height
Haſt thou advanc'd the Lord, thy Son!
Angels, in all their robes of light,
Are made the ſervants of his throne.

2 Before his feet thine armies wait,
And ſwift as flames of fire they move,
To manage his affairs of ſtate,
In works of vengeance and of love.

3 His orders run through all the hoſts;
Legions deſcend at his command,
To ſhield and guard our native coaſts,
When foreign rage invades our land.

4 Now they are ſent to guide our feet
Up to the gates of thine abode,
Through all the dangers which we meet
In travelling the heav'nly road.

5 Lord, when I leave this mortal ground,
And thou ſhalt bid me riſe, and come,
Send a beloved angel down,
Safe to conduct my ſpirit home.

HYMN CXIII. Common Metre.

The ſame.

1 THE majeſty of *Solomon*,
How glorious to behold!
The ſervants waiting round his throne,
The iv'ry and the gold!

2 But, mighty God! thy palace ſhines
With far ſuperior beams;
Thine angel-guards are ſwift as winds,
Thy miniſters are flames.

3 [Soon as thine only Son had made
His entrance on the earth,

A shining army downward fled,
To celebrate his birth.

4 And, when oppress'd with pains and fears,
On the cold ground he lies,
Behold a heavenly form appears
T' allay his agonies]

5 Now to the hands of *Christ*, our King,
Are all their legions giv'n;
They wait upon his saints, and bring
His chosen heirs to heav'n.

6 Pleasure and praise run through their host,
To see a sinner turn—
That *Satan* has a captive lost,
And *Christ* a subject born.

7 But there's an hour of brighter joy,
When he his angels sends
Obstinate rebels to destroy,
And gather in his friends.

8 Oh! could I say without a doubt,
There shall my soul be found,
Then let the great arch-angel shout,
And the last trumpet sound.

HYMN CXIV. Common Metre.

Christ's death, victory, and dominion.

1 I SING my Saviour's wond'rous death;
He conquer'd when he fell:
'Tis finish'd! said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.

2 *'Tis finish'd!* our *Immanuel* cries,
The dreadful work is done;
Hence shall his sov'reign throne arise—
His kingdom is begun.

3 His cross a sure foundation laid

For glory and renown,
When through the regions of the dead
He pass'd to reach the crown.

4 Exalted at his Father's side,
Sits our victorious Lord;
To heav'n and hell his hands divide
The vengeance or reward.

5 The saints from his propitious eye
Await their sev'ral crowns;
And all the sons of darkness fly
The terror of his frowns.

HYMN CXV. Common Metre.

God the avenger of his saints: or, his kingdom supreme.

1 HIGH as the heav'ns above the ground,
Reigns the Creator, GOD!
Wide as the whole creation's bound,
Extends his awful nod.

2 Let princes of exalted state,
To him ascribe their crown,
Render their homage at his feet,
And cast their glories down.

3 Know that his kingdom is supreme,
Your lofty thoughts are vain;
He calls you GODS, that awful name,
But you must die like *men*.

4 Then let the sov'reigns of the globe
Not dare to vex the just;
He puts on vengeance like a robe,
And treads the worms to dust.

5 Ye judges of the earth, be wise,
And think of heav'n with fear;
The meanest saint whom you despise,
Has an Avenger there.

Hymn CXVI. Common Metre.

Mercies and thanks.

1 HOW can I truſt with ſuch a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And ſpreads the heav'n abroad?

2 How can I die while *Jeſus* lives,
Who roſe and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my ſoul receives
From my exalted Head.

3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be for ever thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands reſign.

4 Yet if I might make ſome reſerve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal ſo great,
That I ſhould give him all.

Hymn CXVII. Long Metre.

Living and dying with God preſent.

1 I CANNOT bear thine abſence Lord,
My life expires if thou depart;
Be thou, my heart, ſtill near my God,
And thou, my God, be near my heart.

2 I was not born for earth or ſin,
Nor can I live on things ſo vile;
Yet I will ſtay my Father's time,
And hope, and wait for heav'n a while.

3 Then, deareſt Lord, in thine embrace,
Let me reſign my fleeting breath,
And with a ſmile upon my face,
Paſs the important hour of death.

Hymn CXVIII. Long Metre.

The priesthood of Christ.

1 BLOOD has a voice to pierce the skies,
Revenge! the blood of *Abel* cries;
But the dear stream when *Christ* was slain
Spoke *peace*, as loud from ev'ry vein.

2 Pardon and peace from God on high;
Behold, he lays his vengeance by;
And rebels, who deserv'd his sword,
Become the fav'rites of the Lord.

3 To *Jesus* let our praises rise,
Who gave his life a sacrifice:
Now he appears before his God,
And for our pardon pleads his blood.

HYMN CXIX. Common Metre.

The holy scriptures.

1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord,
And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in thy written word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage:
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in ev'ry page.

3 [This is the field where hidden lies
The Pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes the Pearl his own.

4 Here consecrated water flows
To quench my thirst of sin:
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
No danger dwells therein.]

5 This is the Judge who ends the strife
Where wit and reason fail;

My guide to everlasting life
Through all this gloomy vale.
6 O may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road
Which leads to thy right hand.

HYMN CXX. Short Metre.

The law and gospel joined in scripture.

1 THE Lord declares his will,
And keeps the world in awe;
Amidst the smoak on *Sinai*'s hill
Breaks out his fiery law.
2 The Lord reveals his face,
And, smiling from above,
Sends down the gospel of his grace,
Th' epistles of his love.
3 These sacred words impart
Our Maker's just commands—
The pity of his melting heart,
And vengeance of his hands.
4 [Hence we awake our fear,
We draw our comfort hence:
The arms of grace are treasur'd here,
Our armour of defence.
5 We learn *Christ* crucify'd,
And here behold his blood;
All arts and knowledges beside
Will do us little good.]
6 We read the heav'nly word,
We taste the offer'd grace,
Obey the statutes of the Lord,
And trust his promises.
7 In vain shall *Satan* rage

Against a broken cove,
Where wrath and light'ning guard the gate,
Where flames of wrath shine
Hymn CXCI. Long Metre.
The law and gospel compared.

1 THE law commands, and makes us know
What duties to our God we owe;
But 'tis the gospel must reveal
Where lies our strength to do his will.

2 The law discovers guilt and sin,
And shews how vile our hearts have been;
Only the gospel can express
Forgiving love, and cleansing grace.

3 What curses doth the law denounce
Against the man who falls but once!
But in the gospel *Christ* appears
Pard'ning the guilt of num'rous years.

4 My soul, no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comfort from the law;
Fly to the hope the gospel gives:
The man who trusts the promise lives.

Hymn CXCII. Long Metre.
Retirement and meditation.

1 MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heav'nly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense,
One sov'reign word can draw me thence;

I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys refign.
4 Be earth, with all her fcenes, withdrawn;
Let noife and vanity be gone:
In fecret filence of the mind,
My heav'n, and there my God I find.

HYMN CXXIII. Long Metre.

The benefit of public ordinances.

1 AWAY from ev'ry mortal care,
Away from earth our fouls retreat;
We leave this worthlefs world afer,
And wait and worfhip near thy feat.
2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace
We fee thy feet, and we adore;
We gaze upon thy lovely face,
And learn the wonders of thy pow'r.
3 While here our various wants we mourn,
United groans afcend on high;
And pray'rs produce a quick return
Of bleffings in variety.
4 [If *Satan* rage, and fin grow ftrong,
Here we receive fome cheering word;
We gird the gofpel armour on,
To fight the battles of the Lord.
5 Or if our fpirit faints and dies,
(Our conficience gall'd with inward ftings)
Here doth the righteous Sun arife
With healing beams beneath his wings.]
6 Father, my foul would ftill abide
Within thy temple, near thy fide:
But if my feet muft hence depart,
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

HYMN CXXIV. Common Metre.

Moſes, Aaron, *and* Joſhua.

1 'TIS not the law of ten commands,
On holy *Sinai* giv'n,
Or ſent to men by *Moſes'* hands,
Can bring us ſafe to heav'n.

2 'Tis not the blood which *Aaron* ſpilt,
Nor ſmoke of ſweeteſt ſmell,
Can buy a pardon for our guilt,
Or ſave our ſouls from hell.

3 *Aaron* the prieſt, reſigns his breath,
At God's immediate will:
And in the deſart yields to death
Upon th' appointed hill.

4 And thus on *Jordan's* yonder ſide
The tribes of *Iſrael* ſtand,
While *Moſes* bow'd his head, and dy'd
Short of the promiſ'd land.

5 *Iſr'el* rejoice, now *Joſhua** leads,
He'll bring your tribes to reſt;
So far the Saviour's name exceeds
The ruler and the prieſt.

Hymn CXXV. Long Metre.

Faith and repentance, unbelief and impenitence.

1 LIFE and immortal joys are giv'n
To ſouls who mourn the ſins they've done;
Children of wrath made heirs of heav'n,
By faith in God's eternal Son.

2 Woe to the wretch who never felt
The inward pangs of pious grief,
But adds to all his crying guilt,
The ſtubborn ſin of unbelief.

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* Joſhua *the ſame with* Jeſus, *and ſignifies a Saviour.*

3 The law condemns the rebel dead,
Under the wrath of God he lies:
He seals the curse on his own head,
And with a double vengeance dies.

HYMN CXXVI. Common Metre.

God glorified in the gospel.

1 THE Lord, descending from above,
Invites his children near;
While pow'r and truth, and boundless love,
Display their glories here.

2 Here, in the gospel's wond'rous frame,
Fresh wisdom we may view;
A thousand angels learn thy name,
Beyond whate'er they knew.

3 Thy name is writ in fairest lines,
Thy wonders here we trace;
Wisdom through all the myst'ry shines,
It shines in *Jesus'* face.

4 The law its best obedience owes
To our incarnate God;
And thy revenging justice shows
Its honours in his blood.

5 But still the lustre of thy grace
Our warmer thoughts employ,
Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,
And more exalts our joy.

HYMN CXXVII. Long Metre.

Circumcision and Baptism.

(Written only for those who practise the baptism of infants.)

1 THUS did the sons of *Abrah'm* pass
Under the bloody seal of grace;
The young disciples bore the yoke,

'Till *Christ* the painful bondage broke.

2 By milder rays doth *Jesus* prove
His Father's cov'nant and his love;
He seals to saints his glorious grace,
Nor does forbid their infant race.

3 Their seed is sprinkled with his blood,
Their children set apart for God;
His Spirit on their offspring shed,
Like water pour'd upon the head.

4 Let ev'ry saint with cheerful voice
In this large covenant rejoice;
Young children in their early days,
Shall give the God of *Abrah'm* praise.

HYMN CXXVIII. Common Metre.

Corrupt nature from Adam.

1 BLEST with the joys of innocence,
Adam our father stood,
'Till he debas'd his soul to sense,
And ate th' unlawful food.

2 Now we are born a sensual race,
To sinful joys inclin'd:
Reason has lost its native place,
And flesh inslaves the mind.

3 While flesh, or sense, or passion reigns,
Sin is the sweetest good:
We fancy music in our chains,
And so forget the load.

4 Great God! renew our ruin'd frame,
Our broken pow'rs restore;
Inspire us with an heav'nly flame,
And flesh shall reign no more.

5 Eternal Spirit! write thy law
Upon our inward parts;

And let the second *Adam* draw
His image on our hearts.

HYMN CXXIX. Long Metre.

We walk by faith, not by sight.

1 'TIS by the faith of joys to come
We walk thro' deserts dark as night,
'Till we arrive at heav'n, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies,
She makes the pearly gates appear:
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desart through,
While faith inspires an heav'nly ray,
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So *Abraham* by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promis'd land,
And fir'd his zeal along the road.

HYMN CXXX. Common Metre.

The new creation.

1 ATTEND, while God's exalted Son
Doth his own glory shew:
"Behold I sit upon my throne,
"Creating all things new.

2 "Nature and sin are pass'd away,
"And the old *Adam* dies;
"My hands a new foundation lay—
"See the new world arise!

3 "I'll be a Sun of righteousness
"To the new heav'ns I make;
"None but the new-born heirs of grace

"My glory shall partake."

4 Mighty Redeemer! set me free
From my old state of sin;
O, make my soul alive to thee,
Create new pow'rs within:

5 Renew my eyes, and form my ears,
And mould my heart afresh;
Give me new passions, joys and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh.

6 Far from the regions of the dead,
From sin, and earth, and hell,
In the new world which grace has made,
I would for ever dwell.

HYMN CXXXI. Long Metre.

The excellency of the Christian religion.

1 LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour, and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in thy word.

2 [What if we trace the globe around,
And search from *Britain* to *Japan*,
There shall be no religion found
So just to God, so safe for man.]

3 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
'Till we apply to *Christ* alone.

4 How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises, how strong they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!

5 [Not the feign'd fields of *Heath'nish* bliss
Could raise such pleasures in the mind;

Nor does the *Turkish* paradise
Pretend to joys so well suited.

6 Should all the forms which men devise
Assault our faith with treach'rous art,
I'll call their vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

HYMN CXXXII. Common Metre.

The office of Christ.

1 WE bless the Prophet of the Lord,
Who comes with truth and grace;
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy word,
Shall lead us in thy ways.

2 We rev'rence our High Priest above,
Who offer'd up his blood;
And lives to carry on his love,
By pleading with our God.

3 We honour our exalted King;
How sweet are his commands!
He guards our souls from hell and sin,
By his almighty hands.

4 *Hosanna* to his glorious name,
Who saves by diff'rent ways;
His subjects lay a sov'reign claim
To our immortal praise.

HYMN CXXXIII. Long Metre.

The operations of the Holy Ghost.

1 ETERNAL Spirit, we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy pow'r conveys our blessings down
From God the Father, and the Son.

2 Enlighten'd by thine heav'nly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know

Our danger, and our refuge too.
Thy pow'r and glory works within,
And breaks the chains of reigning ſin;
Doth our impetuous lufts ſubdue,
And forms our wretched hearts anew.
The troubled conſcience knows thy voice,
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the ſtormy wind,
And calm the ſurges of the mind.

HYMN CXXXIV. Common Metre.

Circumciſion abolitſhed.

THE promiſe was divinely free,
Extenſive was the grace;
"I will the God of *Abrah'm* be,
"And of his num'rous race."
He ſaid, and with a bloody ſeal
Confirm'd the words he ſpoke;
Long did the ſons of *Abrah'm* feel
The ſharp and painful yoke.
'Till God's own Son deſcending low,
Gave his own fleſh to bleed;
And *Gentiles* taſte the bleſſings now,
From the hard bondage freed.
The God of *Abrah'm* claims our praiſe,
His promiſes endure;
And *Chriſt* the Lord, in gentler ways,
Makes the ſalvation ſure.

HYMN CXXXV. Long Metre.

Types and prophecies of Chriſt.

BEHOLD the woman's promiſ'd ſeed;
Behold the great *Meſſiah* come:
Hark! the prophets all agreed
To give him the ſuperior room.

2 *Abrah'm*, the saint, rejoic'd of old
When visions of the Lord he saw;
Moses, the man of God, foretold
This great Fulfiller of his law.

3 The types bore witness to his name,
Obtain'd their chief design, and ceas'd—
The incense, and the bleeding lamb,
The ark, the altar, and the priest.

4 Predictions in abundance meet
To join their blessings on his head:
Jesus, we worship at thy feet,
And nations own the promis'd seed.

HYMN CXXXVI. Long Metre.

Miracles at the birth of Christ.

1 THE King of glory sends his Son
To make his entrance on this earth;
Behold the midnight bright as noon,
And heav'nly hosts declare his birth!

2 About the young Redeemer's head,
What wonders and what glories meet;
An unknown star arose and led
The Eastern sages to his feet.

3 *Simeon* and *Anna*, both conspire
The infant Saviour to proclaim;
Inward they felt the sacred fire,
And bless'd the babe, and own'd his name.

4 Though *Jews* and *Greeks* blaspheme aloud,
And treat the holy Child with scorn,
Our souls adore th' eternal God
Who condescended to be born.

HYMN CXXXVII. Long Metre.

Miracles in the life, death, and resurrection of Christ.

1 BEHOLD, the blind their sight receive!
Behold, the dead awake, and live;

The dumb ſpeak wonders, and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bleſs his name.
2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own
And ſeal the miſſion of the Son;
The Father vindicates his cauſe,
While he hangs bleeding on the croſs.
3 He dies! the heav'ns in mourning ſtood;
He riſes, and appears a God!
Behold the Lord aſcending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die.
4 Hence, and for ever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to thoſe hands my ſoul reſign,
Which bear credentials ſo divine.

HYMN CXXXVIII. Long Metre.

The power of the goſpel.

1 THIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above;
Jehovah here reſolves to ſhew
What his almighty grace can do.
2 This remedy did wiſdom find,
To heal diſeaſes of the mind;
This ſov'reign balm, whoſe virtues can
Reſtore the ruin'd creature, man.
3 The goſpel bids the dead revive,
Sinners, obey the voice, and live:
Dry bones are rais'd, and cloth'd afreſh,
And hearts of ſtone are turn'd to fleſh.
4 Where *Satan* reign'd in ſhades of night,
The goſpel ſtrikes an heav'nly light:
Our luſt its wond'rous pow'r controuls,
And calms the rage of angry ſouls.

5 Lions and beasts of savage name
Put on the nature of the lamb;
While the wide world esteems it strange,
Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.]
6 May but this grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze and hate me too:
The word which saves me, does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

HYMN CXXXIX. Long Metre.

The example of Christ.

1 MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word:
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.
2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.
3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witness'd the fervour of thy pray'r;
The desart thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.
4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the foll'wers of the Lamb.

HYMN CXL. Common Metre.

The examples of Christ *and the saints.*

1 GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys!
How bright their glories be.
2 Once they were mourning here below,

And wet their couch with tears :
They wreſtled hard as we do now,
With ſins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I aſk them whence their vict'ry came ?
They, with united breath
Aſcribe their conqueſt to the Lamb ;
Their triumph to his death.

4 They mark'd the footſteps which he trod,
(His zeal inſpir'd their breaſt :)
And, foll'wing their incarnate God,
Poſſeſs'd the promis'd reſt.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praiſe,
For his own pattern giv'n,
While the long cloud of witneſſes
Shew the ſame path to heav'n.

HYMN CXLI. Common Metre.

Faith aſſiſted by ſenſe.

1 MY Saviour God, my ſov'reign Prince
Reigns far above the ſkies ;
But brings his graces down to ſenſe,
And helps my faith to riſe.

2 My eyes and ears ſhall bleſs his name,
They read and hear his word :
My touch and taſte ſhall do the ſame,
When they receive the Lord.

3 Baptiſmal water is deſign'd
To ſeal his cleanſing grace,
While at his feaſt of bread and wine
He gives his ſaints a place :

4 But not the waters of a flood
Can make my fleſh ſo clean,
As by his Spirit and his blood,
He'll waſh my ſoul from ſin.

5 Not choiceſt meats, nor nobleſt wines,
So much my heart refreſh,
As when my faith goes through the ſigns,
And feeds upon his fleſh.

6 I love the Lord who ſtoops ſo low,
To give his word a ſeal:
But the rich grace his hands beſtow,
Exceeds the figures ſtill.

Hymn CXLII. Short Metre.

Faith in Chriſt *our ſacrifice.*

1 NOT all the blood of beaſts,
On *Jewiſh* altars ſlain,
Could give the guilty conſcience peace,
Or waſh away the ſtain.

2 But *Chriſt*, the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our ſins away;
A ſacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I ſtand,
And there confeſs my ſin.

4 My ſoul looks back to ſee
The burdens thou didſt bear
When hanging on the curſed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To ſee the curſe remove;
We bleſs the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And ſing his bleeding love.

Hymn CXLIII. Common Metre.

Flesh and Spirit.

1 WHAT diff'rent pow'rs of grace and [sin
Attend our mortal state!
I hate the thoughts which work within,
And do the works I hate.

2 Now I complain, and groan, and die,
While sin and *Satan* reign;
Now raise my songs of triumph high,
For grace prevails again.

3 So darkness struggles with the light,
'Till perfect day arise;
Water and fire maintain the fight
Until the weaker dies.

4 Thus will the flesh and spirit strive,
And vex and break my peace;
But I shall quit this mortal life,
And sin for ever cease.

HYMN CXLIV. Long Metre.

The effusion of the Spirit: or, the success of the gospel.

1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the divine disciples met;
Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

2 What gifts, what miracles he gave!
And pow'r to give, and pow'r to save;
Furnish'd their tongues with wond'rous words,
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

3 Thus arm'd, he sent his champions forth,
From *east to west*, from *south to north*;
Go, and assert your Saviour's cause;
Go, spread the myst'ry of his cross.

4 These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are
To make our stubborn passions bow,

And lay the proudeſt rebel low!
5 Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by theſe heav'nly arms ſubdu'd:
While *Satan* rages at his loſs,
And hates the doctrine of the croſs.
6 Great King of grace, my heart ſubdue,
I would be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my Lord,
And ſing the victories of his word.

HYMN CXLV. Common Metre.

Sight through a glaſs, and face to face.

1 I LOVE the windows of thy grace,
Through which my Lord is ſeen;
And long to meet my Saviour's face,
Without a glaſs between.
2 O that the happy hour were come,
To change my faith to ſight!
I ſhould behold my Lord at home,
In a diviner light.
3 Haſte, my Beloved, and remove
Theſe interpoſing days;
Then ſhall my paſſions all be love,
And all my pow'rs be praiſe.

HYMN CXLVI. Long Metre.

The vanity of creatures: or, no reſt on earth.

1 MAN has a ſoul of vaſt deſires,
He burns within with reſtleſs fires;
Toſt to and fro, his paſſions fly
From vanity to vanity.
2 In vain on earth we hope to find
Some ſolid good to fill the mind:
We try new pleaſures; but we feel
The inward thirſt and torment ſtill.

3 So when a raging fever burns,
We ſhift from ſide to ſide by turns;
And 'tis a poor relief we gain,
To change the place, but keep the pain.

4 Great God! ſubdue this vicious thirſt,
This love to vanity and duſt;
Cure this vile fever of the mind,
And feed our ſouls with joys refin'd.

HYMN CXLVII. Common Metre.

The creation of the world. Gen. i.

1 *NOW let a ſpacious world ariſe,*
Said the Creator, Lord:
At once th' obedient earth and ſkies
Roſe at his ſov'reign word.

2 [Dark was the deep; the waters lay
Confus'd, and drown'd the land;
He call'd the light; the new-born day
Attends on his command.

3 He bids the clouds aſcend on high;
The clouds aſcend and bear
A wat'ry treaſure to the ſky,
And float on ſofter air.

4 The liquid element below,
Was gather'd by his hand;
The rolling ſeas together flow,
And leave the ſolid land.

5 With herbs and plants, a flowery birth,
The naked globe he crown'd,
Ere there was rain to bleſs the earth,
Or ſun to warm the ground.

6 Then he adorn'd the upper ſkies;
Behold the ſun appears:
The moon and ſtars in order riſe,

To mark out months and years.

7 Out of the deep th' almighty King
Did vital beings frame,
The painted fowls of ev'ry wing,
And fish of ev'ry name.

8 He gave the lion and the worm
At once their wond'rous birth;
And grazing beasts, of various form,
Rose from the teeming earth.

9 *Adam* was fram'd of equal clay,
Though sov'reign of the rest,
Design'd for nobler ends than they;
With God's own image blest.

10 Thus glorious in the Maker's eye
The young creation stood;
He saw the building from on high,
His word pronounc'd it good.

11 Lord, while the frame of nature stands,
Thy praise shall fill my tongue:
But the new world of grace demands
A more exalted song.

HYMN CXLVIII. Common Metre.

GOD reconciled in Christ.

1 DEAREST of all the names above;
My *Jesus*, and my God;
Who can resist thy heav'nly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.

3 'Tis God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;

The holy, juſt, and ſacred Three,
Are terrors to my mind.

4 But if IMMANUEL's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins;
His name forbids my ſlaviſh fear;
His grace removes my ſins.

5 While *Jews* on their own law rely,
And *Greeks* of wiſdom boaſt,
I love th' incarnate myſtery,
And there I fix my truſt.

HYMN CXLIX. Common Metre.

Honour to magiſtrates: or, government from GOD.

1 ETERNAL Sov'reign of the ſky,
And Lord of all below,
We mortals, to thy majeſty
Our firſt obedience owe.

2 Our ſouls adore thy throne ſupreme,
And bleſs thy providence,
For magiſtrates, of meaner name,
Our glory and defence.

3 [The rulers of thoſe States ſhall ſhine
With rays above the reſt,
Where laws and liberties combine
To make the nation bleſt.]

4 Kingdoms on firm foundations ſtand,
While virtue finds reward;
And ſinners periſh from the land
By juſtice, and the ſword.

5 Let *Cæſar*'s due be ever paid
To *Cæſar* and his throne;
But conſciences and ſouls were made
To be the Lord's alone.

HYMN CL. Common Metre.

The deceitfulness of sin.

1 SIN has a thousand treach'rous arts
To practise on the mind;
With flatt'ring looks she tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.

2 With names of virtue she deceives
The aged and the young:
And, while the heedless wretch believes,
She makes his fetters strong.

3 She pleads for all the joy she brings,
And gives a fair pretence;
But cheats the soul of heav'nly things,
And chains it down to sense.

4 So on a tree divinely fair,
Grew the forbidden food;
Our mother took the poison there,
And tainted all her blood.

HYMN CLI. Long Metre.

Prophecies and inspiration.

1 'TWAS by an order from the Lord
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm'd their hearts with heav'nly fire.

2 The works and wonders which they wro't,
Confirm'd the messages they brought;
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath,
To save the holy words from death.

3 Great God! my eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who dy'd for me.

4 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind:

Here I can fix my hope ſecure;
This is thy word and muſt endure.

HYMN CLII. Common Metre.

Sinai *and* Zion. *Heb.* xii. 18, &c.

1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempeſt, fire, and ſmoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on *Sinai* ſpoke;

2 But we are come to *Zion*'s hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And ſpread his love abroad.

3 Behold th' innumerable hoſt
Of angels cloth'd in light!
Behold the ſpirits of the juſt,
Whoſe faith is turn'd to ſight!

4 Behold the bleſt aſſembly there,
Whoſe names are writ in heav'n!
And God, the Judge of all, declares
Their vileſt ſins forgiv'n.

5 The ſaints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in *Chriſt*, their living Head,
And of his grace partake.

6 In ſuch ſociety as this,
My weary ſoul would reſt:
The man who dwells where *Jeſus* is,
Muſt be for ever bleſt.

HYMN CLIII. Common Metre.

The diſtemper, folly, and madneſs of ſin.

1 SIN, like a venomous diſeaſe,
Infects our vital blood:
The only balm is ſov'reign grace,

And the physician, God.

2 Our beauty and our strength are fled,
And we draw near to death;
But *Christ* the Lord recals the dead
With his almighty breath.

3 Madness by nature reigns within,
The passions burn and rage,
'Till God's own Son, with skill divine,
The inward fire assuage.

4 [We lick the dust, we grasp the wind,
And solid good despise:
Such is the folly of the mind,
'Till *Jesus* makes us wise.]

5 We give our souls the wounds they feel,
We drink the pois'nous gall,
And rush with fury down to hell;
But heav'n prevents the fall.

6 [The man possess'd among the tombs,
Cuts his own flesh and cries:
He foams and raves 'till *Jesus* comes,
And the foul spirit flies.]

HYMN CLIV. Long Metre.

Self-righteousness insufficient.

1 "WHERE are the mourners," saith the Lord,
"Who wait and tremble at my word,
"Who walk in darkness all the day?
"Come, make my word your trust and stay.

2 "[No works nor duties of your own,
"Can for the smallest sin atone;
"The robes which nature may provide,
"Will not your least pollution hide.

3 "The softest couch which nature knows,

" Can give the conſcience no repoſe :
" Look to my righteouſneſs and live ;
" Comfort and peace are mine to give.]
4 " Ye ſons of pride who kindle coals
" With your own hands, to warm your ſouls,
" Walk in the light of your own fire,
" Enjoy the ſparks which you deſire :
5 " This is your portion at my hands,
" Hell waits you with her iron bands ;
" Ye ſhall lie down in ſorrow there,
" In death, in darkneſs, and deſpair."

HYMN CLV. Common Metre.

Chriſt *our paſſover.*

1 LO, the deſtroying angel flies
To *Pharaoh*'s ſtubborn land ;
The pride and flow'r of *Egypt* dies
By his vindictive hand.
2 He paſs'd the tents of *Jacob* o'er,
Nor pour'd the wrath divine ;
He ſaw the blood on ev'ry door,
And bleſt the peaceful ſign.
3 Thus the appointed Lamb muſt bleed,
To break th' *Egyptian* yoke ;
Thus *Iſr'el* is from bondage freed,
And 'ſcapes the angel's ſtroke.
4 Lord, if my heart were ſprinkled too
With blood ſo rich as thine,
Juſtice no longer would purſue
This guilty ſoul of mine.
5 *Jeſus*, our paſſover, was ſlain,
And has at once procur'd
Freedom from *Satan*'s heavy chain,
And God's revenging ſword.

Hymn CLVI. Common Metre.

Presumption and despair.

1 I HATE the tempter and his charms,
I hate his flatt'ring breath;
The serpent takes a thousand forms
To cheat our souls to death.

2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,
Or kills with slavish fear;
And holds us still in wide extremes,
Presumption or despair!

3 Now he persuades how easy 'tis
To walk the road to heav'n;
Anon he swells our sins, and cries
They cannot be forgiv'n.

4 He bids young sinners *yet* forbear
To think of God or death;
"For prayer and devotion are
"But melancholy breath."

5 He tells the aged, "they *must* die,
"And 'tis too late to pray;
"In vain for mercy now they cry,
"For they have lost their day."

6 Thus he supports his cruel throne,
By mischief and deceit,
And drags the sons of *Adam* down
To darkness and the pit.

7 Almighty God, cut short his pow'r,
Let him in darkness dwell;
And that he vex the earth no more,
Confine him down to hell.

Hymn CLVII. Com. Metre. The same.

1 NOW *Satan* comes with dreadful roar,
And threatens to destroy;

He worries whom he can't devour,
With a malicious joy.

2 Ye sons of God, oppose his rage,
Resist, and he'll be gone;
Thus did our dearest Lord engage,
And vanquish him alone.

3 Now he appears almost divine!
Like innocence and love;
But the old serpent lurks within,
When he assumes the dove.

4 Fly from the false deceiver's tongue,
Ye sons of *Adam* fly!
Our parents found the snare too strong,
Nor should the children try.

Hymn CLVIII. Long Metre.

Few saved: or, the almost Christian, the hypocrite, and apostate.

1 BROAD is the road which leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shews a narrower path,
With here and there a traveller.

2 *Deny thyself, and take the cross,*
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heav'nly land.

3 The fearful soul, who tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteem'd *almost* a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain,
Create my heart entirely new;
Which hypocrites could never attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

Hymn CLIX. Common Metre.

An unconverted state: or, converting grace.

1 GREAT King of glory and of grace,
We own, with humble shame,
How vile is our degen'rate race,
And our first father's name.

2 From *Adam* flows our tainted blood,
The poison reigns within,
Makes us averse to all that's good,
And willing slaves to sin.

3 [Daily we break thy holy laws,
And then reject thy grace;
Engag'd in the old serpent's cause,
Against our Maker's face]

4 We've strang'd afar from God,
And love the distance well;
With haste we run the dang'rous road
Which leads to death and hell.

5 And can such rebels be reclaim'd!
Such natures made divine!
Let sinners see thy glory, Lord,
And feel this pow'r of thine.

6 We raise our Father's name on high,
Who his own Spirit sends
To bring rebellious strangers nigh,
And turn his foes to friends.

Hymn CLX. Long Metre.

Custom in sin.

1 LET the wild leopards of the wood
Put off the spots which nature gives,
Then may the wicked turn to God,
And change their tempers and their lives.

2 As well may *Ethiopian* slaves

Wash out the darkness of their skin;
The dead as well may leave their graves,
As old transgressors cease to sin.

3 Where vice has held its empire long,
'Twill not endure the least controul;
None but a pow'r divinely strong,
Can turn the current of the soul.

4 Great God! I own thy pow'r divine,
Which soon can change this heart of mine;
I would be form'd anew, and bless
The wonders of creating grace.

HYMN CLXI. Common Metre.

Christian virtues: or, the difficulty of conversion.

1 STRAIT is the way, the door is strait,
Which leads to joys on high;
'Tis but a few who find the gate,
While crowds mistake, and die.

2 Belov'd *self* must be deny'd,
The mind and will renew'd,
Passion suppress'd, and patience try'd,
And vain desires subdu'd.

3 Flesh is a dang'rous foe to grace,
Where it prevails and rules;
Flesh must be humbled, pride abas'd,
Lest they destroy our souls.

4 The love of gold be banish'd hence,
(That vile idolatry)
And ev'ry member, ev'ry sense,
In sweet subjection lie.

5 The tongue, that most unruly pow'r,
Requires a strong restraint;
We must be watchful ev'ry hour,
And pray, but never faint.

6 Lord! can a feeble, helpless worm
Fulfil a task so hard?
Thy grace must all my work perform,
And give the free reward.

HYMN CLXII. Common Metre.

Meditation of heaven: or, the joy of faith.

1 MY thoughts surmount these lower skies,
And look within the veil;
There springs of endless pleasure rise,
The waters never fail.

2 There I behold, with sweet delight,
The blessed Three in One;
And strong affections fix my sight
On God's incarnate Son.

3 His promise stands for ever firm;
His grace shall ne'er depart;
He binds my name upon his arm,
And seals it on his heart.

4 Light are the pains which nature brings;
How short our sorrows are,
When with eternal future things,
The present we compare!

5 I would not be a stranger still
To that celestial place,
Where I for ever hope to dwell,
Near my Redeemer's face.

HYMN CLXIII. Common Metre.

Complaint of desertion and temptation.

1 DEAR Lord! behold our sore distress;
Our sins attempt to reign;
Stretch out thine arm of conq'ring grace,
And let thy foes be slain.

2 The lion, with his dreadful roar,
Affrights thy feeble sheep:

Reveal the glory of thy pow'r,
And chain him to the deep.

3 Must we indulge a long despair?
Shall our petitions die?
Our mournings never reach thine ear,
Nor tears affect thine eye?]

4 If thou despise a mortal groan,
Yet hear a Saviour's blood;
An Advocate so near the throne,
Pleads and prevails with God.

5 He brought the Spirit's pow'rful sword,
To slay our deadly foes:
Our sins shall die beneath thy word,
And hell in vain oppose.

6 How boundless is our Father's grace,
In height, and depth, and length!
He made his Son our righteousness,
His Spirit is our strength.

HYMN CLXIV Common Metre.

The end of the world.

1 WHY should this earth delight us so?
Why should we fix our eyes
On these low grounds, where sorrows grow,
And ev'ry pleasure dies?

2 While time his sharpest teeth prepares,
Our comforts to devour,
There is a land above the stars,
And joys above his pow'r.

3 Nature shall be dissolv'd and die,
The sun must end his race,
The earth and sea for ever fly
Before my Saviour's face.

4 When will that glorious morning rise?
When the last trumpet sound,

And call the nations to the skies,
From underneath the ground?

HYMN CLXV. Common Metre.

Unfruitfulness, ignorance, and unsanctified affections.

1 LONG have I lain beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain;
How small a portion of thy grace
My mem'ry can retain!

3 [My dear Almighty, and my God,
How little art thou known
By all the judgments of thy rod,
And blessings of thy throne!]

4 [How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!]

5 [Great God! thy sov'reign pow'r impart,
To give thy word success:
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

6 Shew my forgetful feet the way
Which leads to joys on high;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.]

HYMN CLXVI. Common Metre.

The divine perfections.

1 HOW shall I praise th' eternal God,
That Infinite Unknown?
Who can ascend his high abode,

Or venture near his throne?

2 [The great INVISIBLE! he dwells
Conceal'd in dazzling light;
But his all-searching eye reveals
The secrets of the night.

3 Those watchful eyes which never sleep,
Survey the world around;
His wisdom is a boundless deep,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.]

4 [Speak we of strength? His arm is strong
To save, or to destroy;
Infinite years his life prolong,
And endless is his joy.]

5 [He knows no shadow of a change,
Nor alters his decrees;
Firm as a rock his truth remains,
To guard his promises.]

6 Sinners before his presence die:
How holy is his name!
His anger and his jealousy
Burn like devouring flame.

7 Justice upon a dreadful throne
Maintains the rights of God,
While mercy sends her pardons down,
Bought with a Saviour's blood.

8 Now to my soul, immortal King,
Speak some forgiving word;
Then 'twill be double joy to sing
The glories of my Lord.

HYMN CLXVII. Long Metre.

The divine perfections

GREAT God! thy glories shall employ
My holy fear, my humble joy;

My lips, in ſongs of honor, bring
Their tribute to th' eternal King.

2 [Earth and the ſtars, and worlds unknown,
Depend precarious on his throne;
All nature hangs upon his word,
And grace and glory own their Lord.

3 His ſov'reign pow'r what mortal knows?
If he command, who dare oppoſe?
With ſtrength he girds himſelf around,
And treads the rebels to the ground.

4 Who ſhall pretend to teach him ſkill,
Or guide the counſels of his will?
His wiſdom, like a ſea divine,
Flows deep and high beyond our line.

5 His name is holy, and his eye
Burns with immortal jealouſy;
He hates the ſons of pride, and ſheds
His fiery vengeance on their heads.

6 The beamings of his piercing light
Bring dark hypocriſy to light;
Death and deſtruction naked lie,
And hell uncover'd to his eye.

7 Th' eternal law before him ſtands;
His juſtice, with impartial hands,
Divides to all their due reward,
Or by the ſceptre, or the ſword.

8 His mercy like a boundleſs ſea,
Waſhes our loads of guilt away:
While his own Son came down and dy'd,
T' engage his juſtice on our ſide.

9 Each of his words demand my faith,
My ſoul can reſt on all he ſaith;
His truth inviolably keeps

The largeſt promiſe of his Lips.]

10 O tell me with a gentle voice,
Thou art my God, and I'll rejoice;
Fill'd with thy love, I dare proclaim
The brighteſt honours of thy name.

HYMN CLXVIII. Long Metre.

The ſame.

1 JEHOVAH reigns, his throne is high,
His robes are light and majeſty;
His glories ſhine with beams ſo bright,
No mortal can ſuſtain the ſight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe,
His juſtice guards his holy Law,
His love reveals a ſmiling face,
His truth and promiſe ſeal the grace.

3 Through all his works his wiſdom ſhines,
And baffles *Satan*'s deep deſigns;
His pow'r is ſov'reign to fulfil
The nobleſt counſels of his will.

4 And will this glorious Lord deſcend
To be my Father and my Friend?
Then let my ſongs with angels join;
Heav'n is ſecure, if God be mine.

HYMN CLXIX. Particular Metre.

The ſame.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments he aſſumes,
Are light and majeſty;
His glories ſhine
With beams ſo bright,
No mortal eye
Can bear the ſight.

2 The thunders of his hand,
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and juſtice ſtand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love
Reſolves to bleſs,
His truth confirms
And ſeals the grace.

3 Through all his ancient works,
Surpriſing wiſdom ſhines,
Confounds the pow'rs of hell,
And breaks their curs'd deſigns:
Strong is his arm,
And ſhall fulfil
His great decrees,
His ſov'reign will.

4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condeſcend;
And will he write his name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love his name,
I love his word:
Join all my pow'rs,
And praiſe the Lord.

Hymn CLXX. Long Metre.

God incomprehenſible and ſovereign.

1 [CAN creatures, to perfection, find
The eternal, uncreated mind?
Or can the largeſt ſtretch of thought
Meaſure and ſearch his nature out?

2 'Tis high as heav'n! 'tis deep as hell!
And what can mortals know or tell?
His glory ſpreads beyond the ſky,

And all the ſhining worlds on high.

3 But man, vain man, would fain be wiſe,
Born, like a wild young colt, he flies
Through all the follies of his mind,
And ſmells and ſnuffs the empty wind.]

4 God is a King of pow'r unknown,
Firm are the orders of his throne;
If he reſolve, who dare oppoſe,
Or aſk him why, or what he does?

5 He wounds the heart, and he makes whole,
He calms the tempeſt of the ſoul;
When he ſhuts up in long deſpair,
Who can remove the heavy bar?

6 He frowns, and darkneſs veils the moon,
The fainting ſun grows dim at noon;
The pillars of heav'n's ſtarry roof,
Tremble and ſtart at his reproof.

7 He gave the vaulted heav'n its form,
The crooked ſerpent and the worm,
He breaks the billows with his breath,
And ſmites the ſons of pride to death.

8 Theſe are a portion of his ways;
But who ſhall dare deſcribe his face?
Who can endure his light, or ſtand
To hear the thunders of his hand?

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Book III.

Prepared for the Holy Ordinance of the Lord's Supper.

Hymn I. Long Metre.

The Lord's Supper instituted. 1 Cor. xi. 23, &c.

1 'TWas on that dark, that doleful night,
When pow'rs of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes:

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake;
What love through all his actions ran!
What wond'rous words of grace he spake!

3 *This is my body broke for sin,*
Receive, and eat the living food:
Then took the cup and bless'd the wine,
'Tis the new covenant in my blood.

4 [For us his flesh with nails was torn,
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn;
And justice pour'd upon his head
Its heavy vengeance in our stead.

5 For us his vital blood was spilt,

To buy the pardon of our guilt,
When for black crimes of biggeſt ſize,
He gave his ſoul a ſacrifice!]

6 *Do this*, he cry'd, *'till time ſhall end,*
In mem'ry of your dying Friend:
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord.

7 [*Jeſus*, thy feaſt we celebrate,
We ſhew thy death, we ſing thy name;
'Till thou return, and we ſhall eat
The marriage-ſupper of the Lamb.]

HYMN II. Short Metre.

Communion with Chriſt, *and with ſaints.*
1 Cor. x. 16, 17.

1 [*JESUS* invites his ſaints
To meet around his board;
Here pardon'd rebels ſit and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 For food he gives his fleſh;
He bids us drink his blood;
Amazing favour! matchleſs grace
Of our deſcending God!]

3 This holy bread and wine,
Maintain our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And int'reſt in his death.

4 Our heav'nly Father call's
Chriſt and his members one;
We the young children of his love,
And he the firſt-born Son.

5 We are but ſev'ral parts
Of the ſame broken bread;
One body, with its ſev'ral limbs,

But *Jesus* is the head.

6 Let all our pow'rs be join'd,
His g'orious name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry voice be praise.

HYMN III. Common Metre.

The new covenant sealed.

1 "THE promise of my Father's love
"Shall stand for ever good:"
He said—and gave his soul to death,
And seal'd the grace with blood.

2 To this dear cov'nant of thy word,
I set my worthless name;
I seal th' engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

3 Thy light, and strength, and pard'ning grace,
And glory, shall be mine;
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my pow'rs are thine.

4 I call that legacy my own,
Which *Jesus* did bequeath;
'Twas purchas'd with a dying groan,
And ratify'd in death.

5 Sweet is the mem'ry of his name,
Who bless'd us in his will,
And to his testament of love,
Made his own life the seal.

HYMN IV. Common Metre.

Christ's *dying love.*

1 HOW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly mind,
And pity brought him down.

2 [When juſtice, by our ſins provok'd,
Drew forth its dreadful ſword,
He gave his ſoul up to the ſtroke,
Without a murm'ring word.

3 He ſunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raiſe us to his throne:
There's ne'er a gift his hand beſtows,
But coſt his heart a groan.]

4 This was compaſſion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

5 Now though he reigns exalted high,
His love is ſtill as great;
Well he remembers *Calvary*,
Nor let his ſaints forget.

6 [Here we behold his bowels roll
As kind as when he dy'd,
And ſee the ſorrows of his ſoul
Bleed through his wounded ſide.

7 Here we receive repeated ſeals
Of *Jeſus'* dying love:
Hard is the wretch who never feels
One ſoft affection move.]

8 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record,
And with our joy for pardon'd guilt,
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

HYMN V. Common Metre.

Chriſt *the bread of life.* John vi. 31, 35, 39.

1 LET us adore th' eternal Word,
'Tis he our ſouls has fed:
Thou art our living ſtream, O Lord,

And thou th' immortal bread.

2 [The manna came from lower skies,
But *Jesus* from above,
Where the fresh springs of pleasure rise,
And rivers flow with love.

3 The *Jews*, the fathers, dy'd at last,
Who ate that heav'nly bread;
But these provisions which we taste,
Can raise us from the dead.

4 Blest be the Lord, who gives his flesh
To nourish dying men;
And often spreads his table fresh,
Lest we should faint again.]

5 Our souls shall draw their heav'nly breath,
While *Jesus* finds supplies;
Nor shall our graces sink to death,
For *Jesus* never dies.

6 [Daily our mortal flesh decays,
But *Christ* our life shall come;
His unresisted pow'r shall raise
Our bodies from the tomb.]

HYMN VI. Long Metre.

The memorial of our absent Lord. John xvi. 16. Luke xxii 19. John xiv. 3.

1 JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

2 He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face;
And to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.

3 The Lord of life his table spread

With his own flesh and dying blood;
We on the rich provision feed,
And taste the wine, and bless our God.

4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and his love fill ev'ry thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.

5 While he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may live in heav'nly light,
And dwell for ever near his face.

6 [Our eyes look upward to the hills
Whence our returning Lord shall come;
We wait thy chariot's awful wheels,
To fetch our longing spirits home]

Hymn VII. Long Metre.

Crucifixion to the world by the cross of Christ.

Gal. vi. 14.

1 WHEN I survey the wond'rous cross
On which the Prince of glory dy'd,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of *Christ* my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 [His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,

And all the globe is dead to me.]
5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a preſent far too ſmall;
Love, ſo amazing, ſo divine,
Demands my ſoul, my life, my all.

Hymn VIII. Common Metre.

The Tree of life.

1 COME, let us join a joyful tune
To our exalted Lord,
Ye ſaints on high around his throne,
And we around his board.
2 While once upon this lower ground
Weary and faint you ſtood,
What dear refreſhment here you found
From this immortal food!
3 The tree of life which near the throne
In heav'n's high garden grows,
Laden with grace, bends gently down
Its ever ſmiling boughs.
4 [Hov'ring among the leaves, there ſtands
The ſweet celeſtial Dove,
While *Jeſus* on the branches hangs
The banner of his love.]
5 ['Tis a young heav'n of ſtrange delight,
While in his ſhade we ſit;
His fruit is pleaſing to the ſight,
And to the taſte as ſweet.
6 New life it ſpreads through dying hearts,
And cheers the drooping mind:
Vigour and joy the juice imparts,
Without a ſting behind.]
7 Now let the flaming weapon ſtand,
And guard all *Eden*'s trees;

There's ne'er a plant in all that land,
Which bears such fruit as these.

8 Infinite grace our souls adore,
Whose wond'rous hand has made
This living Branch of sov'reign pow'r,
To raise and heal the dead.

HYMN IX. Short Metre.

The Spirit, the water, and the blood. 1 John v. 6.

1 [LET all our tongues be one,
To praise our God on high,
Who from his bosom sent his Son,
To fetch us, strangers, nigh.

2 Nor let our voices cease
To sing the Saviour's name;
Jesus, th' Ambassador of peace,
How cheerfully he came!

3 It cost him cries and tears,
To bring us near to God;
Great was our debt, and he appears
To make the payment good.]

4 [My Saviour's pierced side
Pour'd out a double flood;
By water we are purify'd,
And pardon'd by the blood.

5 Infinite was our guilt,
But he, our Priest, atones;
On the cold ground his life was spilt,
And offer'd with his groans.]

6 Look up, my soul, to him
Whose death was thy desert,
And humbly view the living stream
Flow from his breaking heart.

7 There, on the cursed tree,

In dying pangs he lies,
Fulfils his Father's great decree,
And all our want supplies.

8 Thus the Redeemer came,
By water and by blood:
And when the Spirit speaks the same,
We feel his witness good.

9 While the eternal Three,
Bear their record above,
Then I believe he dy'd for me,
And seal my Saviour's love.

10 [Lord, cleanse my soul from sin,
Nor let thy grace depart;
Great Comforter, abide within,
And witness with my heart.]

HYMN X. Long Metre.

Christ *crucified, the wisdom and power of* GOD.

1 NATURE, with open volume, stands
To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
And ev'ry labour of his hands
Shews something worthy of a God:

2 But in the grace which rescu'd man
His brightest form of glory shines,
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn
In precious blood, and crimson lines.

3 [Here his whole name appears complete;
Nor wit can guess, nor reason prove
Which of the letters best is writ,
The pow'r, the wisdom, or the love.]

4 Here I behold his inmost heart,
Where grace and vengeance strangely join,
Piercing his Son with thorpest smart,
To make the purchas'd pleasures mine.

5 O! the ſweet wonders of that croſs
Where God the Saviour lov'd and dy'd!
Her nobleſt life, my ſpirit draws
From his dear wounds, and bleeding ſide.
6 I would for ever ſpeak his name
In ſounds to mortal ears unknown,
With angels join to praiſe the Lamb,
And worſhip at his awful throne.

HYMN XI. Common Metre.

Pardon brought to our ſenſes.

1 LORD, how divine thy comforts are!
How heav'nly is the place
Where *Jeſus* ſpreads the ſacred feaſt
Of his redeeming grace!
2 Here the rich bounties of our God,
And ſweeteſt glories ſhine:
Here *Jeſus* ſays that I am his,
And my Beloved's mine.
3 Here (ſays the kind redeeming Lord,
And ſhews his wounded ſide)
See here the ſpring of all your joys,
Which open'd when I dy'd!
4 [He ſmiles, and cheers my mournful heart,
And tells of all his pain:
All this (ſays he) I bore for thee,
And then he ſmiles again.]
5 What ſhall we pay our heav'nly King
For grace ſo vaſt as this:
He brings our pardon to our eyes,
And ſeals it with a kiſs.
6 [Let ſuch amazing loves as theſe
Be ſounded all abroad;
Such favours are beyond degrees,

And worthy of a God.]

7 [To him who wash'd us in his blood,
Be everlasting praise,
Salvation, honour, glory, pow'r,
Eternal as his days.]

HYMN XII. Long Metre.

The gospel-feast. Luke xiv. 16, &c.

1 [HOW rich are thy provisions, Lord!
Thy table furnish'd from above;
The fruits of life o'erspread the board,
The cup o'erflows with heav'nly love.

2 Thine ancient family, the *Jews*
Were first invited to the feast:
We humbly take what they refuse,
And *Gentiles* thy salvation taste.

3 We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
And help was far, and death was nigh!
But at the gospel-call we came,
And ev'ry want receiv'd supply.

4 From the highway which leads to hell,
From paths of darkness and despair,
Lord, we are come with thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy presence here.]

5 [What shall we pay th' eternal Son,
Who left the heav'n of his abode,
And to this wretched earth came down,
To bring us, wand'rers, back to God.

6 It cost him death to save our lives,
To buy our souls, it cost his own;
And all the unknown joys he gives,
Were bought with agonies unknown.

7 Our everlasting love is due
To him who ransom'd sinners lost;

And pity'd rebels, when he knew
The vaſt expence his love would coſt.]

HYMN XIII. Common Metre

Divine love making a feaſt, and calling in the gueſts.
Luke xiv. 17, 22, 23.

1 HOW ſweet and awful is the place,
With *Chriſt* within the doors,
While everlaſting love diſplays
The choiceſt of her ſtores!

2 Here ev'ry bowel of our God
With ſoft compaſſion rolls;
Here peace and pardon, bought with blood,
Is food for dying ſouls.

3 [While all our hearts, and all our ſongs,
Join to admire the feaſt,
Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,
"Lord, why was I a gueſt?

4 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
"And enter while there's room,
"When thouſands make a wretched choice,
"And rather ſtarve than come?"]

5 'Twas the ſame love which ſpread the feaſt,
That ſweetly forc'd us in;
Elſe we had ſtill refus'd to taſte,
And periſh'd in our ſin.

6 Pity the nations, O our God,
Conſtrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the ſtrangers home.

7 We long to ſee thy churches full,
That all the choſen race
May with one voice, one heart, one ſoul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.]

Hymn XIV. Long Metre.

The song of Simeon: Luke ii. 28. *Or, a sight of* Christ *makes death easy.*

1 NOw have our hearts embrac'd our God,
We would forget all earthly charms,
And wish to die as *Simeon* would,
With his young Saviour in his arms.

2 Our lips should learn that joyful song,
Were but our hearts prepar'd like his:
"Our souls still waiting to be gone,
"And at thy word depart in peace.

3 "Here we have seen thy face, O Lord,
"And view'd salvation with our eyes,
"Tasted and felt the living word,
"The bread descending from the skies.

4 "Thou hast prepar'd this dying Lamb,
"Hast set his blood before our face,
"To teach the terrors of thy name,
"And shew the wonders of thy grace.

5 "He is our light; our morning-star
"Shall shine on nations yet unknown;
"The glory of thine *Isr'el* here,
"And joy of spirits near thy throne."

Hymn XV. Common Metre.

The Lord Jesus *at his own table.*

1 THE mem'ry of our dying Lord
Awakes a thankful tongue:
How rich he spread his royal board,
And blest the food, and sung!

2 Happy the men who eat this bread,
But doubly blest was he
Who gently bow'd his loving head,
And lean'd it, Lord, on thee.

3 By faith the same delights we taste
As that great fav'rite did,
And sit and lean on *Jesus'* breast,
And take the heav'nly bread.

4 Down from the palace of the skies,
Hither the King descends;
"Come, my beloved, eat (he cries)
And drink salvation, friends.

5 [My flesh is food and physic too,
A balm for all your pains:
And the red streams of pardon flow
From these my pierced veins."

6 Hosanna to his bounteous love,
For such a feast below!
And yet he feeds his saints above
With nobler blessings too.

7 Come, the dear day, the glorious hour
Which brings our souls to rest;
Then we shall need these types no more,
But dwell at th' heav'nly feast.]

Hymn XVI. Common Metre.

The agonies of Christ.

1 NOW let our pains be all forgot,
Our hearts no more repine;
Our suff'rings are not worth a thought,
When, Lord, compar'd to thine.

2 In lively figures here we see
The bleeding Prince of love;
Each of us hope he dy'd for me,
And then our griefs remove.

3 [Our humble faith here takes her rise,
While sitting round his board;
And back to *Calvary* she flies,

To view her groaning Lord.

4 His soul, what agonies it felt,
When his own God withdrew!
And the large load of all our guilt,
Lay heavy on him too.

5 But the divinity within,
Supported him to bear:
Dying he conquer'd hell and sin;
And made his triumph there.]

6 Grace, wisdom, justice, join'd and wrought
The wonders of that day:
No mortal tongue, nor mortal thought
Can equal thanks repay.

7 Our hymns should sound like those above,
Could we our voices raise:
Yet, Lord, our hearts shall all be love,
And all our lives be praise.

HYMN XVII. Short Metre.

Incomparable food: or, the flesh and blood of Christ.

1 WE sing th' amazing deeds
Which grace divine performs;
Th' eternal God comes down, and bleeds,
To nourish dying worms.

2 This soul reviving wine,
Dear Saviour, 'tis thy blood!
We thank that sacred flesh of thine,
For this immortal food.

3 The banquet which we eat,
Is made of heav'nly things:
Earth has no dainties half so sweet
As our Redeemer brings.

4 In vain had *Adam* sought,
And search'd his garden round,

For there was no such blessed fruit
In all the happy ground.

5 Th' angelic host above
Can never taste this food;
They feast upon their Maker's love,
But not a Saviour's blood.

6 On us th' almighty Lord
Bestows this matchless grace,
And meets us with some cheering word,
With pleasure in his face.

7 Come, all ye drooping saints,
And banquet with the King;
This wine will drown your sad complaints,
And tune your voice to sing.

8 Salvation to the name
Of our adored *Christ*:
Through the wide earth his grace proclaim,
His glory in the high'st.

HYMN XVIII. Long Metre.

The same.

1 *JESUS*, we bow before thy feet,
Thy table is divinely stor'd;
Thy sacred flesh our souls have ate,
'Tis living bread; we thank thee, Lord.

2 And here we drink our Saviour's blood:
We thank thee, Lord; 'tis gen'rous wine,
Mingled with love the fountain flow'd
From that dear bleeding heart of thine.

3 On earth is no such sweetness found,
For the Lamb's flesh is heav'nly food;
In vain we search the globe around
For bread so fine, or wine so good.

4 Carnal provisions can at best

But cheer the heart, or warm the head;
But the rich cordial which we taſte,
Gives life eternal to the dead.

5 Praiſe to the Maſter of the feaſt,
His name our ſouls for ever bleſs;
To God the King, and God the Prieſt,
A loud *Hoſanna* round the place.

HYMN XIX. Long Metre.

Glory in the croſs: or, not aſhamed of Chriſt *crucified.*

1 AT thy command, our deareſt Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feaſt;
Thy blood, like wine, adorns thy board,
And thine own fleſh feeds ev'ry gueſt.

2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And truſts for life in one who dy'd;
We hope for heav'nly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucify'd.

3 Let the vain world pronounce it ſhame,
And fling their ſcandals on the cauſe;
We come to boaſt our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in his croſs.

4 With joy we tell the ſcoffing age,
He who was dead has left his tomb,
He lives above their utmoſt rage,
And we are waiting 'till he come.

HYMN XX. Common Metre.

The proviſions for the table of the Lord.

1 LORD, we adore thy bounteous hand,
And ſing the ſolemn feaſt,
Where ſweet celeſtial dainties ſtand,
For ev'ry willing gueſt.

2 [The tree of life adorns the board
With rich immortal fruit,

And ne'er an angry flaming ſword
To guard the paſſage to't.

3 The cup ſtands crown'd with living juice,
The fountain flows above,
And runs down ſtreaming for our uſe,
In rivulets of love.]

4 The food's prepar'd by heav'nly art,
The pleaſure's well refin'd;
They ſpread new life through ev'ry heart,
And cheer the drooping mind.

5 Shout and proclaim the Saviour's love,
Ye ſaints who taſte his wine;
Join with your kindred ſaints above,
In loud *Hoſannas* join.

6 A thouſand glories to the God
Who gives ſuch joy as this;
Hoſanna! let it ſound abroad,
And reach where *Jeſus* is.

Hymn XXI. Common Metre.

The triumphal feaſt for Chriſt's *victory over ſin, death, and hell.*

1 COME, let us lift our voices high,
High as our joys ariſe,
And join the ſongs above the ſky,
Where pleaſure never dies.

2 [*Jeſus*, the God, who fought and bled,
And conquer'd when he fell;
Who roſe, and at his chariot wheels
Dragg'd all the pow'rs of hell.

3 *Jeſus*, the God, invites us here
To this triumphal feaſt,
And brings immortal bleſſings down
For each redeemed gueſt.]

The Lord, how glorious is his face!
How kind his ſmiles appear!
And, O what melting words he ſays
To ev'ry humble ear.

" For you, the children of my love,
" It was for you I dy'd;
" Behold my hands, behold my feet,
" And look into my ſide.

" Theſe are the wounds for you I bore,
" The tokens of my pains,
" When I came down to free your ſouls
" From miſery and chains.

[" Juſtice unſheath'd its fi'ry ſword,
" And plung'd it in my heart;
" Infinite pangs for you I bore,
" And moſt tormenting ſmart.

" When hell and all its ſpiteful pow'rs
" Stood dreadful in my way,
To reſcue thoſe dear lives of yours
" I gave my own away.

" But while I bled, and groan'd, and dy'd,
" I ruin'd *Satan*'s throne;
" High on my croſs I hung, and ſpy'd
" The monſter tumbling down.

" Now you muſt triumph at my feaſt,
" And taſte my fleſh, my blood,
" And live eternal ages bleſs'd,
" For 'tis immortal food."

Victorious God! what can we pay
For favours ſo divine?
We would devote our hearts away,
To be for ever thine]

We give thee, Lord, our higheſt praiſe,

The tribute of our tongues ;
But themes so infinite as these
Exceed our noblest songs.

HYMN XXII. Long Metre.
The compassion of a dying Christ.

1 OUR spirits join t' adore the Lamb ;
O that our feeble lips could move
In strains immortal as his name,
And melting as his dying love !

2 Was ever equal pity found ?
The Prince of heav'n resigns his breath,
And pours his life out on the ground,
To ransom guilty worms from death.

3 [Rebels, we broke our Maker's laws ;
He from the threat'ning sets us free,
Bore the full vengeance on his cross,
And nail'd the curses to the tree.]

4 [The law proclaims no terror now,
And *Sinai*'s thunder roars no more ;
From all his wounds new blessings flow,
A sea of joy without a shore.

5 Here we have wash'd our deepest stains,
And heal'd our wounds with heav'nly blood ;
Bless'd fountain, springing from the veins
Of *Jesus*, our incarnate God.]

6 In vain our mortal voices strive
To speak compassion so divine :
Had we a thousand lives to give,
A thousand lives should all be thine.

HYMN XXIII. Common Metre.
Grace and glory by the death of Christ.

1 [SI TTING around our Father's board,
We raise our tuneful breath ;

Our faith beholds our dying Lord,
And dooms our ſins to death]

2 We ſee the blood of *Jeſus* ſhed,
Whence all our pardons riſe ;
The ſinner views th' atonement made,
And loves the ſacrifice.

3 Thy cruel thorns, thy ſhameful croſs,
Procure us heav'nly crowns :
Our higheſt gain ſprings from thy loſs ;
Our healing from thy wounds.

4 Oh ! 'tis impoſſible that we
Who dwell in humble clay,
Should equal ſuff'rings bear for thee,
Or equal thanks repay.

HYMN XXIV. Common Metre.

Pardon and ſtrength from Chriſt.

1 FATHER, we wait to feel thy grace,
To ſee thy glories ſhine ;
The Lord will his own table bleſs,
And make the feaſt divine.

2 We touch, we taſte the heav'nly bread,
We drink the ſacred cup :
With outward forms our ſenſe is fed,
Our ſouls rejoice in hope.

3 We ſhall appear before the throne
Of our forgiving God,
Dreſs'd in the garments of his Son,
And ſprinkled with his blood.

4 We ſhall be ſtrong to run the race,
And climb the upper ſky ;
Chriſt will provide our ſouls with grace,
He bought a large ſupply.

5 Let us indulge a cheerful frame,

For joy becomes a feaſt ;
We love the mem'ry of his name,
More than the wine we taſte.

HYMN XXV. Common Metre.

Divine glories and graces.

1 HOW are thy glories here diſplay'd,
Great God! how bright they ſhine:
While at thy word we break the bread,
And pour the flowing wine.

2 Here thy revenging juſtice ſtands,
And pleads its dreadful cauſe;
Here ſaving mercy ſpreads her hands
Like *Jeſus* on the croſs.

3 Thy ſaints attend with ev'ry grace
On this great ſacrifice:
And love appears with cheerful face,
And faith with fixed eyes.

4 Our hope in waiting poſture ſits,
To heav'n directs her ſight:
Here ev'ry warmer paſſion meets,
And ſtrongeſt pow'rs unite.

5 Zeal and revenge perform their part,
And riſing ſin deſtroy;
Repentance comes with aching heart,
Yet not forbids the joy.

6 Dear Saviour, change our faith to ſight;
Let ſin for ever die;
Then ſhall our ſouls be all delight,
And ev'ry tear be dry.

A song of praise to the ever-blessed TRINITY, *God the* FATHER, SON, *and* SPIRIT.

HYMN XXVI. 1*st* Long Metre.

1 BLESS'D be the Father and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joy above,
And rills of comfort here below.

2 Glory to thee, great Son of God,
From whose dear wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.

3 We give thee, sacred Spirit, praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and woe,
Makes living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.

4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit we adore,
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

HYMN XXVII. 1*st* Common Metre.

1 GLORY to God the Father's name,
Who from our sinful race,
Chose out his fav'rites to proclaim
The honours of his grace.

2 Glory to God the Son be paid,
Who dwelt in humble clay,
And to redeem us from the dead,
Gave his own life away.

3 Glory to God the Spirit give,
From whose almighty pow'r,
Our souls their heav'nly birth derive,
And bless the happy hour.

4 Glory to God who reigns above,

Th' eternal Three in One,
Who by the wonders of his love,
Has made his nature known.

HYMN XXVIII. *1st* Short Metre.

1 LET God the Father live
For ever on our tongues;
Sinners from his first love derive
The ground of all their songs.

2 Ye saints, employ your breath
In honour to the Son,
Who bought your souls from hell and death,
By off'ring up his own.

3 Give to the Spirit praise
Of an immortal strain,
Whose light, and pow'r, and grace conveys
Salvation down to men.

4 While God the Comforter,
Reveals our pardon'd sin,
O may the blood and water bear
The same record within.

5 To the great One and Three,
Who seal this grace in heav'n,
The Father, Son, and Spirit be
Eternal glory giv'n.

HYMN XXIX. *2d* Long Metre.

1 GLORY to God the Trinity,
Whose name has mysteries unknown;
In essence One, in persons Three;
A social nature, yet alone!

2 When all our noblest pow'rs are join'd,
The honours of thy name to raise;
Thy glories over-match our mind,

And angels faint beneath the praise.

HYMN XXX. 2*d* Common Metre.

1 THE God of mercy be ador'd,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his REDEEMING WORD,
And new-creating breath.

2 To praise the Father and the Son,
And Spirit all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

HYMN XXXI. 2*d* Short Metre.

1 LET God the Maker's name,
Have honour, love, and fear;
To God the Saviour pay the same,
And God the Comforter.

2 Father of lights above,
Thy mercy we adore,
The Son of thy eternal love,
And Spirit of thy pow'r.

HYMN XXXII. 3*d* Long Metre.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory giv'n,
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

HYMN XXXIII. Or thus:

ALL glory to thy wond'rous name,
Father of mercy, God of love;
Thus we exalt the Lord, the Lamb,
And thus we praise the heav'nly Dove.

HYMN XXXIV. 3*d* Common Metre.

NOW let the Father and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,

Or saints to love the Lord.

HYMN XXXV. Or thus:

HONOUR to the almighty Three,
And everlasting One;
All glory to the Father be,
The Spirit and the Son.

HYMN XXXVI. 3d Short Metre.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

HYMN XXXVII. Or thus:

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honor done.

HYMN XXXVIII. 1st Particular Metre.

A song of praise to the blessed Trinity.

1 I GIVE immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all my comforts here,
And better hopes above:
He sent his own
Eternal Son,
To die for sins
Which man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe:
And now he lives,
And now he reigns,
And sees the fruit

Of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name,
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating pow'r
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes
The great design,
And fills the soul
With joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to thee
Be endless honor done,
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One:
Where reason fails
With all her pow'rs,
There faith prevails,
And love adores.

HYMN XXXIX. 2*d* Particular Metre.

1 TO him who chose us first,
Before the world began;
To him who bore the curse,
To save rebellious man:
To him who forms
Our hearts anew,
Be endless praise
And glory due.

2 The Father's love shall run
Through our immortal songs:
We bring to God the Son,
Hosannas on our tongues.
Our lips address
The Spirit's name,
With equal praise,

And zeal the ſame.

3 Let ev'ry ſaint above,
And angels round the throne,
For ever bleſs and love
The ſacred Three in One;
Thus heav'n ſhall raiſe
His honours high.
When earth and time
Grow old and die.

HYMN XL. 3*d* Particular Metre.

TO God the Father's throne,
Perpetual honours raiſe,
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praiſe:
And while our lips
Their tribute bring,
Our faith adores
The name we ſing.

HYMN XLI. Or thus:

TO our eternal God,
The Father and the Son,
And Spirit all divine,
Three myſteries in one,
Salvation, pow'r,
And praiſe be giv'n,
By all on earth,
And all in heav'n.

HYMN XLII. Long Metre.

The HOSANNA: *Or,* SALVATION *aſcribed to* CHRIST.

1 HOSANNA to king *David*'s Son,
Who reigns on a ſuperior throne;

We bleſs the Prince of heav'nly birth,
Who brings ſalvation down to earth.

2 Let ev'ry nation, ev'ry age,
In this delight'ful work engage:
Old men and babes in *Zion* ſing
The growing glories of her King.

HYMN XLIII. Common Metre.

1 HOSANNA to the Prince of grace;
Zion, behold thy King;
Proclaim the Son of *David*'s race,
And teach the babes to ſing.

2 *Hoſanna* to th' incarnate Word,
That from the Father came;
Aſcribe ſalvation to the Lord,
With bleſſings on his name.

HYMN XLIV. Short Metre.

1 HOSANNA to the Son
Of *David* and of God,
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with his blood.

2 To *Chriſt*, th' anointed King,
Be endleſs bleſſings giv'n;
Let the whole earth his glory ſing,
Who made our peace with heav'n.

HYMN XLV. Particular Metre.

1 HOSANNA to the King
Of *David*'s ancient blood;
Behold he comes to bring
Forgiving grace from God:
Let old and young
Attend his way,
And at his feet
Their honours lay.

2 Glory to God on high,
Salvation to the Lamb;
Let earth, and sea, and sky,
His wond'rous love proclaim.
Upon his head
Shall honours rest,
And ev'ry age
Pronounce him bless'd.

THE END.

A TABLE to find any HYMN, or Part of a HYMN, by the *first* Line of it.

Note, The Letters a, b, c, denote the First, Second, and Third Book; the Figures direct to the HYMN.

	B.	H.
ADORE and tremble, for our God	a	42
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed	b	9
All mortal vanities be gone	a	25
And are we wretches yet alive	b	105
And must this body die	b	110
And now the scales have left my eyes	b	81
Arise, my soul, my joyful pow'rs	b	82
At thy command our dearest Lord	c	19
Attend, while God's exalted Son	b	130
Awake, my heart, arise, my tongue	a	20
Awake, our souls, away our fears	a	48
Away from ev'ry mortal care	b	123
As new-born babes desire the breast	a	143
BAckward with humble shame we look	a	57
Begin, my tongue, some heav'nly theme	b	69
Behold, how sinners disagree	a	131
Behold, the blind their sight receive	b	137
Behold, the glories of the Lamb	a	1
Behold, the grace appears	a	3
Behold the potter and the clay	a	117
Behold the Rose of Sharon *here*	a	68
Behold the woman's promis'd seed	b	135
Behold the wretch whose lust and wine	a	123
Behold, what wond'rous grace	a	64
Bless'd are the humble souls who see	a	102
Bless'd be the everlasting God	a	26
Bless'd be the Father and his love	c	26

	B.	H.
Bless'd is the man whose cautious feet	a	31
Bless'd morning, whose young dawning ray	b	72
Bless'd with the joys of innocence	b	128
Blood has a voice to pierce the skies	b	118
Bright King of glory, dreadful God	b	51
Broad is the road which leads to death	b	158
Bury'd in shadows of the night	a	97
But few among the carnal wise	a	96
CAN creatures, to perfection, find	b	70
Christ and his cross is all our theme	a	119
Come, all harmonious tongues	b	84
Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell	a	135
Come, happy souls, approach your God	b	103
Come, hither, all ye weary souls	a	127
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove	b	34
Come, let us join a joyful tune	c	8
Come, let us join our cheerful songs	a	62
Come, let us lift our joyful eyes	b	108
Come, let us lift our voices high	c	21
Come, saints, love the Lord	b	30
DAUGHTERS of Zion, come, behold	a	72
Dear Lord, behold our sore distress	b	163
Dearest of all the names above	b	148
Death cannot make our souls afraid	b	49
Death may dissolve my body now	a	27
Death! 'tis a melancholy day	b	50
Deceiv'd by subtle snares of hell	a	107
Deep in the dust before thy throne	a	134
Descend from heav'n, immortal Dove	b	43
Do we not know that solemn word	a	122
Down headlong from their native skies	b	96
Dread Sov'reign, let my evening song	b	7

	B.	H.
ETERNAL Sov'reign of the sky	b	149
Eternal Spirit, we confess	b	133
Ere the blue heav'ns were stretch'd abroad	a	2
FAITH is the brightest evidence	a	120
Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone	b	15
Father, I long, I faint to see	b	68
Father, we wait to feel thy grace	c	24
Firm and immovable are they	a	73
Firm as the earth thy gospel stands	a	138
From [illegible]	b	97
From [illegible] I rise,	b	75
GENTILES [illegible] we belong	a	114
Give [illegible] wings of faith to rise.	b	140
Glory [illegible] to the Trinity	c	29
Glory to God who walk the sky	b	59
Glory to God the Father's name.	c	27
God is a Spirit just and holy	a	136
God of the morning, at thy voice	a	79
God of the fair, thy threat'ning voice	b	70
God! th' eternal, awful name	b	27
God, who in various methods told	a	50
Go preach my gospel, saith the Lord	a	128
Go worship at Immanuel's feet	a	145
Great God, how infinite art thou	b	67
Great God, I own thy sentence just	a	6
Great God, thy glory shall employ	b	167
Great God, to what a glorious height	b	112
Great King of glory and of grace	b	159
Great was the day, the joy was great	b	144
HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews	a	134
Happy the church, thou sacred place	b	64
Happy the heart where graces reign	b	38

	B.	H.
Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound	b	63
Hark! the Redeemer from on high	a	70
Hear what the voice from heav'n, &c.	a	18
Hence from my soul sad thoughts, &c.	b	73
Here at thy cross, my dying God	b	4
High as the heav'ns above the ground	b	115
High on a hill of dazzling light	b	18
Hosanna, &c. - -	c	42 *to* 45
Hosanna to our conqu'ring King	b	89
Hosanna to the Prince of light	b	76
Hosanna to the royal Son	a	16
Hosanna with a cheerful sound	b	8
How are thy glories here display'd	c	25
How beauteous are their feet	a	10
How can I sink with such a prop	b	116
How condescending and how kind	c	4
How full of anguish is the thought	b	100
How heavy is the night	a	98
How honourable is the place	a	8
How large the promise, how divine	a	113
How oft have sin and Satan strove	a	139
How rich are thy provisions, Lord	c	12
How sad our state by nature is	b	90
How shall I praise th' eternal God	b	166
How short and hasty is our life	b	32
How should the sons of Adam's *race*	a	86
How strong thine arm is, mighty God	a	49
How sweet and awful is the place	c	13
How vain are all things here below	b	48
How wond'rous great, how glorious bright	b	87
I CANNOT bear thine absence, Lord	b	117
I give immortal praise	c	38

	B.	H.
I hate the tempter and his charms	b	156
I lift my banner, ſaith the Lord	a	29
I love the windows of thy grace	b	145
I'm not aſham'd to own my Lord	a	103
I ſend the joys of earth away	b	11
I ſing my Saviour's wond rous death	b	114
Jehovah ſpeaks, let Iſr'el hear	a	84
Jehovah reigns, his throne is high	b	168
Jeſus, *in thee our eyes behold*	a	145
Jeſus *invites his ſaints*	c	2
Jeſus *is gone above the ſkies*	c	6
Jeſus, *the man of conſtant grief*	a	12
Jeſus, *we bleſs thy Father's name*	a	54
Jeſus, *we bow before thy feet*	c	18
Jeſus, *with all thy ſaints above*	b	29
In Gabriel's *hand a mighty ſtone*	a	59
In thine own ways, O God of love	a	30
In vain the wealthy mortals toil	a	24
In vain we laviſh out our lives	a	9
Infinite grief! amazing woe	b	95
Join all the glorious names	a	105
Join all the names of love and pow'r	a	149
Is this the kind return -	b	74
KIND is the ſpeech of Chriſt *our Lord*	a	73
LADEN with guilt, and full of fears	b	119
Let all our tongues be one	c	9
Let everlaſting glories crown	b	131
Let ev'ry mortal ear attend	a	7
Let God the Father live	c	28
Let God the Maker's name	c	31
Let him embrace my ſoul and prove	a	66
Let me but hear my Saviour ſay	a	15

	B.	H.
Let mortal tongues attempt to sing	a	58
Let others boast how strong they be	b	19
Let Pharisees of high esteem	a	133
Let the old Heathens tune their songs	b	21
Let the sev'nth angel sound on high	a	65
Let the whole race of creatures lie	b	99
Let the wild leopards of the wood	b	160
Let them neglect thy glory, Lord	b	35
Let us adore th' eternal Word	c	5
Life and immortal joys are giv'n	b	125
Life is the time to serve the Lord	a	88
Lift up your eyes to th' heav'nly seat	b	37
Like sheep we went astray	a	142
Lo, the young tribes of Adam *rise*	a	90
Lo, what a glorious sight appears	a	21
Lo what an entertaining sight	a	44
Lo, the destroying angel flies	b	55
Long have I sat beneath the sound	b	165
Look, gracious God, how num'rous they	a	47
Lord, at thy temple we appear	a	19
Lord, how divine thy comforts are	c	11
Lord, how secure and blest are they	b	57
Lord, how secure my conscience was	a	115
Lord, we adore thy bounteous hand	c	20
Lord, we adore thy vast designs	b	109
Lord, we are blind; poor mortals, blind	b	26
Lord, we confess our num'rous faults	a	111
Lord, what a feeble piece	a	37
Lord, what a heav'n of saving grace	b	16
Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I	a	36
Lord, what a wretched land is this	b	59
Lord, when my thoughts with wonder roll	b	5

	B.	H.
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord -	a	46
MAN has a soul of vast desires	b	146
Mistaken souls who dream of heav'n	a	140
My dear Redeemer and my Lord	b	139
My drowsy pow'rs, why sleep ye so	b	25
My God, how endless is thy love	a	81
My God, my life, my love -	b	93
My God, my portion, and my love	b	94
My God, permit me not to be	b	122
My God, the spring of all my joys	b	54
My God, what endless pleasures dwell	b	42
My heart, how dreadful hard it is	b	98
My Saviour God, my sov'reign Prince	b	141
My soul, come, meditate the day	b	61
My soul forsakes her vain delight	b	10
My thoughts on awful subjects roll	b	2
My thoughts surmount these lower skies	b	162
NAKED as from the earth we came	a	5
Nature, with all her pow'rs, shall sing	b	1
Nature with open volume stands	c	10
No, I'll repine at death no more	b	102
No, I shall envy them no more	b	56
No more, my God, I boast no more	a	109
Nor eye has seen, nor ear has heard	a	105
Not all the blood of beasts	b	142
Not all the outward forms on earth	a	95
Not diff'rent food, nor diff'rent dress	a	126
Not from the dust affliction grows	a	83
Not the malicious or profane	a	104
Not to condemn the sons of men	a	100
Not to the terrours of the Lord	b	152
Not with our mortal eyes	a	108

	B.	H.
Now be the God of Isr'el blest	a	50
Now by the bowels of my God	a	130
Now for a tune of lofty praise	b	43
Now have our hearts embrac'd our God	c	14
Now in the gall'ries of his grace	a	77
Now in the heat of youthful blood	a	91
Now let a spacious world arise	b	147
Now let our pains be all forgot	c	16
Now let the Lord my Saviour smile	b	50
Now Satan *comes with dreadful roar*	b	157
Now shall my inward joys arise	a	39
Now to the Lord a noble song	b	47
Now to the Lord who makes us know	a	61
Now to the pow'r of God supreme	a	137
O FOR an overcoming faith	a	17
Oh! my sinful soul were form'd for woe	b	106
Oh! the almighty Lord	b	80
Oh! the delights, the heav'nly joys	b	91
Often I seek my Lord by night	a	71
Once more my soul the rising day	b	6
Our days, alas, our mortal days	b	39
Our God, how firm his promise stands	b	40
Our sins, alas! how strong they be	b	86
Our souls shall magnify the Lord	a	60
Our spirits join t' adore the Lamb	c	22
PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair	b	79
Praise, everlasting praise, be paid	b	60
RAISE thee, my soul, fly up and run	b	33
Raise your triumphant songs	b	104
Rise, rise, my soul, and leave the ground	b	17
SAINTS, at your heav'nly, &c.	a	129
Salvation! Oh the joyful sound	b	88

	B.	H.
See where the great incarnate God	a	45
Shall the vile race of flesh and blood	a	82
Shall we go on to sin -	a	106
Shall wisdom cry aloud -	a	92
Shout to the Lord, and let our joys	b	92
Sin has a thousand treach'rous arts	b	150
Sin, like a venomous disease	b	153
Sing to the Lord who built the skies	b	13
Sing to the Lord with joyful voice	a	43
Sing to the Lord, ye heav'nly hosts	b	62
Sitting around our Father's board	c	23
So did the Hebrew *prophet raise*	a	112
So let our lips and lives express	a	132
Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears	b	77
Stoop down my thoughts which us'd to rise	b	28
Strait is the way, the door is small	b	161
T		
TERRIBLE God, who reign'st, &c.	b	22
That awful day will surely come	b	107
Thee we adore, eternal name	b	55
The glories of my Maker, God	b	71
The God of mercy be ador'd	c	30
The King of glory sends his Son	b	136
The lands which long in darkness lay	a	13
The law by Moses *came*	a	118
The law commands and makes us know	b	121
The Lord declares his will	b	120
The Lord descending from above	b	126
The Lord Jehovah reigns	b	160
The Lord on high proclaims	b	85
The majesty of Solomon	b	113
The mem'ry of our dying Lord	c	15

	B.	H.
...of my Father's love	c	3
...promise was divinely free	b	134
...true Messiah now appears	b	12
...voice of my Beloved sounds	a	9
...wond'ring world inquires to know	a	75
...ere is a house not made with hands	a	110
...ere is a land of pure delight	b	66
...there ambition in my heart	a	33
...ere was an hour when Christ rejoic'd	a	11
...hese glorious minds, how bright, &c.	a	41
...his is the word of truth and love	b	138
...hou, whom my soul admires above	a	67
...hus did the sons of Abrah'm pass		
...hus far the Lord has led me on		
...hus saith the first, the great command	a	
...hus saith the high and lofty One	a	
...hus saith the Ruler of the skies	b	8
...hus saith the mercy of the Lord	a	121
...hy favours, Lord, surprise our souls	b	45
...ime, what an empty vapour 'tis	b	58
'Tis by the faith of joys to come	b	129
'Tis from the treasures of his word	a	147
'Tis not the law of ten commands	b	124
To God the only wise	a	51
To him who chose us first	c	39
'Twas by an order from the Lord	b	151
'Twas on that dark, that doleful night	c	1
'Twas the commission of our Lord	a	52
VAIN are the hopes the sons of men	a	94
Vain are the hopes which rebels place	a	99
Unshaken as the sacred hill	a	22
Up to the fields where angels lie	b	4

Up to the Lord who reigns on high		I.
WE are a garden wall'd around		5
We bless the prophet of the Lord	b	1
We sing th' amazing deeds	c	1
We sing the glories of thy love	a	3
Welcome sweet day of rest	b	1
Well, the Redeemer's gone	b	30
What diff'rent pow'rs of grace and sin	b	143
What equal honours shall we bring	a	63
What happy men, or angels these	a	40
What mighty Man, or mighty God	a	28
Whence do our mournful thoughts arise	a	32
When I can read my title clear	b	65
When in the light of faith divine	b	101
When I survey the wond'rous cross	c	7
When we are rais'd from deep distress	a	55
When strangers stand and hear me tell	a	76
When the first parents of our race	b	78
When the great Builder arch'd the skies	b	24
Where are the mourners, saith the Lord	b	154
Who can describe the joys that rise	a	101
Who has believ'd thy word	a	141
Who is this fair one in distress	a	78
Who shall the Lord's elect condemn	a	14
Why did the Jews proclaim their rage	a	4
Why does your face, ye humble souls	b	85
Why do we mourn, departing friends	b	3
Why is my heart so far from thee	b	20
Why should the children of a King	a	144
Why should this earth delight us so	b	164
Why should we start and fear to die	b	31
With cheerful voice I sing	a	148